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Features

Cover Painting of Janet Gaynor by Penrhyn Stanlaws

The Best Story About Mary Pickford Ever Written...*Adela Rogers St. Johns* 24
For the first time "America's Sweetheart" tells her real philosophy of life.

Adventures in Interviewing.....*Jim Tully* 28
The famous writer relates some colorful experiences.

A Tourists' Guide to Hollywood.....*Herb Howe* 31
The Hollywood Boulevardier takes you upon a personally conducted tour of the Modern Bagdad.

Why Stage Stars Fail.....*Dick Hyland* 39
Catherine Dale Owen tells why movie players succeed easier in the talkies.

Rollo Does an Original Talkie.....*J. P. McEvoy* 40
The celebrated humorist presents a smashing—and hilarious—expose of the writing racket.

The New School for Stars.....*Rosalind Shaffer* 43
The movie stars of the future will come from the screen choruses of today.

Home Town Stories of the Stars.....*Frederic C. Smith* 46
The boyhood days of Conrad Nagel in Keokuk, Iowa, told for the first time.

Their First Jobs.....*Grace Kingsley* 48
You will be surprised to learn how your favorite star earned his first money.

The Hollywood Boulevardier.....*Herb Howe* 52
Inside stories of the film famous by moviedom's greatest raconteur.

Written in the Stars.....*Bio De Casseres* 56
Some never-before-printed stories of Janet Gaynor.

Introducing Claudette.....*Marguerite Tazelaar* 66
How Miss Colbert, Paris born, came to success on stage and screen.

The Three Musketeers.....*Dick Hyland* 72
"One for all and all for one" is the creed of Buddy Rogers, Gary Cooper and Richard Arlen.

How Hollywood Entertains.....*Evelyn Gray* 78
Come with us to Lilyan Tashman and Edmund Lowe's charming party.

We Have With Us Tonight.....*Homer Croy* 88
Your favorite toastmaster presides at another Hollywood banquet.

Letters of a Property Man.....*Herbert Stephen* 93
Our new humorist relates some wild animal yarns of the studios.

Departments

Music of the Sound Screen..... 6
Reviews of all the new records of sound screen musical numbers.

Guide to the Best Films..... 8
The recommended motion pictures of the last six months.

Gossip of the Studios..... 19
What they are talking about in Hollywood.

Reviews of the New Motion Pictures..... 84
Accurate and readable comments upon the important new films.

First Aids to Beauty.....*Ann Boyd* 102
Advice and rules for charm and attractiveness.

Frederick James Smith—Managing Editor
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MUSIC of the Sound Screen

The New Movie's Service Department, Reviewing the Newest Phonograph Records of Film Musical Hits

THE outstanding musical film event of the month was Metro-Goldwyn production of "The Rogue Song," starring Lawrence Tibbett, the Metropolitan Opera House character baritone. It is natural that the important phonograph record releases of the month are selections from this celluloid light opera.

Victor, for instance, is issuing two Lawrence Tibbett records. One presents "The Rogue Song" and "The Narrative," from this sensational film, while the other offers "The White Dove" and "When I'm Looking at You," two more numbers from the picture. Personally, we like "The White Dove" best. Possibly because it is one of the surviving Franz Lehar numbers from the operetta, "Gypsy Love," upon which "The Rogue Song" was based. Tibbett's voice is heard to particularly charming effect in this number.

Nat Shilkret and his orchestra have prepared very danceable fox trot versions of "The Rogue Song" and "When I'm Looking at You," for Victor. This makes one of the best dance records of the month. The Columbia Photo Players have made good fox trot versions of these same two numbers from "The Rogue Song" for a Columbia record.

YOU will like Dennis King's new Victor record, presenting "Nichavo!" (Nothing Matters) and "If I Were King." You will soon see Mr. King in Paramount's million-dollar film, "The Vagabond King" and you will want this record for your collection. "Nichavo!" which Mr. King sings in the Paramount revue, "Paramount on Parade," is a splendid number and Mr. King gives a fine rendition of it. "Nichavo!" was written by Mana Zucca.

All lovers of "The Love Parade" (and who isn't?) will want Maurice Chevalier's new Victor record, presenting the two Victor Schertzinger numbers from this lovely and lively film operetta. These are "My Love Parade" and "Nobody's Using It Now." This is one of the best records of the year, without question. Be sure to get it.

RICHARD CROOKS, the tenor, has made an interesting Victor record, giving "Rio Rita" from the Bebe Daniels musical picture of that name and "Only a Rose," from "The Vagabond King." Both are delightfully done.

If you saw the Duncan Sisters in "It's a Great Life," you may want their new Victor offering, presenting "I'm Following You" and "Hoosier Hop" .from that musical film.

Columbia has a popular record in James Melton's renditions of "The Shepherd's Serenade" from "Devil May Care" and "The Sacred Flame" from the picture of that title. Mr. Melton's tenor voice is heard to excellent effect in the Ramon Novarro number.

The Hot Air-Men offer a jazzy Columbia record with "Navy Blues" from the Bill Haines picture of that name and "Harlem Madness" from the film, "They Learned About Women."

THE REVELERS, popular male singers with orchestra, have a fine Victor record, with "Chant of the Jungle," from "Untamed," and "Waiting at the End of the Road," from King Vidor's "Hallelujah."

"Lord Byron of Broadway," an otherwise mediocre singing picture, possesses a swell number in "Should I?" Victor Arden, Phil Ohman and orchestra have prepared a tuneful Victor record with "Should I?" "A Bundle of Old Love Letters," another number from "Lord Byron," is the other side of this record.

Another outstanding number is "Cryin' for the Carolines," the big song hit of the film, "Spring Is Here." Waring's Pennsylvanians have an excellent Victor fox trot rendition of this.

RECOMMENDED RECORDS

"My Love Parade"
Maurice Chevalier (Victor)

"Nichavo!"
Dennis King (Victor)

"The White Dove"
Lawrence Tibbett (Victor)

"Rio Rita"
Richard Crooks (Victor)



Jeanette MacDonald, who appears in "The Love Parade" with Maurice Chevalier, has made a popular Victor record with two of her best songs.

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672 Illicit Love. Boccaccio
673 Tales of Love and Life. Boccaccio
746 Daughter of Eve
817 Her Burning Secret
892 Follies of Lovers
987 Art of Kissing
1045 A Mad Sweetheart
1089 Common Sense of Sex
1166 Infatuation. Ben Hecht
1176 A Mad Love
1190 What Price Love?
1195 First Love, etc.
1202 Forbidden Love
1244 How to Write Love Letters
1247 Psychology of Love and Hate
1249 Best Jokes About Lovers

Murder

38 Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde
66 Crimes of the Borgias
149 Crimes and Criminals
162 Murders in Rue Morgue
558 Great Pirates
819 Strange Murders
1042 Crime at Red Inn. Balzac
1086 My Favorite Murder

Adventure

21 Loves of Carmen. Merimee
23 Great Sea Stories
152 Son of the Wolf. London
288 Tales of Far North London
482 5 Weeks in Balloon. Verne
485 Voyage to the Moon
516 Real Adventures
559 Robinson Crusoe
770 Adventures of Kit Carson
795 Gunga Din. Kipling
927 Stolen Bacillus, etc. Wells
939 Poe's Tales of Science
944 Masterpieces of Adventure
945 Oriental Tales of Passion
946 Desert Tales of Passion
956 Italian Tales of Love
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1168 Adventure Stories. London

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367 How to Improve Your Conversation
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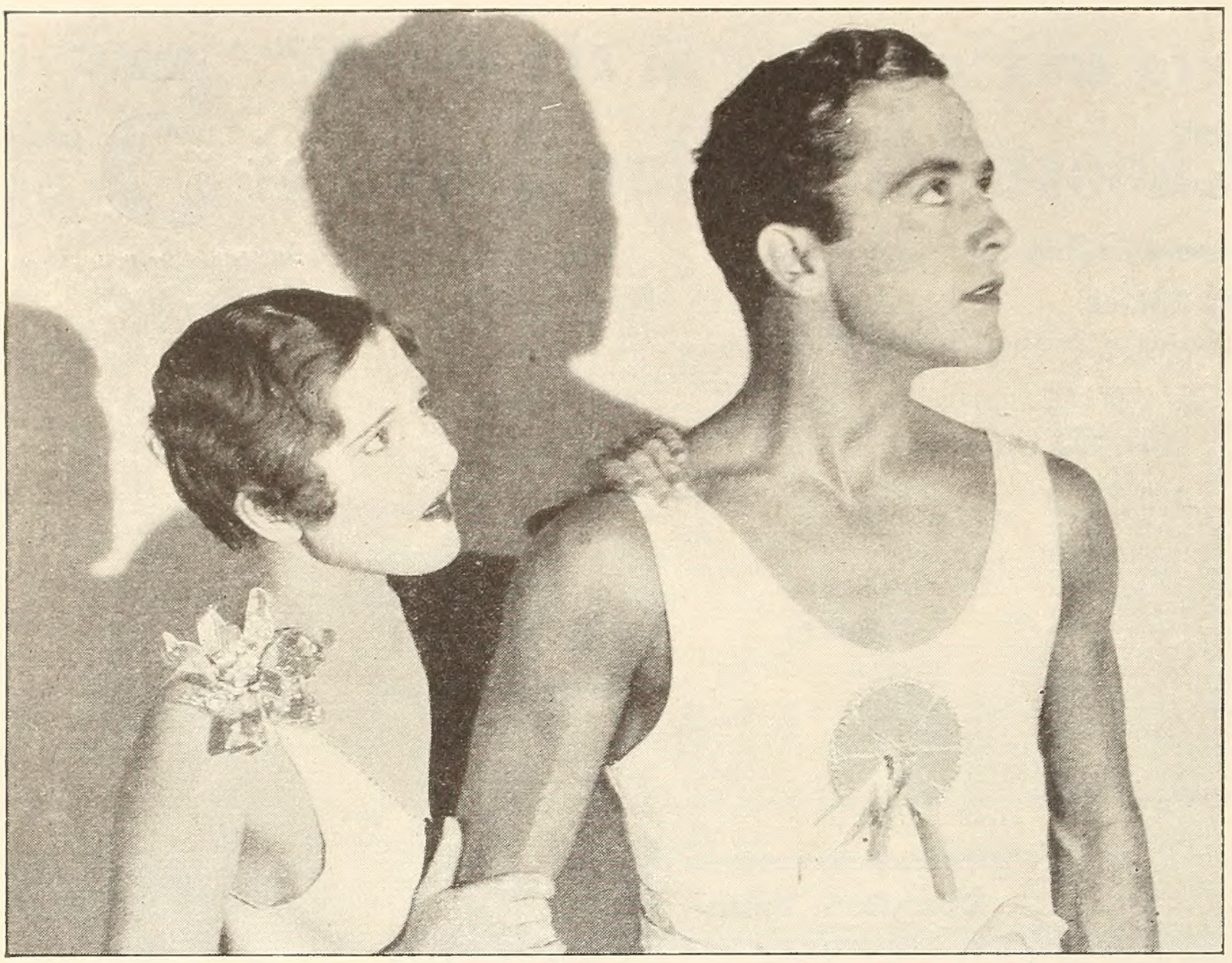
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GUIDE to the BEST FILMS

Brief Comments Upon the Leading Motion Pictures of the Last Six Months



Buddy Rogers and Jean Arthur in "Half Way to Heaven," one of the most ingratiating of Buddy's recent motion pictures,

Group A

Devil May Care. A musical romance of Napoleonic days, with Ramon Novarro at his best in a delightful light comedy performance. Novarro sings charmingly. This is well worth seeing. Metro-Goldwyn.

Lummox. Herbert Brenon's superb visualization of Fannie Hurst's novel. The character study of a kitchen drudge with Winifred Westover giving a remarkable characterization of the drab and stolid heroine. A little heavy but well done. United Artists.

The Love Parade. The best musical film of the year. Maurice Chevalier at his best, given charming aid by Jeanette MacDonald. The fanciful romance of a young queen and a young (and naughty) diplomat in her service. Piquant and completely captivating. Paramount.

The Show of Shows. The biggest revue of them all—to date. Seventy-seven stars and an army of feature players. John Barrymore is prominently present and the song hit is "Singin' in the Bathtub." Crowded with features. Warner Brothers.

Welcome Danger. Harold Lloyd's first talkie—and a wow! You must see Harold pursue the sinister power of Chinatown through the mysterious cellars of the Oriental quarter of 'Frisco. Full of laughs. Paramount.

The Taming of the Shrew. Mary Pickford and Doug Fairbanks' first appearance in films together. A roughhouse version of Shakespeare's comedy with many a broad laugh. United Artists.

Rio Rita. A gorgeous and expensive production of the famous musical comedy of the Southwest. Bebe Daniels' voice (a glorious natural one) was the big surprise of 1929. John Boles sings superbly, too. Radio Pictures.

They Had to See Paris. A swell comedy of an honest Oklahoma resident dragged to Paris for culture and background. Will Rogers gives a hilarious performance and Fifi Dorsay is delightful as a little Parisienne vamp. Fox production.

The Trespasser. A complete emotional panorama with songs, in which Gloria Swanson makes a great comeback. You must hear her sing. Gloria in a dressed-up part—and giving a fine performance. United Artists.

Sunny Side Up. Little Janet Gaynor sings and dances. So does Charlie Farrell. The story of a little tenement Cinderella who wins a society youth. You must see the Southampton charity show. It's a wow! Fox production.

The Lady Lies. In which a lonely widower is forced to choose between his two children and his mistress. Daring and sophisticated. Beautifully acted by Claudette Colbert as the charmer and by Walter Huston as the widower. Paramount.

Hallelujah. King Vidor's splendid and sympathetic presentation of a negro story. Dialogue and musical background of negro spirituals. With an all-colored cast. A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer production.

The Cock-Eyed World. Funny but rough sequel to "What Price Glory?" The comedy hit of the season. With Victor McLaglen, Edmund Lowe and Lily Damita. A William Fox production.

Bulldog Drummond. A swell talkie melodrama that you can't afford to miss. With Ronald Colman. A Goldwyn-United Artists production.

Group B

This Thing Called Love. A racy and daring study of marriage and divorce with Constance Bennett and Edmund Lowe giving brilliant performances. Pathé.

The Marriage Playground. Another study in divorce, based on Edith Wharton's "The Children." Sympathetic story and beautiful acting by Mary Brian. Paramount.

Half Way to Heaven. Buddy Rogers as a kid aerialist in love with a pretty trapeze performer, Jean Arthur. Buddy was never better. Pleasant entertainment. Paramount.

Sally. Delightful eye and ear entertainment, with Marilyn Miller won over to the talkies. Miss Miller is altogether delightful. Warner Brothers.

The Vagabond Lover. Rudy Vallee, the idol of the radio, makes his screen début as a young bandmaster

trying to get along. He does well, but Marie Dressler runs away with the picture. You will find this entertaining. Radio Pictures.

The Kiss. Greta Garbo's last silent film. All about a young wife on trial for murdering her husband. The jury does just what it would do if you were on it. Well acted, particularly by Miss Garbo. Metro-Goldwyn.

The Thirteenth Chair. Margaret Wycherly in her old rôle of the fortune teller of Bayard Veiller's popular stage thriller. Well done, indeed. This will grip your interest. Metro-Goldwyn.

The Virginian. Gary Cooper giving a corking performance in an all-talkie revival of Owen Wister's novel of pioneer days. Mary Brian and Richard Arlen excellent. A fine panorama of the West that was. Paramount.

Gold Diggers of Broadway. A lively, jazzy musical show, in which Winnie Lightner runs away with a hit. Color photography above the average. You'll like this. Warner Brothers.

Young Nowheres. The simple story of an elevator boy and an apartment house drudge. Beautifully acted by Richard Barthelmess, given great aid by Marian Nixon. Tender and sensitive little picture. First National.

The Awful Truth. Ina Claire's talkie début in a piquant comedy of two young people who think they want a divorce. Miss Claire is delightful. Pathé.

Disraeli. George Arliss and his famous characterization of the great British premier jelled into colorful celluloid. An intelligent picture, tastefully acted. You owe it to yourself to see Arliss. Warner Brothers.

Three Live Ghosts. Three British soldiers return to London to find themselves to have been officially (*Continued on page* 127)



Ramon Novarro sings delightfully to Dorothy Jordan in "Devil May Care," above, while below is the all-star Floradora chorus of Warners' "The Show of Shows."





William Fox
presents
JANET GAYNOR
and
CHARLES FARRELL
in the Musical Romance

HIGH SOCIETY BLUES

Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell have a surprise for even their most faithful admirers in this tender musical romance bubbling with carefree youth, fun and melody and seasoned with the matchless wit of William Collier, Sr., king of high comedy.

A love story of great beauty is unfolded in words and music as Janet and Charlie, strumming softly on their ukuleles, provide their own accompaniments while singing "I'm in the Market For You"—"I Don't Know You Well Enough For That"—"Just Like a Story Book" and several other unusually tuneful melodies written especially for them.

WORDS and MUSIC by JOSEPH MC CARTHY and JAMES HANLEY
Directed by DAVID BUTLER from the story of DANA BURNET

MOVIETONE



LAWRENCE TIBBETT

Photograph by Ruth Harriet Louise

Gallery
of
Famous
Film Folk

The New Movie Magazine



RUTH CHATTERTON

Photograph by Otto Dyar



KAY JOHNSON

Photograph by Hurrell



ROBERT MONTGOMERY

Photograph by Hurrell



MONA MARIS



Photograph by Elmer Fryer

LOUISE FAZENDA



MAURICE CHEVALIER



The popular young star on the doorstep of his home at Toluca Lake, near Hollywood. Here Charlie lives in bachelor freedom.

CHARLES FARRELL

The New Movie Magazine

Gossip of the Studios

THE opening of "The Rogue Song," starring Lawrence Tibbett, will set a mark for every other opening to shoot at. Lately, the picture stars have been growing at bit tired of the wear and tear of openings — with the crowds packed outside—and have been staying away. But everyone was so anxious to see the début of the grand opera star that they couldn't wait.

Mr. Tibbett himself was absent on concert tour, but Mrs. Tibbett arrived in time to attend and gave a big theater party for a group of intimate friends. She wore a black evening frock, with a huge corsage of gardenia. Catherine Dale Owen, the leading lady of the picture, also entertained with a theater party. Miss Owen is always beautiful but she never looked lovelier than in the gold and green lamé frock worn that evening. Among her guests were Will Hays, Mr. and Mrs. Cecil B. de Mille and Miss Cecelia de Mille.



Charlie Chaplin says he will never make a talkie—and that's that.

I saw Laura La Plante in white, wearing jade and silver slippers—Mary Nolan, also in white, with a gold brocaded evening wrap—Marion Davies in white, with a long full skirt—Lilyan Tashman in a striking frock of pale blue crêpe set off by a sash and slippers of brilliant flame color—Blanche Sweet wrapped in a sapphire blue velvet wrap with slippers to match—and Evelyn Brent, her sable coat covering a gown of sand-colored velvet, with sable bands.

Openings are the place to see evening wraps, for no one gets much opportunity to see frocks when the ladies are seated. Most of the coats the other evening came to just above the knees, and were caught up in the front, to give room for the long skirts.

* * *

KNOW why Bill Powell is an expert actor? Because he spent years in Leo Ditrichstein's stage troupe.

Charlie Chaplin says he will NOT make a talkie—which is the same thing Lon Chaney let on. But Lon is gonna and Charlie—well, he might, too. Yanevvacantell.

* * *

BUDDY ROGERS has moved his family to Hollywood from Olanthe, Kansas. They have a nice new house and Buddy lives with them.

* * *

RAMON NOVARRO had a very lovely opening of his new picture, "Devil May Care," at the Cathay Circle Theater. It was so like Ramon in that while it was light, a strain of solid dignity could always be detected beneath the spark of laughter.

His mother, Mrs. M. N. Samaneigo, was gowned in chiffon velvet, and wore a black velvet wrap trimmed with white fox—which was most effective in setting off her sparkling Spanish eyes. Ramon's sister, Miss Carmen Novarro, wore blue chiffon; Miss Dorothy Jordan, participating in her first opening, was ravishingly petite and charming in a French frock of peach soufflé de soie. Brilliants adorned the bodice and sleeves and the skirt was evenly long.



Nils Asther, out of Metro-Goldwyn, is making a vaudeville tour.



Lawrence Tibbett, who is knocking them all dead with his grand opera voice in "The Rogue Song," received a whale of an ovation when he showed up at the Hollywood opening of Ramon Novarro's "Devil May Care."

* * *

CECIL B. De MILLE speaking:

"It is funny how ideas, practices, habits, almost everything changes with the times. I was looking at an old picture—one shot about ten years ago—the

All the News of the Famous Motion Picture



Doug Fairbanks is the worst golf bug in the whole Hollywood colony.

other day and was astonished. It was rated then as a good picture; it made money. I liked it.

"And then when I saw it last week I thought it was terrible. Everything in it was bad, including the direction. I just about became convinced that the man who directed that picture not only did a poor job but that he never could become a good director.

"And what is more—*I directed it!*"

* * *

Fatty Arbuckle is working as a "gag" man for RKO.

* * *

FRANCES MARION, who was and is the highest priced scenario writer in pictures—and deservedly so—got married. She was Mrs. Fred Thomson, wife of the Western star, until his death over a year ago. Now she is Mrs. George Hill. George is a director. He and Frances write stories together and he directs 'em. They have worked together for fifteen years—ever since he was a camera man on one of Miss Marion's first stories. Now they can work and play, too. Which makes it nice.

* * *

Ramon Novarro writes some of his own songs. In "The House of Troy," his next picture, he collaborates on two. They are "Into My Heart" and "Smile, Comrades, While We May."

* * *

BEBE DANIELS and Ben Lyon are serious. Hollywood nodded its sage old head and smiled when the engagement was first announced—but for once Hollywood was wrong. If Bebe can squeeze in a few weeks vacation after her next picture she and Ben will jump off the deep end then. If not, she has promised Ben, and herself, to make RKO give her a vacation after the following picture—which will have been four tough ones in a row.

And you can believe it or not, but neither one of them has ever been married before.

* * *

June Collyer's real name is June Heermance—New York Dutch. Miss Collyer has the prettiest pair of dimples in all Hollywood. Boy, when she smiles—!

AS a rule figures do not mean anything but here are a few which knocked our eye out.

They have to do with "Hell's Angels," the epic of the air made by Howard Hughes of the Caddo Films.

To begin with, Howard Hughes is rumored to have an income of three hundred thousand dollars a month. His father invented the bit with which oil wells are bored and Howard Hughes gets a royalty from every producing well.

"Hell's Angels" is due to open in New York in April—two months shy of three years from the time the story went into preparation. The first actual shooting took place in October, 1927.

It will cost just over four million dollars by the time it is seen on Broadway.

It was started as a silent picture, with Greta Nisson as leading lady. Then came the talkie, and as Greta is Swedish, Hughes threw away two hundred and fifty thousand dollars worth of interior scenes taken with this young lady in them.

He then signed Jean Howard and spent seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars on interior scenes with her in them.

Two years were spent in making the air stuff, among it a most perfect technical reproduction of a German air raid on London.

The aeroplane shots cost two million dollars.

A Zeppelin sequence cost five hundred thousand dollars. Hughes could not get the loan of a real German war Zep so he went out and had one built—one third size but practical and expensive.

On one air sequence, taken in Oakland, California, Hughes spent twenty thousand dollars a week—for five months! He had forty planes on this location.

Eighty-seven planes were used on the picture, at one time or another. This means used before the camera.

Hughes used two hundred pilots. Three of them were killed.

Hughes spends more money on his pictures than any other producer would dare do—for two reasons. One, it is his own dough; second, he is fanatically accurate and thorough. He could have faked the Zep stuff, for instance, but preferred spending a half million to be real. He's as thorough as Erich von Stroheim.

He is not so mad, either, this Howard Hughes. He made three other pictures, "Two Arabian Nights," "The Mating Call," and "The Racket," and spent more money than he should have on those also. But the first and the last received Motion Picture Academy prizes and made one hundred percent on what they had cost—and the other one made fifty percent. Not bad.



* * *

HOLLYWOOD is glad Milton Sills is on his feet again. Mr. Sills has been away from films for nearly two years. Much of this time was spent in an Eastern sanitarium, recovering from a nervous breakdown.

Stars and Their Hollywood Activities

CATHERINE DALE OWEN was making a picture. An actor named Davis was working with her. He was supposed to walk through a door and speak to another man. He was late in coming through the door. The director yelled at him—knowing that Catherine Dale was on the other side of the door with him—"Stop talking to her and come on!"

"I wasn't talking to her," said Davis. "I was only looking at her."

Such is the power of beauty. It can stop men from working.

* * *

Harold Lloyd is at work upon another picture. Hurrah!

* * *

A SCOUT belonging to this department saw Gloria Swanson and Laura Hope Crews at Palm Springs. rest place and health resort, besides being a quiet hideout whereat you can work. Two ginger cookies against a used match they talked about La Swanson's next story.

* * *

DOLORES DEL RIO doesn't go in much for society but, when she does, you remember that she used to be one of the leading hostesses of Mexico City.

In honor of La Argentina, the Spanish dancer, Miss Del Rio gave a reception in her Beverly Hills home and it was a very distinguished event. Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks were there, Mr. and Mrs. John Gilbert (Ina Claire), Mr. and Mrs. Antonio Moreno, Claire Windsor and Buddy Rogers, Virginia Valli and Charles Farrell, Julanne Johnston, Lois Wilson, Marion Davies, Charlie Chaplin, Ramon Novarro, Lila Lee and John Farrow, Carmen Pantages and her brother Lloyd, Mr. and Mrs. William Seiter (Laura La Plante), Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Lowe (Lilyan Tashman), Mr. and Mrs. George Fitzmaurice, Sir Charles and Lady Allen and Ambassador Moore.

* * *

CELEBRATING their first wedding anniversary, Mr. and Mrs. Morton Downey—she is one of the beautiful Bennett sisters, and you will remember her as Barbara Bennett, the dancer—had a charming supper party at their home in Beverly Hills. Among the guests were Joan Bennett, the hostess's sister, Virginia Valli and Charles Farrell, Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Lowe (Lilyan Tashman), Mr. and Mrs. Richard Gallagher, Miss Julanne Johnston, William Powell, William Haines, and others.

Mr. Downey is a Broadwayite—and now he has won Hollywood screen society.



IRENE BORDONI, star of "Paris" and stage big leaguer for some years, has applied for citizenship papers.

* * *

ZELMA O'NEAL, newcomer to Hollywood but a favorite in musical comedy, and Anthony Bushnell, actor for RKO, have been married several years. Recently Zelma was operated upon for appendicitis and was not recovering as quickly as she should. Her doc decided a transfusion was needed. So Hubby Bushnell gave a pint of his blood to his wife. She is recovering.



Dolores del Rio gave a smart Hollywood party for La Argentina.

* * *

Doug Fairbanks is the worst golf bug in Hollywood. He will stop work and travel miles to see a topnotch foursome wallop that little ball around.

* * *

AN ex-film cowboy star was put in the Los Angeles bastile when he could not pay a $150 fine after being convicted of having likker in his possession. Things looked bad.

Then Harry Carey, another film cowboy, who has just finished making "Trader Horn," heard about the chap's difficulty. He called the man's attorney.

"Get him out. I'll pay it," said Carey.

"He wants to go to Mexico," said the attorney.

"Okay. I'll get the ticket," said Carey.

So the ex-star is in Mexico and Harry Carey has another white mark on his book. He helped out a friend when help was needed.

* * *

Can you remember when Marie Provost, Phyllis Haver, Daphne Pollard and Gloria Swanson were all at Mack Sennett's?

* * *

WILLIAM HAINES opened his new house in Hollywood one Sunday afternoon this month. It's really his old house done over—but so beautifully done that no one would even recognize it. There will be no argument with anyone who has seen it that it is the most delightful small house in the film colony.

The tea party was such a success that half the guests remained for supper. Among

The Who's Who of Hollywood—and what the



Dorothy Mackaill has taken up bicycling as a means of keeping in training.

them Bebe Daniels, in soft black chiffon with a black chiffon coat and a big black maline hat, accompanied by her fiancé, Ben Lyon. Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Lowe (Lilyan Tashman) came. Miss Tashman wore a severely three-piece creation of black crêpe de chine and bright Chinese red. Others were Mrs. Peg Talmadge, Norma, also in black, with white trimmings and flowers, and Mr. and Mrs. Buster Keaton, Polly Moran, Hedda Hopper, very smart in a tailored suit and dress of faun broadcloth, Eddie Goulding, Roger Davis, Mrs. Carl Van Vechten (Fanya Marinoff), Mr. and Mrs. Basil Rathbone (Ouida Begere), Mr. and Mrs. Jack Gilbert (Ina Claire), who wore black, with a white blouse and a black and white hat; Mrs. Mae Sunday, John Colton, Jobyna Howland.

* * *

Aimee Semple McPherson, evangelistic maiden who needs no introduction, is about to make a motion picture depicting her life.

* * *

THE movies are okay. Dr. Joseph L. Holmes, professor of psychology at Columbia University, says, "The theory that films incite either adults or children to crime is all wrong."

* * *

ANNA Q. NILSSON is in the Orthopedic Hospital in Los Angeles. She is in a plaster cast from her toes to her neck and will remain in it until the end of March. She was put in the darn thing in January after the docs had removed part of her shin bone and grafted it onto her hip. She was crushed when a horse she was riding threw and kicked her. Drop Anna a note, children, she'd love it.

* * *

AND now a couple on Doug Fairbanks and Mary Pickford.

Mary is chairman of the Actor's Fund Committee in Hollywood. Said fund being a charitable organization for the benefit of needy actors and actresses.

Some of them got needy. The Fund needed money. Mary decided to get it by calling a meeting of all the members in Hollywood. A telegram was sent to each one. It read: Can you have lunch with me at twelve o'clock Tuesday. It was signed, Mary Pickford, Chairman, Actor's Fund Committee.

Douglas Fairbanks, United Artists Studio, Hollywood, received one of them. Very formal-like.

He sent back his reply: Sorry, already have luncheon date Tuesday with my wife. Douglas Fairbanks.

And that is that.

A few days later our family member, Adela Rogers St. Johns, was having tea with Mary. They discussed Mary's niece whom Adela had never met. A moment later in walked Douglas and the niece in question. Introductions. Smiles. Murmered, "Pleased to know you-s." Doug whispered to Adela, "Speak loudly; she is a bit deaf." He whispered to the niece, "Yell your head off; she is deaf as a post."

Adela, being polite, says with gusto, "Mary tells me you have a baby twenty months old."

Niece, knowing that deaf people sometimes are unconscious of the fact that they are speaking a bit louder than the usual, thought Doug was correct. Adela was deaf. So she bellowed, "Yes? and I heard you have a new one also."

Mary finally gave it away by laughing. It's a honey. Try it on your friends sometime—and then duck.

* * *

MARY ASTOR and Lloyd Hughes are going to be teamed again. This time by RKO. Last time First National did it. They are a sweet looking pair, as a pair. As good as any.

* * *

MARIE DRESSLER is just beginning to come into her own. She almost steals the picture in Garbo's "Anna Christie"—as much as anyone can steal a picture in which Garbo has a part—and is worth the price of admission all by her lonesome. That gal can *act*.

* * *

JACK WARNER, one of the Warner Brothers, was in Vienna. The producers and exhibitors there gave him a banquet—at which speeches were made and celebrities introduced.

When it came time for Mister Warner to get to his feet and be looked at, the toastmaster gave him a sendoff by saying he was the man who produced Jack Barrymore's many motion pictures.

There was a deadly silence. The name of Barrymore meant nothing to the Viennese.

The toastmaster then said, "Mister Warner also produces the pictures made by Rin-Tin-Tin."

He was cheered to the echo. They know their doggies in Vienna, even if they may be a bit shy on their knowledge of popular American actors.



film famous are doing in the Movie Capital

ALEXANDER GRAY can speak French, Italian and German, besides English. At least enough so that he would not starve to death in a foreign eating house because he ordered something the orchestra was playing.

* * *

NORMA TALMADGE told one on herself. Robert and Joseph Keaton, age five and seven, or seven and five, one way or the other, are her nephews. Seeing as how Natalie, Norma's sister, is married to that flat-panned comedian, Buster Keaton. The kids were giving a party. They were talking over who they would invite.

After a considerable number of youngsters had been named, Norma said, "Aren't you going to have any girls?"

"Girls!" snorted Robert. "Nix! No sissies are coming to our party."

"But I'm a girl," said Norma, "Can't I come?"

Robert was stumped—but only for a moment.

"Well," he said, "you can. But you gotta wear pants."

* * *

LIDO ISLE, a picturesque island off Newport Beach, not far from Hollywood, is being boomed as a pleasure resort where folk can frolic, says a Los Angeles newspaper.

* * *

WONDER how it feels for some poor actor, broke, struggling, barely eating, to get cast to play a small part as a millionaire? On the set he is dressed up, lordly, with servants at his command, comfortable chairs to rest in—and the inference that a full pantry is at his disposal. He walks off the set to a three-dollar-a-week room and coffee and doughnuts at a lunch stand.

* * *

VIRGINIA BROWN FAIRE was formerly married to Jack Dougherty who was married to Barbara La Marr. Now Virginia is married again. This time to Howard B. Worne, Jr.

* * *

Lil Tashman gets better every picture she makes.

* * *

GRETA GARBO pulled one of her usual stunts again. She sneaked into the Hollywood showing of her picture, "Annie Christie," and was recognized by no one.

By the way, Greta and Fifi Dorsay are great pals. They play tennis every day.

MARIA CORDA, the blonde Hungarian honey who played Helen of Troy, is in on it, too, has started proceedings against her hubby, Alexander Korda, the director. Charges cruelty, sullenness. They've been married ten years.

* * *



Grant Withers married Loretta Young and startled the capital of moviedom.

SALLY O'NEIL and Molly O'Day, known in their youths as the Noonan kids, were riding in Sally's automobile. A car drove up alongside, there was a *bang!* in Sally's ear, a *whizz!* by her face, and a *crash!* as the windshield splintered. The strange car careened off into a side street and disappeared. In it were two men.

Sally says she does not know why she should be shot at with all the bad people there are in the world running around loose. Molly does not know, either. So Sally had her tonsils taken out two days later. She's better, thank you.

* * *

WHO would you take out if you were offered the choice of a date with Corinne Griffith, June Collyer, Marion Davies, Gloria Swanson, or Norma Shearer? Or, be you the other kind, with Buddy Rogers, Dick Arlen, Gary Cooper, Charles Farrell, Ramon Novarro or George O'Brien?

* * *

Marion Davies weighs 118 pounds.

* * *

GRANT WITHERS chartered an airplane, grabbed LorettaYoung, flew to Yuma, Arizona, got married, flew back, got into an automobile accident, wrecked his car and got banged up himself. Meanwhile, Loretta's mother protested about the wedding and his first wife started suit against him for increased maintenance money for their child. Despite protests, Mr. Withers and Miss Young insist they're happy.

Mr. Withers' ex-wife asks that the sixty bucks a month she gets from him to keep their child be increased to three hundred.

* * *

In Los Angeles a theater owner gave away autographed copies of Maurice Chevalier's picture with every ticket. The gals flocked in.



The BEST STORY About MARY PICKFORD Ever WRITTEN

The greatest woman the screen will ever know tells you her philosophy of life. Here is a story every girl should read

By ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS

NO WOMAN living today has known the fame which for years has been Mary Pickford's.

Perhaps no other woman's name has ever been known to as many people as the name of Mary Pickford.

Catherine of Russia, Elizabeth of England, Florence Nightingale, Joan of Arc—not one of them occupied during her lifetime the position in the eyes of the whole world which Mary Pickford has occupied.

There can never be another Mary Pickford. Let Garbo become the screen's greatest actress, as she undoubtedly will. Let Clara Bow draw more money into the box office in one year than any other star has ever drawn.

Still, they cannot stand where Mary Pickford stood. She was the first and the greatest and to her belongs a unique distinction.

Her life has covered a span of experience before which the imagination falters. The poor little girl who came from dire poverty to be the idol of nations, who acquired riches and fame beyond any other woman of our generation, who built herself a throne and sat upon it—she is a figure of glamor and drama.

To me, that woman must be of extraordinary interest. I am overwhelmed with wonder as to what all this has meant.



WHAT is her philosophy of life? What has living taught her of life and death and love?

How important are the fame and the money, and do they bring happiness? Are they worth while? Do sorrow and joy have different meanings and different values once fame has altered the trend of existence?

In thinking of her, I felt an overpowering desire to know just what Mary Pickford thinks about all these things now that she has definitely left girlhood behind her and become a woman.

She has just returned from a trip around the world. The tenth anniversary of her marriage to Douglas

"I feel that we of the screen do a great work in the world," says Mary Pickford. "I believe with all my heart that motion pictures have brought much happiness into many lives. Beauty and truth and laughter are spread through them."



"I don't think fame has ever touched me," Mary Pickford told Mrs. St. Johns. "I have been grateful for favors, for courtesies, for opened doors, for attentions. But on the other hand, I have been denied many simple, normal things because of it."

Fairbanks approaches. The last year has brought her the greatest blow of her life in the death of her mother. In her work, she faces new conditions, trying competition, a fight to keep her great place in changed circumstances.

I found her as I have always found her—Mary, the never-defeated. And from her heard the conviction that all joy and all sorrow are common to all mankind. The problems of the rich and the great are different from those of the poor and the obscure, but they are just as vital, just as difficult to meet. Perhaps, from the point of character and of growth, they are more difficult, for the soul is stifled by too much as often—more often, all the great teachers have told us—as starved by too little.

IN Mary Pickford, you find a woman who has been upon the heights, had everything and been everything that the world can offer. But who has thought her way to the belief that happiness doesn't come from any of these things, that it cannot be given from without, but must come from within.

"There is a song," she said, slowly, "which is called 'The Best Things in Life Are Free.' That is true. Perhaps it is easier to know it when you have had all the things that are not free and seen how little they are worth. But I have seen them, and I do know. The real sorrows and the real joys of life are fundamental. You can't buy the real joy and money cannot keep you from real sorrow.

"Everyone who has had fame and wealth knows that they are burdens for which you pay a very high price. They carry great obligations, they raise continuous difficulties. The more of them you have, the more complicated life becomes.

"Every motion picture star knows the dangers to which such a position is exposed. Blackmail, extortion, the clouds cast by the acts of others, the gaze of the world upon every act, the misinterpretation of innocent things said and done, the constant effort to keep faith with the public in everything. All these are the price of the joy that comes from being loved by the public.

"To the thinking person, wealth is also a great responsibility. It must be wisely handled to help the world. Yet unreasonable and impossible requests are always a part of its possession. No one per-

"No one, perhaps, is naturally patient and forgiving and forbearing. Yet every woman has to learn to be all these things. I used to be critical of the girls in pictures who are foolish, careless of their reputations and their ways of living. But since my great sorrow came to me, I do not feel that way. I remember all that I had in my life. My mother's continual and constant guiding and protection from the time I could think. I remember how she watched over me and tried to show me with love and wisdom the better path to take at every cross-road. At times in my life when I was on the verge of making mistakes, terrible mistakes, she was always within reach to give me understanding." — Mary Pickford

"You can't buy joy—money can't keep you from sorrow"

son can alleviate the individual troubles of everyone. And often the heart is torn because that is true—yet it is and must be true. You must work to better general conditions in everything. This responsibility, this continual obligation to be wise, are the price of having beauty and being able to do something for those you love and for others."

TO Mary Pickford, work is a necessity. There has been talk now and again of Mary's retirement. There is no reason why she should not retire if she desired to do so. But she does not. She feels that work alone justifies existence. More than that, she has learned to work in such a way that she has time for philanthropy and study, for travel and social contacts. But she would not now, in the full bloom of her intellectual powers and her beauty, dare idleness.

"I have always worked," she said quietly. "I am not happy when I do not work. I never had any childhood, of course. Audiences were my toys, the theater my playground. I didn't go from a normal life of play and study into work. I worked—and I learned to take my fun out of that. Since my first memory, it has filled the large part of my life.

"Mere social existence is flat to me. I love travel, but I become homesick for my own people, my own place. I want to study, but I find I do finer work when I use study as a relief from my work. I love my own people, love to be with them, am part of them.

"In the last few years of travel, I have met wonderful people in every walk of life. The great and royal names have become names that mean character and sweetness and humanity to me. I have found philosophers everywhere. But the motion picture people are my own. I think they love me but even if they didn't, I would still love them. You know, you don't get away from your own people in this world.

"I feel, too, that we do a great work in the world. There is so much suffering and sorrow. I believe with all my heart that motion pictures have brought much happiness into many lives. Beauty and truth and laughter are spread through the motion picture. I have tried and will go on trying to bear



The death of her mother was the greatest sorrow of Mary Pickford's life. "I used to wake up in those first nights after my mother left me," she says," and my only comfort was that this thing could never happen again. Grief numbs at first. Then, with realization, comes pain. But if we ask for light, there comes from God that measure of help and uplift without which the the world couldn't survive one day."

my part of that. Everyone who works honestly believes in their work and that is one of the great joys. No matter how tired you are, how long hours you keep at it, how you worry over finances and stories, how many disappointments you have and how often things don't go the way you want, no matter how hard you have tried or how earnestly you strive, you are blessed above everyone in the world if you love your work.

"THE gospel of work is a hard one, but in the end it is a satisfying one and it is open to every man and woman, no matter what they are doing. It is fun to make pictures, but sometimes its more arduous than those outside can believe."

There is no bitterness in Mary Pickford. Above all things, she has gained a wide tolerance. Naturally, she abhors evil. That is plain to any student of faces. It is plain in every action of Mary's life from the time she was a little girl.

There was a time when Mary withdrew the hem of her garments. That is changed. Life has taught her better things.

"Who are we to judge?" she said gravely. "How do we know what the other fellow's problem has been and how far he was equipped to meet it?

"Not many years ago a man did a certain thing to me in a business transaction. I thought it dishonorable and lacking entirely in any right sense of obligation. For a long time, I was inclined to think very harshly of that man.

"But now I have come

(*Continued on page* 107)

"Did you ever think that one of the great advantages of trouble is that it teaches you how to love? The reason I loved my mother so deeply was because of those awful early years of poverty and denial. I remember how I used to awaken late, late at night and see her still bending over the sewing machine, making some little bit of finery for me. I remember how cheerful and dear she was when the worst disappointments came, and how she made us laugh in the face of anything. That is why I loved her so deeply." — Mary Pickford.

LAUGHS of the FILMS



ADVENTURES in INTERVIEWING

By JIM TULLY

AS an interviewer, I have never looked directly at a person. Even a puppy is not natural while conscious of too close observation.

The American public is taught that a man who does not look another in the eye is dishonest. A normal human being, I never had an illusion about being honest. But I learned early that staring fixedly at people will embarrass and confuse them.

I have a bar-room education. I learned repartee, the ways of life, and the tragedies of mankind as a frequenter of saloons.

As men who do not love Volstead will remember, the saloon always had a long mirror in front of the bar. Men looked in this mirror, and talked. I soon discovered that it was not necessary to look directly at them. I watched their faces in the mirror, and caught shades of meaning which would have frightened them. I learned then that people are easily bored, that only drama interests them for a long period. Through life I remembered not to gaze too steadily at men. Much is said and written about the art of conversation. To one trained in hard and definite observation, as an interviewer should be, there is little of the artistic in conversation as it is generally practiced.

A lawyer learns a few tricks with words, a doctor a few others, and so on down the line. It must be remembered that the interviewer is the one who feints for the openings. An intonation, the lift of an eyebrow, a slight twitching will betray the speaker. The man interviewed must be forever on guard. And any man on guard is under a strain.

My first interview of importance was with Elinor Glyn. My job at the time was to write a feature story each day. My salary was not worth mentioning.

Madame Glyn was the queen of the studio. Everything revolved about her as the earth does about the sun. A familiar figure on the lot, she had often swept by me, imperious as the Queen of Sheba an hour late for Solomon.

I was assigned to do a story on Madame.

She graciously consented to receive me. Tremendously busy, as befits a woman of genius, she would grant me fifteen minutes the following day.

After framing ten questions, I approached the great lady.

IN her face and manner I saw that which I had seen in a thousand women all along the troubled road. A man learns to read character by hundreds of composite impressions tucked away in the subconscious. I linked Mrs. Glyn with all I had seen—fortune tellers, crystal gazers, religious leaders.

She did not ask me to be seated.

Her eyes fascinated me.

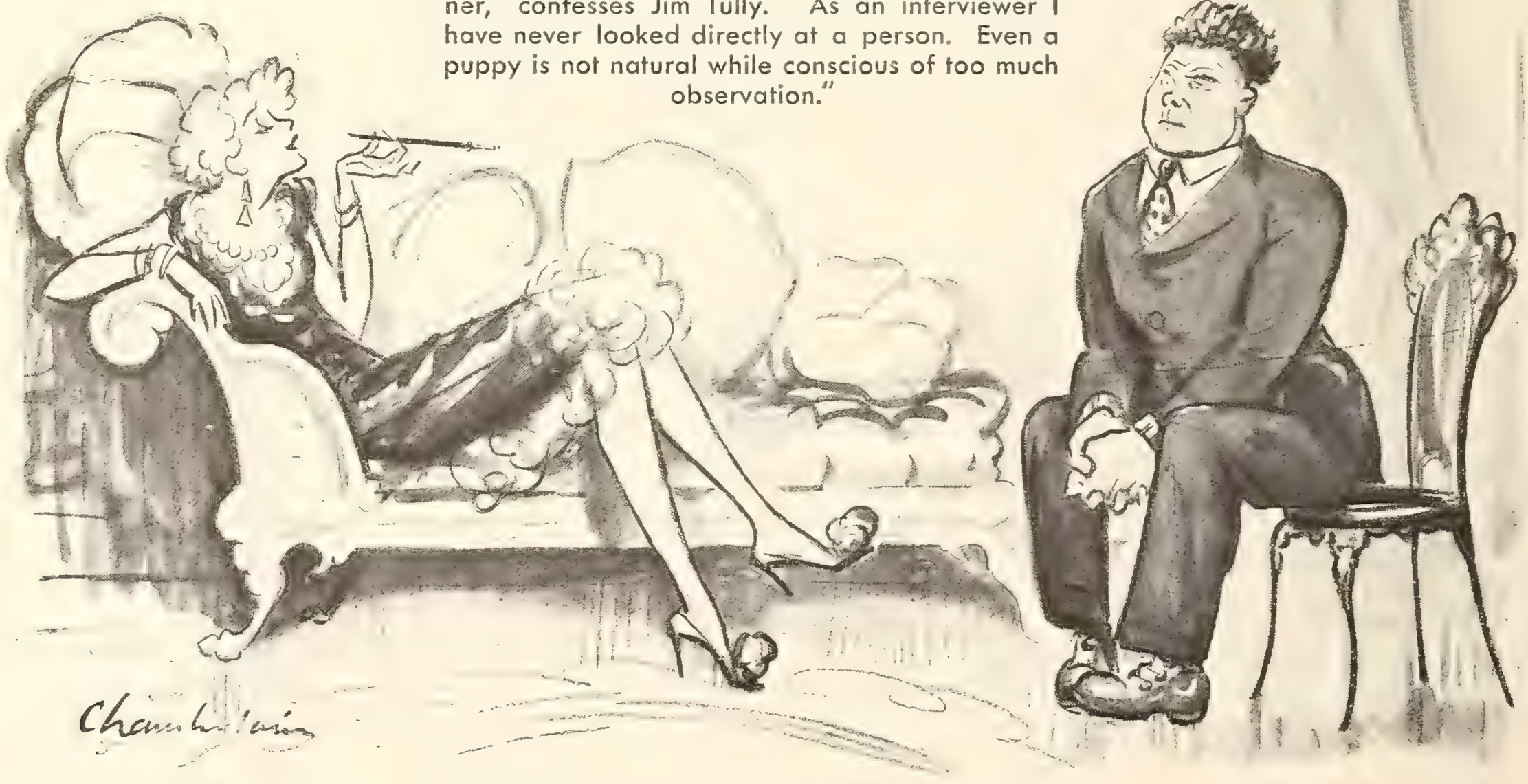
"The color of evaporating marsh water suddenly exposed to the sun" was my description of them.

As always in interviewing, I adopted a diffident, bashful manner. No beggar at the gates of culture could have been more humble than I before the great lady.

Glancing at her only occasionally while she busied herself with my

Drawing by Ken Chamberlain

"I have always adopted a diffident, bashful manner," confesses Jim Tully. "As an interviewer I have never looked directly at a person. Even a puppy is not natural while conscious of too much observation."



What really happened when Jim Tully met Elinor Glyn, James Cruze, Erich von Stroheim, D. W. Griffith and Cecil DeMille



Jim Tully came to writing via the hard road of hobo, circus roustabout and prize-fighter. His literary work attracted immediate attention for its bravery of expression and honesty of intent. He has written some of the sincerest of all Hollywood comments—and he will write more of them for future issues of The New Movie Magazine.

questions, I lingered less than ten minutes with her.

She dismissed me in the grand manner. I had made so little impression upon her that after the publication of the interview, which irritated her beyond measure, she did not even remember me.

I WAS not allowed to publish the article while working for the studio. When I was no longer in its employ, the manuscript went the rounds of the magazines. None would accept it. At last it was purchased by a film magazine. For two years nothing further was heard of it. George Jean Nathan was then writing for the same magazine. He became interested in the article. *Vanity Fair* had rejected it. Later I sold them a short story. Nathan then told the youthful editor of the Glyn interview. *Vanity Fair* bought it from the film journal, giving five times the amount of the original purchase price. This may cheer some struggling writer who had long been told that a manuscript of merit can open the purse strings of any editor. Sometimes they don't know. Sometimes they are afraid.

In a long experience as a professional interviewer, I found but one man who could utterly defeat me. A few years older than myself, he has been waiter, circus roustabout, itinerant actor, rover in Alaska, worker with a medicine show, all the various misfit callings which should teach a man humility. His name is James Cruze.

I first interviewed him a half dozen years ago. He was so frank that I dared not use his answers to my questions, for fear of giving the editor apoplexy. And neither do I dare use them now.

Cruze has learned somewhere that there is no hidden road through the valley of truth. He whipped me by direct honesty. By analysis, I wrote five interviews with him. In all of them he was severely criticized. His comment always was, "You've got to make them black and white."

NEXT to James Cruze in honesty and directness I would rate Erich von Stroheim. I have criticized him severely. I am deeply fond of him. A consummate showman, he is naive, belligerent, ruthless, and very kind. With ego that would strangle a weaker man, there comes over him at times a cloud of modesty. Sadistic as an artist, he is yet deeply religious. His patron saint is the one who helps you to find lost things. I have forgoten his name.

His closest friend is a Catholic priest. Another friend is Zasu Pitts, of the same religion. These two listen with patience to the troubles of the lovable, bullet-headed Austrian. His heart is always full of them.

Von Stroheim is capable of earning two hundred thousand dollars a year. Either mad or a great artist who cannot conform, according to one's individual viewpoint, he is always in debt. When I last interviewed him, he owed for the furniture in his home. His wife and many of his friends tried to guide him in the way of financial virtue.

He recently appeared in "The Great Gabbo." His salary for eight weeks was forty thousand dollars. James Cruze was a director. Two more vital and dissimilar men never worked together. Although the film was a mistake on the part of Cruze and added little to the dramatic reputation of von Stroheim, the two men actually parted friends.

Sometime fly-paper salesman, track walker, and lifeguard who could not swim, there is in von Stroheim an intensity that touches the edges of madness. While filming "Greed," some overly fastidious person removed the odor from a livery stable. Von Stroheim arrived, snuffed a few times, missed the well-known atmosphere, and ordered it returned.

There is in him a gentleness that will baffle and defeat the unwary interviewer. A fine actor, he is eternally playing the part of the hurt child. That he builds the fire which burns his fingers does not occur to him. He is very human.

INCIDENTALLY, foreign film players have a vanity less sensitive than Americans. Usually they have a better training in the technique of their profession.

After I had been ruthless in my criticism of Emil Jannings, that admirable fellow invited me to dinner as "a man—not afraid."

I wrote of Pola Negri with a cruel honesty. She sent me a telegram of appreciation, ending with "Maybe now the producers will get me a good story."

The man who gave me the greatest feeling of sadness was David Wark Griffith. I visited him at the Astor Hotel in New York City.

He sat in the midst of disarray. Old books by first-class authors were scattered here and there. A wardrobe trunk stood in one corner.

Gaunt to the verge of the cadaverous, he filled the little room with melancholy. A supreme sentimentalist, he is a man whom life has hurt. Without detachment as an artist, he is yet gifted and intelligent.

His pictures, conceived on a gigantic and tawdry scale, were criterions of his limitations as an artist.

But as he talked, there was no cocksureness or mediocrity about him. Conscious of invisible forces, he wasted no strength in verbal battering.

He had long ago said that the average intelligence of a motion picture audience was that of a nine-year-old child. He looked as though he had just discovered this upon the day I met him.

There is a force in Griffith (*Continued on page* 120)



Photograph by Hurrell

GWEN LEE

See the WONDERS of the Movie Colony with the HOLLYWOOD Boulevardier

Herb Howe takes you on a personally conducted trip thru the Modern Bagdad



When you read Herb Howe's tour of Hollywood on the following pages, you can check up your trip on this map of the Los Angeles Metropolitan district. This is the heart of moviedom.



Left, the new and exclusive Embassy Club, adjoining the Montmartre Restaurant. It is for members only. Here the stars can dance and dine unseen by the public. The membership is limited to three hundred. Rupert Hughes is president and Charlie Chaplin is vice-president.

Right, the Brown Derby Restaurant, conducted by Wilson Mizner, the famous wit, writer and adventurer. It is on Vine Street in Hollywood and right now is one of the highly popular luncheon places for star members of the film colony.





Left, the Montmartre on Hollywood Boulevard. Huge crowds of sightseers gather outside the entrance on Wednesdays, the day the famous players always come to luncheon. Unless you are a star or the guest of a star, it is well nigh impossible to get inside the sacred portals to observe the stars in close-ups.



An example of fantastic Hollywood architecture — the Dugout. Just one of the movie town's eating places.



All Hollywood is a movie set. Here is Actor Raymond McKee's picturesque Zulu Hut Restaurant.

A TOURISTS' GUIDE to HOLLYWOOD

The Boulevardier takes you for a flight in his airplane and shows you more than you would see if you went there

By HERBERT HOWE

ARE you ready to take off?

Never mind packing, you don't need any clothes in Hollywood.

Oh, well, a bathing suit, Aunt Het, but trunks are enough for Uncle Hector. Grandma may want a sweat shirt for the beach and certainly some tennis togs. And grandpa will need golf knickers and a beret, being bald. But you'd better wait and get those things in Hollywood because you can't get them wild enough anywhere else. Ted and Teen don't need a thing, not a thing but a coat of tan, and they'll get that there.

Zoom!

It's best to get your first wink at Hollywood from the sky. You'll never get closer to heaven once you've landed. He who lands there leaves heavenly hope behind, but you'll not mind because no one ever dies in California anyhow, at least not a natural death, and, if you should get playfully shot at a party you wouldn't go to heaven anyhow and wouldn't feel at home if you did.

It used to be that good Americans so lived that they could afford to die in Southern California. They passed their tottering winters in Pasadena to get acclimated to paradise proper. But now they don't come to await the angels, they come to see the movie stars who are a lot more exciting, having IT. (Have you your smoked glasses, grandpaw? . . . the sun is blinding and so's Clara Bow.)

Look down! Every highway leading to Hollywood streams with tourist caravans. Verily the whole world is Hollywood-conscious, as the realtors and Rotarians say. It's the mecca for every pilgrim who can get here a-foot, a-Ford or a-flying. You'll get an education in geography just reading license plates.

Only a few years ago Hollywood was a ranch of apricots and figs, nestling between the Pacific and the Sierra Madre Mountains.

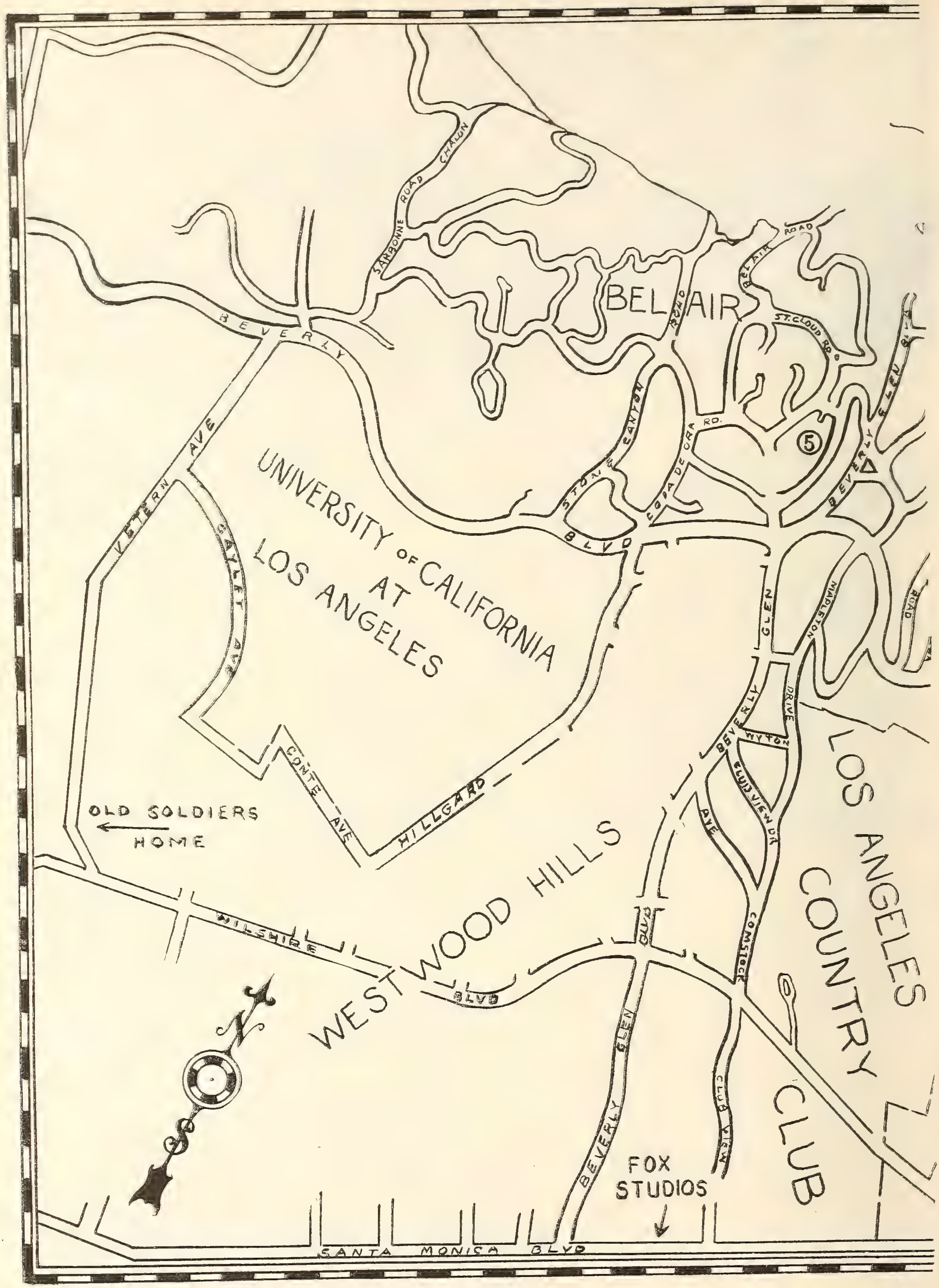
Today Hollywood is the Mecca of the whole world. All roads of the universe lead to its gilded portals. The city that provides nightly entertainment for all the earth is itself a city of strange and bizarre fascination. Herb Howe here tells about the film capital that is "bigger and better than Bagdad" as it has never been described before.

All Highways Lead to Hollywood—

Soon or late, folks gas up the old bus, strap a mattress on behind, dog on running board and kiddies on back seat and trounce over the Rockies to Hollywood where childie may unseat Davy Lee and doggie chase Rin-tin-tin into the hamburger business.

And pilgrimages are not confined to auto-camp patrons. Sleek-motored society also convenes here and nobles other than Shriners. Royalty and

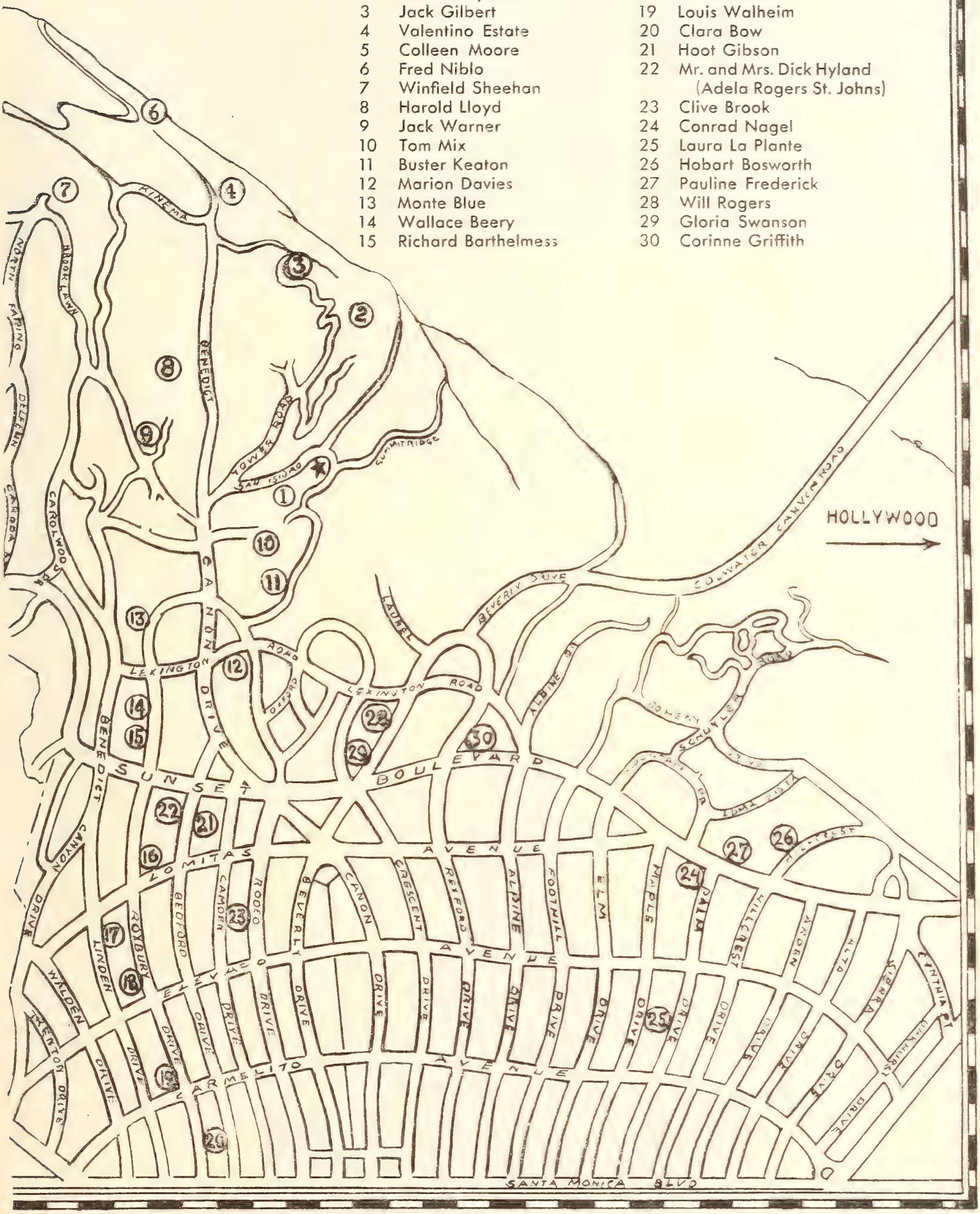
(*Continued on page* 36)



The New Movie's Own Map of Beverly Hills:

KEY TO MAP:

*	Pickfair	16	Lionel Barrymore
1	Charles Chaplin	17	Edmund Lowe
2	John Barrymore	18	Lois Wilson
3	Jack Gilbert	19	Louis Walheim
4	Valentino Estate	20	Clara Bow
5	Colleen Moore	21	Hoot Gibson
6	Fred Niblo	22	Mr. and Mrs. Dick Hyland (Adela Rogers St. Johns)
7	Winfield Sheehan	23	Clive Brook
8	Harold Lloyd	24	Conrad Nagel
9	Jack Warner	25	Laura La Plante
10	Tom Mix	26	Hobart Bosworth
11	Buster Keaton	27	Pauline Frederick
12	Marion Davies	28	Will Rogers
13	Monte Blue	29	Gloria Swanson
14	Wallace Beery	30	Corinne Griffith
15	Richard Barthelmess		



Find the Home of Your Favorite Film Star



Two more bizarre eating places in the best Hollywood manner. Herb Howe calls them "quips in architecture" and there is no better phrase to describe them.

diplomats, arriving from Europe, pay an impatient call at the White House, grab a snack and then rush out to Pickfair; those arriving via the Orient call at some movie palace first and, having snacked, never do make the White House. . . . Who care'sh 'bout ol' Whi'sh House anyhow?

Remember What Nietzsche Said!

During the exuberant era of Hollywood when society went in for shooting affrays, fear was expressed lest the civic future be nipped, but astute Mary Pickford, knowing the value of headlines, declared that scandals would make the town and went right forth and bought real estate. Result:

Population, six years ago: 35,000.

Population, 1930: 150,000.

Evidently a lot of people feel with Nietzsche that the thing to do is live dangerously.

Hollywood started out in life as a ranch of apricots and figs, centering at the corner of what's now Cahuenga and Hollywood Boulevards. It was owned by Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Wilcox, who gave it the name Hollywood Ranch, and the name was handed on to the town.

It's future as a city was assured when a golf course was laid out in 1900. Three years later it was voted a municipality by the overwhelming majority of 88-78. There were seven hundred people then, but evidently most of them were playing golf election day. (It's the same day today.)

An Airplane View—

We're skirting the coast first. That's the ocean below us. Balboa titled it the Pacific before the bathing beauties took to exciting it.

Hollywood originated at the foot of that range of hills ten miles back, but now splatters all over the valley out to the sea and over the hills into San Fernando valley beyond. Actually a suburb of Los Angeles, it steals the whole show through its movie importance. There are studios in Hollywood but there are also studios in Culver City, Westwood, San Fernando valley, while most of the players live in Beverly Hills, with beach houses on the Santa Monica strand below us. All these suburbs flow into one another, making one great omelet, which is Hollywood so far as you're concerned.

Santa Monica Beach—

Look at the beach below. Note the flag rippling from a pole in front of a Georgian mansion that looks as though it were the American legation? That's Marion Davies' little beach place. It's a sort of Western White House. Kings and queens, diplomats and nabobs yearn to be invited there and most of them are, Marion being democratic. In the same row facing the sea are the beach homes of Bebe Daniels, Norma Talmadge, Connie Talmadge (Mrs. Townsend Netcher), Jesse Lasky, Louis B. Mayer, and also the Swimming Club, the Beach Club, Deauville and others, where high-salaried forms may be seen for nothing.

Several miles farther along the beach is the Malibu settlement where, on week-ends and 'tween pictures, the movie stars rough it in cabins with every convenience.

In the distance you see Catalina Island where companies often go for location shots. Mr. Wrigley owns it and everyone gets a stick of chewing-gum with his boat ticket. That's where stars like Barthelmess, Barrymore, Gilbert and Corinne



Hollywood isn't satisfied with ordinary gas service stations. The trend is distinctly Egyptian and Oriental and the effect always is new and striking.



The Zep diner and the original Brown Derby, obviously inspired by A. Smith's celebrated hat. This Brown Derby is opposite the Ambassador.

Griffith, who own their own yachts lost out; only passengers on Wrigley boats get free gum.

Beverly Hills—

Nosing inland we pass over Santa Monica, then Sawtelle, where the Old Soldiers' Home is, and now Westwood. Back on the hills roosts the new university, and there next the boundary of Beverly is the Fox Movietone studio stretched over vast acreage. No, Aunt Het, that's not an earthquake shaking the studio, it's Fifi Dorsay doing her dance.

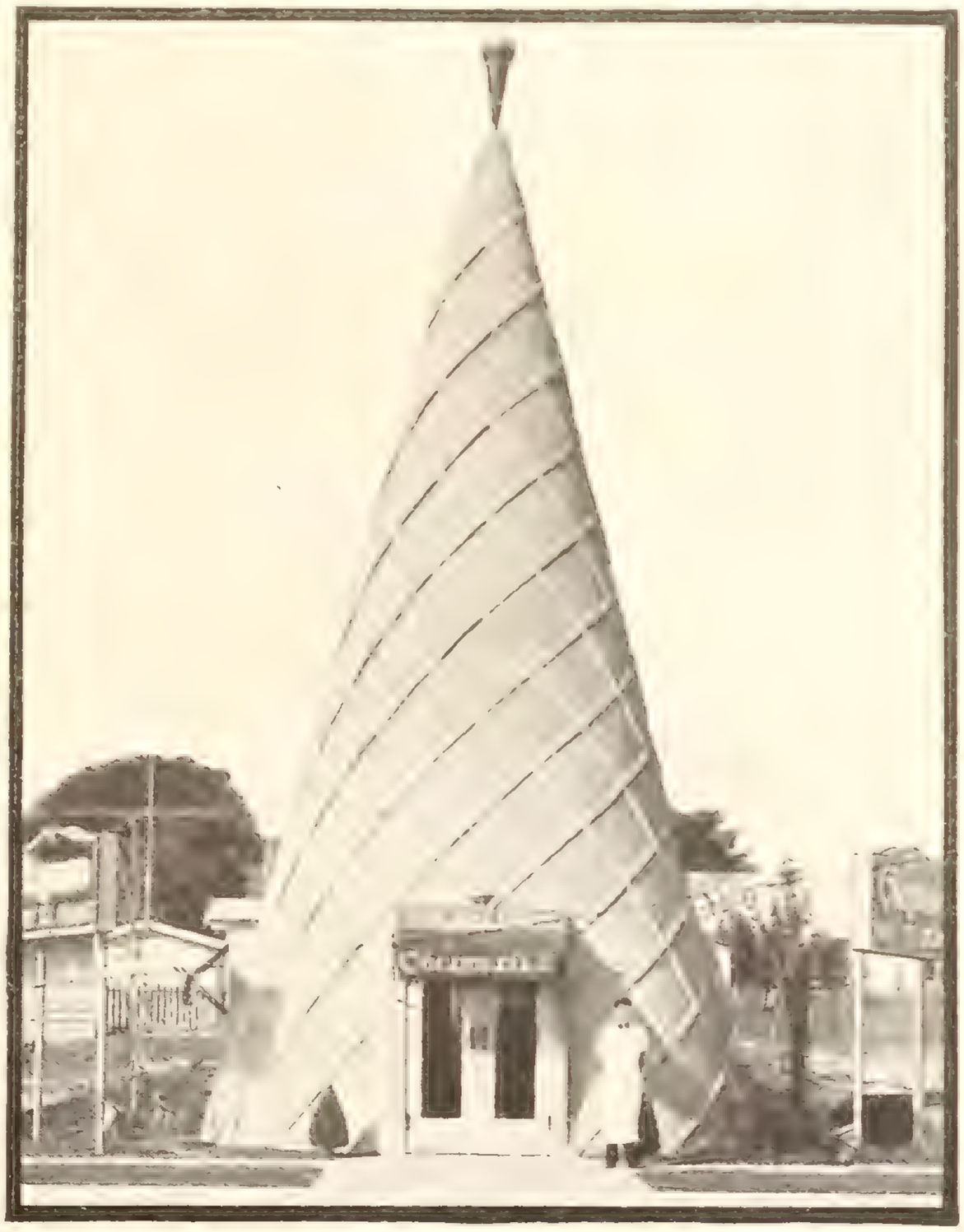
Here's Beverly Hills, with star palaces that make Buckingham look like something the Specialist built. It slopes up gradually into the mountains and each curving drive is bordered by a different species of tree. The bigger stars take to the hills. The higher the salary, the higher the hill, and mebbe the hat.

Note Pickfair on the hill neighboring Charlie Chaplin's. And that's Falcon Lair, Valentino's home, clutching the hillside like an eagle and threatening to crash down on John Gilbert's. John Barrymore and wife, Dolores Costello, live slightly below Jack in the Mexican home King Vidor built. The largest estate of all, with winding stream, old mill, barbecue pit, gardens, hand-ball court, tennis courts and golf links belongs to Harold Lloyd, richest of stars, rated fifteen million. Adjoining is the hacienda built by the late Thomas H. Ince, now the home of Carl Laemmle, Universal's president. That low-sprawled Mexican house on Chevy Chase that appears to be hiding behind the bushes is Greta Garbo's lair—but she's moving now because they raised the rent when they found out who she was; not even the publicity boys know where she lives, but I do . . . stick with me and you'll see everything.

The house on Bedford Drive from which you hear screams issuing is our own Adela Rogers St. Johns's and Dick Hyland's; Adela's interviewing a star in there. . . . Note the ambulance at the door. No, that's not an old mission you see on Santa Monica Boulevard, it's the Church of the Good Shepherd, where Father Mullins united Vilma Banky and Rod La Rocque, May McAvoy and Maurice Cleary, and said the last rites for Valentino.

Beverly Hills is the Eden of today, with more beautiful gardens, Eves and serpents than the original. . . . You'll have to see more of it by car when we land.

Beverly Hills and Westwood merge imperceptibly. The boundary is marked on Sunset Boulevard by a double-headed eagle—one face toward Hollywood, the other toward Beverly. No, the two-faced bird is not the symbol of Hollywood, it's merely the sign of the Russian restaurant, conducted by General Lodijensky, late of the Czar's Imperial armies, now of the Hollywood battalions.



A gargantuan ice cream cone, otherwise a Hollywood refreshment emporium. The ordinary stand would never satisfy the true Hollywooden citizen.

Wings Over Hollywood—

Now we are over Hollywood Boulevard, which edges the mountain range that separates the town from San Fernando valley. Mulholland Drive winds along the top of the hills, and homes climb up to it and spill over the other side. Father Junipero Serra and the padres traveled through Cahuenga Pass on the very road the movie producers took when they went to found Universal City. The highway is called El Camino Real, The Royal Road, in honor of them—the padres, not the



Left, the Cave where you can be served with sandwiches and salads; and, right, another Hollywood mosque of gas, as Herb Howe calls them.

producers. The good fathers halted on a hill to set up a cross and say some prayers, with the presentiment perhaps that they'd be needed..

Hollywood Boulevard is rapidly becoming the most famous and luxurious street in the world. Its shops, theaters and cafés are unique, and its motor cars are high-powered as any that course Fifth Avenue or the Champs Elysées.

We're Landing!

We land in the Glendale airport. Glendale is over the hills from Hollywood. It was the home of stars before they migrated to Hollywood and thence to Beverly Hills. Some still live there.

Don't be frightened by the roar, Aunt Het; it's not the airplane motor or the Metro-Goldwyn lion; it's my winsome pal, Bull Montana, practising an aria for his next film opera. That Spanish house is his—"swell Spinach joint," Bull calls it. And that's de Bool himself you see tipping up a wine bottle under the banana tree in the patio.

Here we are. The airplane taxis along the ground to the station entrance. Attendants whisk our baggage into waiting cabs and we speed over ribbons of asphalt that tie Glendale to Hollywood in a continuous line of buildings.

Holiday Hollywood—

Your first impression of Hollywood is holiday. The lighting effect has much to do with this. Have you ever noticed that every place has its own particular sun? In Venice the sky is a bright blue satin, overstrewn with powder-puff clouds that turn to pink at sunset; the sun of Hollywood permits no trespassing of clouds in a heaven that's almost white.

People and buildings continue the illusion of gayety. Hollywood is a city of youth irrespective of age (If Ponce de Leon had come here instead of to Florida he'd be living yet—and this is no bribe from the Chamber of Commerce.) You may be hoary when you arrive, but before the week is out you'll check your whiskers with the barber and be skipping about in panties and sockies. The sun very sensibly permits no color in the sky because there's so much below.

Youths with shining hair flit like brightly colored birds beneath the palms and peppers:

Girls—Oh, Mahomet's paradise!—in fashions preceding Paris or, more frequently, in tennis togs with little socklets and bare leglets or, even occasionally, in brief bathing suits, some puffing cigarettes at the wheels of gas-eating chariots.

Boys—old or young, their plumage is equally gay—in riding breeches, corduroys, floppy flannels and golf pants showing sturdy calves; sweaters, leather jackets and polo shirts of crimson, green and canary yellow, bulged with bosom and bicep.

In this physical flow you glimpse a cowboy with jangling spurs, chaps, red shirt and broad hat. . . . Peter the Hermit with white locks flying and bare feet pattering . . . ducal characters with a bumper crop of whiskers (marvelous climate, grows anything) which they've raised for pictures . . . gobs from the fleet who hope to see fleet favorite Clara Bow . . . Filipino servant boys and Japanese doll-girls . . . freaks, once of sideshows now of studios . . . types from all quarters of the earth, Jap, Italian, Russian, Zulu, Afghan, Hindoo, Mexican, Turk.

These are not all movie folk by any means, though it's more fun than cross-word puzzling to pick out those that are.

The Whole Town's a Movie Set—

Buildings are equally fantastic in their architectural garb. A department store, which might have been shipped fresh from New York, next an ivy-traced manor with leaded bow windows housing a clothing store. Across the street a Spanish arcade with a chop-suey parlor. Structures in the ultra-modern lines with shops faced in silver, crystal and black lava. Buildings Moorish, Tunisian, Oriental, Egyptian and pure

(*Continued on page* 101)



The sad canine is a mask for a chili-hot dog station. Leave it to Hollywood architects to hit upon something a bit new.



Catherine Dale Owen was born in Louisville, Kentucky. She always has played leading roles -- in her first High Schoo' play, her first dramatic school effort, her first professional stage drama and her first movie.

Why STAGE STARS FAIL

Catherine Dale Owen says the screen players are better able to meet the perils of talkies than are footlight actors

By DICK HYLAND

THERE are few people nowadays who have definite character.

Nothing your friends can do surprises you because they seem to be swayed by moods, emotions, surroundings, circumstances—until you can hardly recognize them two days running.

Catherine Dale Owen is Catherine Dale Owen always. She has definite character; she is consistent.

She is ruled by her head, not by her heart or unreasoning emotions. In this she is unlike most women.

What she wants, she will fight for, stubbornly; she will not be bothered with things she does not want.

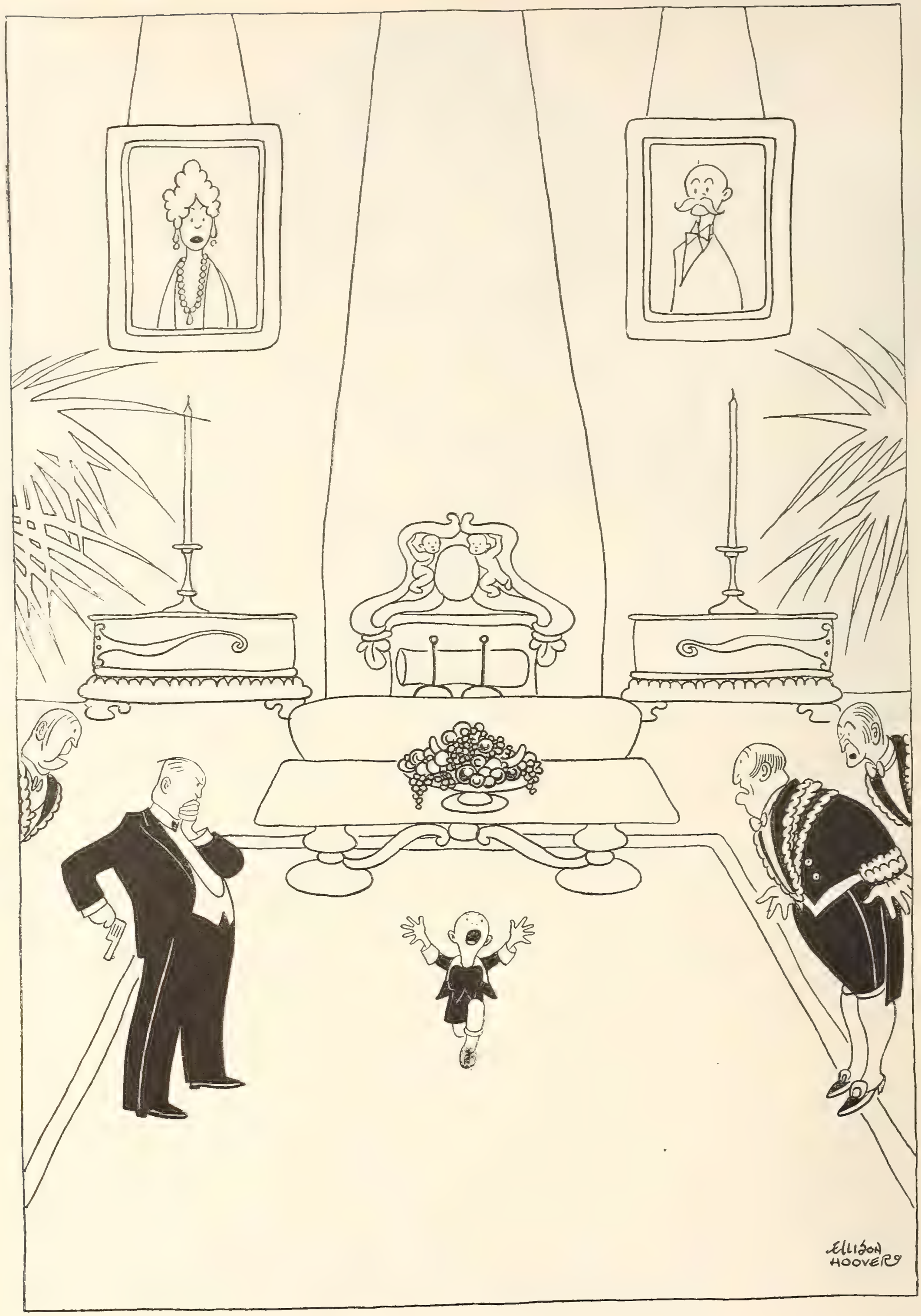
If Catherine Dale Owen does something, it is because she wants to do it, has thought it out, and is willing to take all consequences. But when she is through thinking it out the chances are great there will be no unpleasant consequences.

If Catherine Dale Owen refuses to do something, you can rest assured she has a reason. And in most cases will not tell you what that reason is. Which is very annoying.

She is smart; besides being beautiful, she thinks.

THE talkies have brought a great influx of stage people to Hollywood. Aside from Ruth Chatterton no stage actress has made much of a success in pictures. Many have failed miserably and returned to New York, soured on Hollywood.

They did not get over; they do not know why. Catherine Dale Owen can tell them. She told me, and it was an entirely new angle. One I had not heard before, one which proves that Catherine Dale Owen is observant enough to walk into (*Continued on page* 123)



"I'm in a creative fever, daddy. I'm writing a movie, daddy. All talking, all singing, all dancing. A backstage original, with a smile and a tear and a heart-break and several big scenes in color."

ROLLO does an Original TALKIE

A Smashing Exposé of the Writing Racket

By J. P. McEVOY



J. P. McEvoy, the famous humorist, is a regular contributor to THE NEW MOVIE. Nobody knows Hollywood better than Mr. McEvoy. Hence his satire carries genuine authenticity and his thrusts at moviedom have power and force. Be sure to read this month's adventures of Rollo.

DADDY, I wanta write movies.

Shut up, Rollo.

But I do, Daddy.

No.

Epics, huh, Daddy?

NO!

A colossal special. Huh, Daddy? One tiny little Titan?

You'll get a good push in the face in a minute.

Aw, Daddy, you don't let me have any fun. Johnny's daddy lets him write movies. He writes all of Clara Bow's.

I don't care.

But he does, Daddy. And Bobby just finished a new one for Al Jolson.

Which Bobby is that?

You know, Daddy. Bobby Bloop.

I told you not to play with Bobby Bloop. He's half-witted.

He writes good movies, Daddy.

Shut up.

But he does, Daddy; honest. He can get more boop-a-doop into a movie than any of us kids.

That's all right with me. Run out and play now, and don't bother me.

Aw, gee, Daddy. . . .

You heard me.

Maybe just a little program picture, huh, Daddy? All talking, all singing, all dancing?

Will you shut up?

About backstage, maybe. Huh, Daddy?

Now why can't you play with that new Mechano set Daddy got you for Christmas. Be nice.

All right, Daddy.

There. Don't you see? Isn't that more fun? What are you making?

I'm making a stage, Daddy. You see, this is where the hoofer meets the swell broad from the Follies, and throws his little pal for a big loss. That's where the first theme song comes in, see? Little Pal, Little Gal—huh, Daddy?

Rotten.

Sez you.

Sez me.

Oh, you've been going to the pictures, Daddy. That's in "The Cock-Eyed World."

Aren't we all?

Oh, Daddy, that's philosophy. That's a honey, Daddy. Can I use it in my movie, huh, Daddy?

Use what?

That line, Daddy. "Aren't we all in the cock-eyed world?" I could make another song out of it. Let me see—where could I use it, Daddy? Maybe after the hoofer gets his big chance in the Follies' New York première, and the swell broad takes a run-out powder on him, and the little bimbo sitting up in the balcony goes into a clinch with her weakness who has followed her from afar all these years but never hoped to scale the giddy heights.

What the hell are you talking about?

I'm writing a movie, Daddy. A backstage original with a smile and a tear and a heart-throb and several big scenes in color.

Oh, yeah?

Yeah. And if you're not going to help, the least you can do is to stop your belly-aching. I'm in a creative fever now, Daddy . . .

All right. But don't make so much noise about it.

I got an idea for a big sock finale, Daddy.

Uh, huh.

Do you want to hear it, Daddy?

No.

You see, it's on a trapeze, Daddy—and the little pal and the hoofer and the bimbo and the broad are all up on a trapeze, and they're all mad at each other and have sworn to kill each other. But when the time comes for their act, and a hush comes over that vast assemblage, and the lights gleam upon their satin tights, and there's a roll of drums, and they start to do their quadruple somersaults with five full twisters—and there's no net, either, Daddy—and it's right over the audience—then, instead of dropping each other, as they had planned to do, they suddenly remember The Show Must Go On.

Then what?

That's all. That's the end.

Are you sure?

Sure, I'm sure.

(*Continued on page* 113)

Coming soon to this theatre: Another talking short—How to Make Adaptations, by J. P. McEvoy



Photograph by Russell Ball

RICHARD DIX

An unusual home study of the popular Mr. Dix. Next you will see Richard in a lively talkie called "The Roughneck Lover." Unusual interest centers in this picture because Lois Wilson once more plays opposite the popular star.



TI

The New SCHOOL for STARS

The Movie Favorites of the Future Will Come from the Studio Choruses of Today

By ROSALIND SHAFFER

WHEN the worried gentlemen who control the money bags of the motion picture industry first realized that the talkies were here to stay, little did they realize that they were going to have to give till it hurts, to dancers. The modern picture with dance ensembles—and who makes any other kind, except dramatic stars—costs a little over double the total of the non-musical films. What the lovely legs and rhythmic kicks of dancing girls have cost the industry since first the talkies began to dance, can be roughly estimated at a million and a half dollars in the last year.

This represents dancers' salaries, also the salaries of dance instructors, but not the enormous expense of the huge sets used, nor the elaborate costumes used. That no one can calculate without getting pop-eyed over it.

The movie revues, which started with the rage over the M-G-M Hollywood Revue, the Movietone Follies, Warner Brothers' "On With the Show" and Universal's "Broadway," have practically sapped Broadway of its stream of new chorus material—its dancing troupes and dance instructors. Dance directors from Broadway are now coming to Hollywood to get choruses. Larry Ceballos took forty of his Warner Brothers-First National dancers to New York to play in "Fifty Million Frenchmen" and from week to week similar things are happening. The dancing center has changed from Broadway to Hollywood.



The William Fox beauty brigade, with Sharon Lynn (right) leading the ensemble in the big revue, "Happy Days."

DANCING was little used as such in silent films. One wonders why; there have been a few examples, often in foreign films, of splendidly trained dance troupes. In "Michael Strogoff," a French production, the court ball with its intricate figure dancing was shown. In "Ten Days That Shook the World," a Soviet film, the troops from the Caucasus are shown dancing their native dances in joy at the outbreak of the Revolution. In our own famous "The Four Horsemen," the dancing of the tango by Rudolph Valentino was one of the things that brought him fame; but the talking picture has overwhelmingly established the importance of dancing in films, both in large formation numbers and in solo work.

Practically every studio, with the exception of United Artists and Universal, keeps a trained troupe of dancers under contract, with dance directors to originate new dance routines or formations as they may be needed.

Warners keep one hundred dancing girls under contract at all times, with Larry Ceballos and Jack Haskell as dance directors. First National shares with Warners in this arrangement. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer has forty girls under contract, with three assistant dance directors, working under Sammy Lee, Ziegfeld's old dance man. RKO has twenty-four girls, in addition to sixteen show girls and sixteen chorus men. Pearl Eaton is the dance director, with her assistant Marnie Sawyer.

Fox has one hundred and twenty girls under contract at present, with three dance directors and one dance instructor, and three ensemble directors. Directors are Danny Dare, Max Scheck, and Maurice Kusel. Eddie Tierney is dance instructor, and Seymour Felix, Eddie Dolly and Hassard Short are ensemble directors. They estimate at Fox's that the daily rehearsals cost $2,000 a day, for dancers' salaries and directors and instructors. Lights and music would run it up a possible $500 a day.

This is for dress rehearsals. Regular rehearsals run from four to six weeks before shooting.

PARAMOUNT, under Jack Bennett, its dancing instructor, keeps sixteen girls for dance numbers at all times, and at present has thirty-six special chorus girls under contract for six months for "Paramount on Parade," Paramount's serious bid for attention in musical revues.

Wages for contract dancers range from fifty to seventy-five dollars a week. The show girls draw top money.

A rough estimate on salaries being drawn by contract dancers and directors right now in Hollywood would run as follows: This is a weekly wage estimate.

Paramount	$ 4,120
Fox	8,000
Warners' and First Nat'l	12,000
M-G-M	8,000
R. K. O.	4,640

United Artists does not hire contract dancers, as they are mainly a group of dramatic (*Continued on page* 114)



Star Sketches:

Lawrence Tibbett

By Albert T. Reid

LAWRENCE TIBBETT was born in Bakersfield, California, which, if one is headed for the Metropolitan Grand Opera, is about as far away as it is possible to be. But he made it, and how! . . . . His first training was learning to plow a straight furrow, some accomplishment when one considers that furrows run up and down over the California hills . . . . Undoubtedly, many of the kids thought Lawrence was crazy when he preferred to play and sing rather than go swimming or something. He was . . . . simply crazy about music. . . . He sang the entire "Prologue from Pagliacci" in Italian with perfect accent and did not know the translation of a single word . . . . He can sing best when there are a few pretty girls in the front row of his audience. Strange, isn't it?

HOME TOWN STORIES of the STARS

THERE was great excitement in the middle apartment in Bostwick row on North Fifth Street in Keokuk, Iowa, on March 16, 1897. For that day Conrad Nagel was born to Dean Frank Nagel and Frances Murphy Nagel.

The gods were kind for they gave the baby rare gifts. Conrad was destined to succeed, first as a schoolboy actor, then as an actor in a stock company and, in recent years, as one of the foremost players on the screen. They gave him health, happiness, and the friendliness which characterized the boy in his youth, and which has marked the man.

Friends of Conrad Nagel in Keokuk recall the many times that he has been called in from play to recite for grown up audiences—and how willing he was to do it. They recall too, how unaffected he was, how natural and how he carried off the plaudits of his audience with none of the silliness which marks the precocious child. In fact, his friends in Keokuk say that Conrad Nagel was just a sweet-tempered, happy, real boy—with a boy's taste for cookies and German coffee cake; a boy who spent vacations roaming the hills and glens across the river from Keokuk, or swimming at Lake Okoboji in Northern Iowa.



Conrad is the happy baby in the center of this family group, which includes his cousins and Grandmother Nagel, whose kitchen was heaven to the future screen star.. The grandmother's house, at Warsaw, overlooked the Mississippi.

CONRAD Nagel was named for his paternal grandfather. His father and mother were students of music in Moberly, Mo., where their romance began, according to members of the Nagel family. They went abroad to study and were married in Eiffel Tower in Paris. Dr. Nagel's parents accompanied the young people when they went to Europe.

Returning to Keokuk, Dean Nagel opened his studio of music and he and his bride went to live at 510 North Fifth Street, in the house known to Keokukians then as the Bostwick Row. It is still standing in one of the most popular residential districts in the city. It was here that Conrad was born, and lived until he was two years old, when his family moved to Des Moines. But vacations were spent in Keokuk and in his grandmother's home in Warsaw, Ill., across the river and five miles down from Keokuk.

FROM his mother a concert singer, from his father a pianist, teaching and giving recitals, from his mother's father, a Baptist minister, and from his ancester, Roger Williams, early Colonial religious firebrand, Conrad Nagel inherited that gift of expressing himself which was to take him far on the road to fame and wealth. His adaptability for the profession which he follows was shown in his early boyhood, according to Mrs. R. A. Dollery, at whose home Conrad visited frequently with his parents. When he was just in the primary grade, Mrs. Dollery recalls that he learned to speak "pieces" and was always willing to recite for company. One time, she recalls, he surprised even his mother by giving one long quotation, accompanied by gestures which interpreted the words to a nicety. Inquiring later where he had learned to do this he replied that he had watched his mother, and had practised the words and gestures when she was out of the room.

A "real boy" is the way his cousin, Mabelle Nagel, of Warsaw describes him. He was happy, healthy and strong, keen for the sport of bicycle riding, loved swimming, ice-skating, and roller skating, and excelled in all of these. He took dancing lessons, and was a beautiful dancer, his cousin recalls, and he kept up with music in his piano lessons. But with it all he was first of all a real boy. When the family lived in Des Moines, it is recalled that the Nagel yard was the meeting place for all of the youngsters of the neighborhood. Conrad has a younger brother, Ewing, and the two boys and their friends gathered daily in the Nagel yard to play.

WHEN it was time for them to come in from their play Dean Nagel would whistle, and this call could be heard for several blocks. It is recalled that the whistle was seldom disobeyed, the boys having been trained to mind. When the family first moved to Des Moines, Dean Nagel was the dean of music in Highland Park College, a position he held for many years. Conrad attended kindergarten and later regular school. In the kindergarten days he showed marked aptitude for expression, both dramatic and musical.

Like all normal boys he looked forward to vacation days, and they were spent in most delightful surroundings. At Arnolds' Park, Lake Okoboji,



The birthplace of Conrad Nagel, in Bostwick Row, Keokuk, Iowa. Conrad's father, Dean Nagel, then conducted a music studio.

Conrad Nagel and his Boyhood Days in Iowa

By FREDERIC C. SMITH

Managing Editor of The Gate City of Keokuk, Iowa.

Photographs loaned by Mabelle Nagel.



Conrad Nagel as he is today. Not so long ago Conrad roamed the hills of Iowa and Western Illinois with his dog, Nip. From childhood days, Conrad's career shaped toward the stage. Out of a boyhood talent for reciting came his present screen success

CEDARCROFT, the home of the Nagels at Warsaw, was an attractive old house, surrounded by cedars and with other trees in the rear. Conrad used to climb these trees to the thickest branches and call to his dog, who used to bark and whine frantically under the tree in his endeavor to locate his young master. The trees perhaps were frontier fortresses, or the swaying masts of big clipper ships in the days of make-believe of the young lad.

Back of the house extending for miles were beautiful old hills and in between the hills were glens and gullies, just right for exploring, for digging caves, and for racing up and down, with "Nip" at his heels. In the autumn the trees yielded generous crops of nuts, and in the spring the hills and valleys bloomed with wild pansies, blood-roots and columbine.

A love of the beautiful as shown in nature's many moods and many seasons was instilled into the boy Conrad and his brother, Ewing, as they played and roamed the hills of their grandmother's estate. In Winter the hills were right for coasting or for tracking rabbits and squirrels, whose tell-tale footprints were easily discernible in the snow. These vacations in the open helped to build a strong healthy body and emphasized a love for nature which was inborn in the young lad.

ONCE, when he was about fourteen or fifteen, he came to Keokuk to visit, and displayed proudly the gun which he brought with him. He explained to his friends how well he could handle it, and even demonstrated on a few inanimate targets in the Dollery backyard. Imagine the surprise of his hosts, however, when it was learned that the gun was brought without the sanction of his parents. It had been loaned by a friend for the occasion. Nevertheless, it showed the real spirit of boyhood and adventure which Conrad later was to capitalize in his appearances on the stage and in the films. He was proud of his boyish strength and physique, and like so many other boys of that age delighted to roll up his sleeves and have you "feel his muscle."

Christmas vacations were the entire family spent many happy days in the summer months. They had their cottage, and a sailboat which had been christened the "Falcon." Conrad became an expert swimmer, and could sail the "Falcon" like a veteran.

So good was Conrad at swimming that he entered an endurance swimming contest at Des Moines in the Des Moines river one season. The other part of vacation times was spent at Grandmother Nagel's beautiful old home, "Cedarcroft," at Warsaw. It was while on his way to or from her home that he stopped in Keokuk for several days at a time at the Dollery home.

On an Indian pony, whooping with all the abandon of a cowboy on the Western plains, he used to wake the echoes of the sleepy old hills around Warsaw. He and his dog, "Nip," were inseparable and they roamed the hills and valleys of this section of Western Illinois discovering things. And, like every normal boy, grandmother's kitchen held great fascination for this lad who in a few years was to become the idol of thousands. His grandmother's "Kuchen," or coffee cake, was always to be found ready to appease the appetite of this lad. Although he always called it "kufen," there was no mistaking his desire. Just about a year ago, his cousin recalls, he wrote to Warsaw for the prize kuchen recipe.

(*Continued on page* 119)

NEXT MONTH: The Home Town Story of Norma Shearer

The Movie Famous Filled All Sorts of Odd Jobs when They Started, from Delivering Papers to Dentistry

By GRACE KINGSLEY



Louise Dresser at sixteen, before she left for a career. Miss Dresser's first job was in the Peruna factory, stamping envelopes.

"OH, yes, I shined shoes as my first job!" "Sure I worked in a cannery to earn my first money!" "I was a printer's devil—and how!"

Don't imagine your favorite picture star has always been living in a marble house with golden doors.

Instead, they will tell you with cheerful frankness and gusto about those old days of their early struggles.

Billie Haines

THE popular William Haines started out his money-making career by carrying milk for a neighbor, down in Staunton, Virginia.

The neighbor, a Mrs. Bear, had two cows, and Bill carried the milk every morning to twelve customers.

"I received the great sum of twenty-five cents a week for my work," smiled Billie, the other day. "Had to get up at six o'clock in the morning, in order to get all around before school time."

I had to delve into the reason for such terrific energy. It just didn't seem natural somehow. Sure enough there is a reason. Billie was in love at the tender age of ten, like the true Southerner he is.

"Mrs. Bear had a little ten-year-old daughter with whom I was in love. I carried the milk both to earn the precious twenty-five cents—at the end of two months I bought myself a pair of stodgy shoes—and in order to see Mrs. Bear's beautiful daughter. I don't know whether she returned my passion—I was too bashful to try and find out—and I squandered all my first twenty-five cents on candy for her, so that I had to wait another week to buy my $1.75 pair of shoes.



Long before he thought of directing "Ben-Hur" and other films, Fred Niblo was a minstrel—and a merry one, too.

Bessie Love

MY very first job? Let me see—I did a lot of things to earn money during my summer vacations.

"Oh, yes, I know," smiled Bessie, as I caught her having tea with another bride, Frances Marion, the writer, in her dressing-room over at the studio. "I pitted fruit all one summer in a canning factory just outside of Los Angeles. I was having a little vacation out there in the country, but was thinking and worrying a little about my school clothes for next year.

"Of course, my hands were all cut up at the end of the season, but I think the work really did me good, as we worked mostly out of doors in the fresh air. At the end of the summer I had enough money to buy a nice pair of shoes. I thought that was great—until I got to thinking it over—then I decided that I had done an awful lot of labor for one pair of shoes."

George Bancroft

GEORGE BANCROFT put one over on his parents, at the age of nine, by working as cashier in a store when he was supposed to be at school!

"Another boy and I decided that we wanted to work. That was in Philadelphia, you see. So we went to Wanamaker's Department store and got jobs. I'd leave home in the morning with my books, as if I were going

Their FIRST JOBS

to school, but instead I'd go to my chum's house, put on a pair of long pants that belonged to his older brother, and go down to work at my job.

"I earned two dollars a week. I saved up until I had $102, I remember—so that I must have worked nearly a year—and then I took the money home and gave it to my mother. She cried and kissed me, but told me I must go back to school."

Joan Crawford

JOAN CRAWFORD waited on the table to work her way through boarding school! That was her first job, but as she got no money for it, she doesn't feel that it was a real job.

Her first paid work was selling dresses in a department store in Kansas City.

"I got twenty dollars a week, and I spent every cent of it on clothes for myself," explained Joan. "I always adored clothes, but never had been able to afford nice ones. I worked a month, and by that time had a fairly decent outfit of two dresses, a coat and a hat. I felt very luxurious indeed.

"One day a famous actress who happened to be playing in town came in. A thought struck me—why shouldn't I become an actress? I had always loved to dance, had done some theatricals at school, and was good at imitations. I resolved to go to New York and seek my fortune."

James Cruze

WEEDING an onion patch and milking six cows a day was my first job," announced James Cruze. "I earned twenty-five cents a day, and I was fifteen years old.

"I was working on a farm in Utah," said Jimmy, reaching for a cigarette, clad as always in his white flannels when he remains at home, as we chatted in front of the big fireplace in the hospitable Cruze home.

"I had been reading books of adventure, and, as I bent my back over the onion patch, it seemed to me I must do something to see the world.

"One night I decided to run away and seek my fortune. I tied some things up in a little bag, got up before daylight and was on my way. I bummed my way to San Francisco, meeting up with tramps and other aimless wanderers, slept on top of box-cars and in box-cars, and finally was in 'Frisco.

"The water front fascinated me, and I decided to go to sea. I was down to my last cent, and one thing that prompted me to ship aboard a freighter was peeping through into a cabin and seeing a table laid for dinner.

"I came back from my trip around the world with a fortune of $300."



William Powell at sixteen, when he worked as salesman in the gents' furnishing department of the Emery Bird Thayer Dry Goods Store in Kansas City.



Richard Arlen, at the age of eight. In those days, Richard arose at five thirty mounted his bicycle and delivered the morning paper to 165 homes.

Louise Dresser

AND the distinguished Louise Dresser once worked for the Peruna Company!

"That was my very first job," said Louise, "though afterward I worked at different things before I went on the stage.

"It was the Winter after my father died, and I felt that I must do something. I was fourteen years old, and felt that I should be helping to support my mother. Father had been killed in an accident, and mother was ill.

"The Peruna factory was located near where we lived, in Columbus, Ohio, and I went one morning and applied for a job. There didn't seem to be much that I could

The Hollywood Stars Come Right Out and Tell



Buddy Rogers, at the robust age of seven. At that time he swept out his father's newspaper office in Olathe, Kansas, earning a dollar a day. After school, Buddy delivered hisfather'spapers.

do except to stamp envelopes, and I was set at that task, my salary to be $3 per week.

"But alas, I was fired at the end of three days! I simply wouldn't use the patent device for wetting the stamps, insisting on licking them, and I was so slow that they decided to part with my services. But I came home with my dollar and a half for the three days, and gave the money to my mother."

Charlie Mack

"MY first job," grinned the genial Charlie Mack, who is one half the brace of Two Black Crows, you know," was selling newspapers. I was only six years old and didn't know how to make correct change if the customer handed me more than a dime!

"I made about fifty cents a week. I had a husky voice even then and knew how to slur words so as to make it sound as if I might be calling news of a great disaster or something sensational like that. I sold papers until I was eleven.

"I was in a strike of the newsboys once. We struck for more papers for less money. Say, I settled that strike by intimidation! The publisher of the *Tacoma Ledger* always wore a tall silk hat. I stood behind a signboard every day and threw vegetables, mostly soft tomatoes, at the hat, as he came by. He finally discovered me, dragged me out, scared to death, but I must say he was a good scout. He conceded to the newsboys' request when I tremblingly explained. I suppose he felt he must save the cost of high hats!

"I became a messenger boy when I was eleven, and worked on a percentage basis, earning about three dollars a week.

"I used to sing around different clubs and such places to earn a little extra money."

Ramon Novarro

IF Ramon Novarro hadn't happened to pull two teeth at a time, instead of the one he was supposed to pull, he would probably still be working as a dentist!

"My father was a dentist down in Mexico," Ramon narrated, as we sat in his dressing-room while he made up. "My mother was very anxious to have me follow in his honorable footsteps, said he needed help, and that together we could make a fine living. I was to receive five dollars a week.

"So I went in and learned the laboratory work. My fingers were deft and I soon learned to do all the work there. I was about fifteen then.

"But I hated to see people hurt, to tell you the truth, and shrank from working at the chair. But finally the day came when father said I must begin to do practical work on patients.

"An old lady came in that day to have a tooth pulled. She had just three teeth in her head. Two of them were together. I got to work, and I did a clean job all right—too clean, really, for when I got the forceps out and looked at them, I had taken out two teeth instead of one! I don't know how it ever happened.

"Crestfallen I made a leap for the laboratory and closed the door. The astonished old lady hadn't time to recover before father, with quick wit and tact, told her that both teeth were bad, and that he had told me to take them both out.

"But I decided dentistry was not for me."

Dorothy Mackaill

"MY first money was earned on the stage. I had always been crazy about the stage, even in my obscure English village," said Dorothy Mackaill.

"Finally, wrapping up a few clothes, and taking what money I could get hold of, I ran away from Hull in England, to study dramatic acting at the famous old Thorne Academy on Wigmore Street, in London.

"I hoped that when my money ran out my parents would send me some more. But they didn't. I got down to my last ha'penny, so that I hadn't even anything to eat but a few biscuits, and then decided I must have a job that would give me free time for studying drama at the Thorne school.

"One day, when I had tramped about and was almost discouraged, I met a chorus girl through another friend of mine. She took me to the dance director of the Hippodrome chorus. I had studied dancing, but the director was hard-boiled. He declared I was a 'terrible 'oofer,' but let me do a song and dance for him. That decided him in my favor, and I got a chorus job. They hid me in the back line, but soon decided I had improved enough to lead a number. That number presently was chosen as part of an International Revue in Paris."



Dolores Del Rio, at six. Miss Del Rio was going to school in Mexico then with not a thought for Hollywood or movies.

Monte Blue

"I WAS a funny little figure, I guess, as I came forth from the orphan asylum that had sheltered me ever

All About Their First Jobs and First Earnings

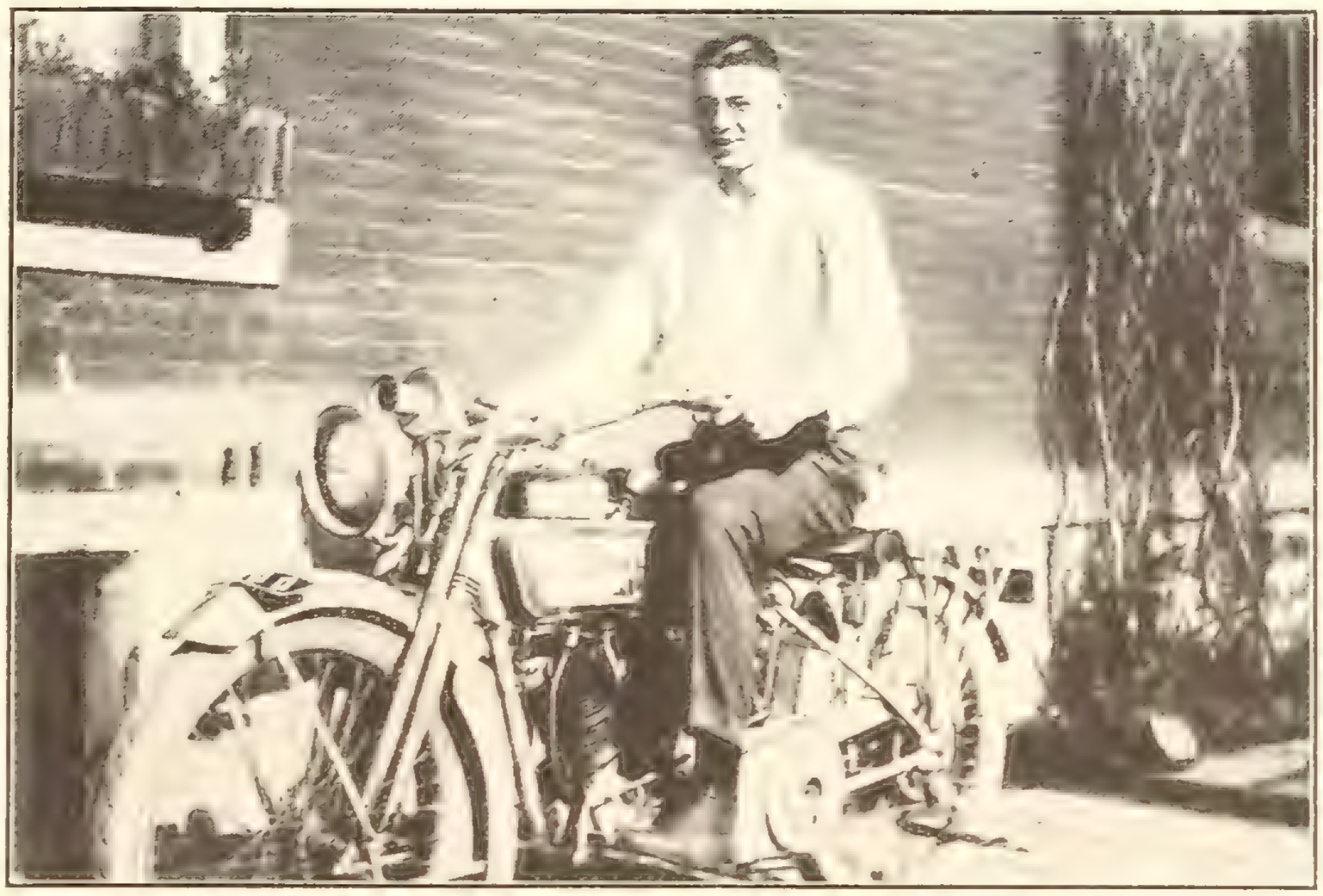
since I was a tiny boy, after my father died. I was wearing the orphanage clothes, and was tall and lanky. I was sixteen, you see.

"Truth to tell, I felt pretty scared at having to go forth into the world to earn my living. It was a cold, wintry day, with snow three feet on the ground, too, which didn't add to my cheerfulness. But go I must, because a man who had once been in the orphanage himself had a job for me, and at sixteen you had to leave the institution. My job was to be printer's devil—that means 'kicking press,'—meaning in turn running a small printing press by means of hand and foot."

I was having dinner with Monte Blue and his wife in their beautiful new home in Beverly Hills, and we were surrounded by beauty and luxury. Monte has come a long way since those homespun days in the Indianapolis orphanage.

"The work was terribly hard on my unaccustomed muscles. Ever see anybody kick press? They have electric motors to do the work now, but in those days, for printing handbills and such small jobs, a boy stood constantly at a machine, keeping the foot piece going with his foot, and feeding paper into the press with his hands. Ten hours of this will tire out anybody not used to it. Of course I grew accustomed to it.

"I earned about three dollars a week, and saved my pennies to go to the theater. I used to hang around the stage door and try to get work, too, after the show. It was a long way to the theater from where I lived, and I used to walk there and home again."



Gary Cooper, at seventeen, was going to High School in Helena, Montana. He invested all his savings in a motorcycle

Norma Shearer

"I WENT to work in a music shop, to play the piano and sing the new songs," said Norma Shearer. "No, not for fun—because I had to work.

"I stayed in the shop three days, and never drew any money for my work because I hadn't the nerve to go and ask for it. I was supposed to get ten dollars a week. I consider that man still owes me $5!

"Guess I didn't like the work very much, after all. And mother found out I was working. You see I hadn't told her. She didn't like my working there. I don't really think I was much of a success," laughed Norma. "It seemed to me that every time I played a piece for a customer, he or she didn't buy it!

"Then we sold the family piano and went to New York, mother, my sister and I. I was sixteen then. I wanted to go into musical comedy, but couldn't get a job. Finally my sister and I got into a picture, playing sister rôles."



Anita Page, at 12. Long before she thought of studying acting and trying for the motion pictures.

Edmund Lowe

"I SOLD papers at the age of four—but not in the usual way, no-sir-ee!" exclaimed Edmund Lowe, when I asked him about his first job.

"I was more enterprising than most youngsters, you see. So I collected all the old papers I could find in the house, folded them as nicely as I could, and sold them to passersby. Some of them were as old as a month. Some of the papers we took were never opened at all, and those were a cinch.

"I was doing very well when my father rudely interrupted my business. He said the neighbors were complaining that I sold them old papers. But I made around three dollars before I got into trouble.

"My next job was working in a cannery during vacation time. I carried boxes of fruit, and did all sorts of odd jobs around the place. I earned about nine dollars a week."

Louise Fazenda

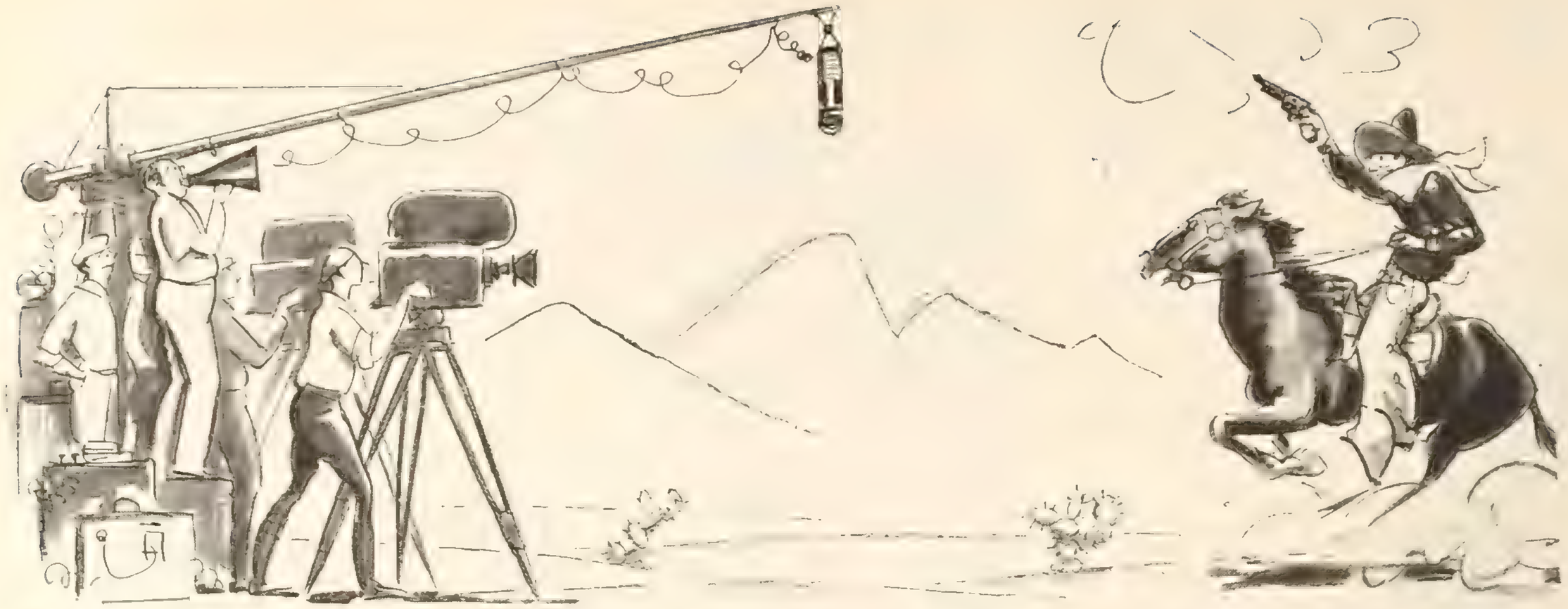
"WHEN I was fourteen, my family met with such financial reverses—though we were never wealthy, heaven knows—that I had to stop school and go to work," says Louise Fazenda.

"I thought it would be fun to work in a candy factory, and so I went to Bishop's and hired myself out. I earned $4.90 a week—no, I don't know why it wasn't an even five—but I soon inquired around as to what work paid the best there, and found out it was the chocolate dippers'. So I applied for that work, and finally mastered it. It is rather a delicate business, and it takes a while to acquire the knack. I earned about twelve dollars a week.

"While I was working there, Mary Pickford came through the factory, and I remember how thrilled I was at her visit. Next day I came to work with my hair in long curls. I bought my first store dress while I was working at Bishop's. I have it yet.

"I always remember the first day I came home from Bishop's. I was all elated over my job, but when I came into the yard, I found my beloved little pet dog which I had had ever since I was seven years old, dying in the front yard. A neighbor's dog had injured him. It was years before I could have another dog."

(*Continued on page* 126)



The HOLLYWOOD

The Famous Hollywood Wit Visits the Sick Folk of Moviedom, Listens Entranced to Greta Garbo's Talkie Debut, and Approves of the Revival of Westerns in Sound Pictures

SEATED in a box with Greta Garbo for a performance of La Argentina in Los Angeles—thereby fulfilling my astrologist's prediction that this was to be a big year for me—I was witness to the workings of Swedish witchcraft upon the local folk. Nowhere is idolatry so fanatical as among the idols, and it is plain that Greta has her Hollywood allez-oop.

There was no clang about her entrance or her dress; she wore a turban of brown silk tight to her head and a mink wrap which for some occult reason she had strapped about the waist with a thin leather belt—a precaution perhaps against it being snatched as a souvenir by some admirer.

Despite her wraithy entrance the audience sensed her apparition and was entranced. Opera-glasses were levelled, necks stretched to snapping. I tried to speak to friends Ernst Lubitsch and Manuel Reachi a few seats off, but their eyes were glazed as if on the angel of death. Movie stars hopeful of her recognizing glance, gazed with the yearning of chimpanzees imploring the toss of a peanut. Indeed the entire audience seemed to evolute backward into monkeys. Had Greta chosen to use her hypnotistic power she could have had fundamentalists parting one another's hair and scampering up the proscenium arch.

No boasting, but I know the ape who would have been first up.

"AND how did you like Argentina?" someone asked next day.

"Oh, was she there too?"

The secret of Greta's sorcery is her aloofness. Women of history are women of mystery. Greta is idol of the idols because not one with them. Self-sustained and undefined, she has the mystifying apartness of an altar. (See Psalms iv. 3: The Lord hath set apart him that is godly for himself.)

I HAVE traveled about with several stars and seen homo sapiens prove Darwin's theory, but always with a giggly hysteria that denoted consciousness. Knowing they were goofy they tried to be spoofy. But when Garbo trances them they stay tranced. A cat may look at a queen and still meow, but anyone looking at Greta is paralyzed peepless. Fortunately we have in Hollywood a physician, Dr. Cecil Reynolds, who can hypnotize patients out of paralysis even as Greta puts them in. With Greta roaming at large, he is one man who should weather this year of prosperity quite nicely.

GRETA at last has sounded off from the screen and Lord help us all, she's twice as dangerous. I was audient of her "Anna Christie" in the M.-G.-M. projection room, and at first throb of her throaty voice the audience was won.

THOSE who feared for Greta's future because of her Swedish accent have little idea of her Swedish tenacity. She learned English so well she had to study Swedish to get back her accent. When you hear her say "yust" for "just", don't be fooled, she's acting.

With the same resoluteness she has improved as an actress when she might have thrived on her personality alone.

I predict the time's not distant when critics will need Garbo restraint to keep them from dusting off the old Duse-of-the-Screen appellation. She has the brooding nature and restrained emotion of the great Italian. But Signora Duse was incomparable. And so is Fröcken Garbo.

Most of us, however, will be content to chant the new song hit from Europe: "I Dreamed I Kissed Greta Garbo."

Not since Valentino has an idol enthraled such rapture. The funny thing about it all is that while Greta awes them, she herself is awed. The reason of her aloofness is, principally, in one word—shyness. Diffidence and a melancholia peculiar to the Scandinavian make social communion impossible. While others drink cocktails in drawing-rooms and prattle of Art and Beauty, Greta sits inarticulate on a rock by the sea, drinking a sunset. For all her sex-appeal (and damn' the word!) she conjures to the mind a being incorporeal,

BOULEVARDIER

By Herb Howe

the misty wraith that presides over waters. The ineffable thing called "soul" is attributed ineptly to wax dummy faces with shining glass eyes, whereas it is the burden of those mortals who suffer a vague nostalgia, those to whom the earth is never quite home.

Illustrated by Ken Chamberlain



Greta Garbo, at a dance performance in Hollywood, held the theatre audience breathless. And when Greta trances them, says Herb Howe, they stay tranced.

OLD debil doublin' is still rampant in Hollywood. Anyone can sing who can afford a voice.

They're even doubling for themselves, thus adding to their salaries by getting overtime. I mean to say they're not always singing when you see them singing. Sometimes they sing the song the night before and only make lip movements for the camera next morning. No, it's not because of a hang-over or because "Sweet Adeline" sounds a lot better the night before than the morning after. It's because the temperamental mike is jealous of the camera, wants all the attention.

For instance, Paul Whiteman and his orchestra, which is as expansive as Paul himself, play the numbers for Universal's "The King of Jazz" for the mike at night and for the camera next day. The reason is that one mike can't hear it all. To avoid confusion, each set of instruments has a mike of its own—strings, brasses, drums. If the camera were let in she'd show them all up, and so the deaf old gal is only permitted to watch the show after the mike is recorded. It's twice the work for Paul but he needs exercise.

Eddie Cantor's suing a manufacturer because he says his advertisements carry a likeness of him. This gave Bull Montana an idea and he's hot after

the big collar advertisers—says he doesn't wear 'em, gets his from Firestone Tires.

THE BOULEVARDIER has been the Samaritan this month and having a swell time eating fruit at bedsides. Sickness affords an opportunity for the social climber: people have to see you when they're down.

Anna Q. Nilsson who suffered a crippling fall from a horse two years ago has been sentenced to a cast for three months in the Orthopaedic Hospital. Courageous Anna Q., on whom the charity workers of Los Angeles depend. She wouldn't take time off for an operation until friends made her. Visiting her, I found her room so filled with flowers it looked like an opening night. That's as it should be! Anna never looked lovelier and is giving the finest performance of her life. . . .

With Lew Cody I motored to Monrovia where, high in the hills, the sun is coaxing back the smile of brave little Mickey Normand. Lew's car was so filled with flowers for Mabel that in Pasadena we were stopped and asked if we wanted to enter our float in the Rose Tournament. After seeing the fan mail stacked at Mabel's door I don't believe in the fickleness of fans. She can't answer it personally and feels a secretary is too impersonal, but she wants it known that she answers with her heart. Generous, loving Mabel—there's irony again—the greatest heart in Hollywood getting the worst breaks.

I VISITED George Stewart, Anita's gallant brother, in the same sylvan retreat of the Monrovia hills. Mabel had sent him flowers for his bungalow, and he was busy reading rose- and violet-scented notes from more-than-sympathetic girls. "It's all a gag, playing sick," I said. "It's just a way of getting people to declare themselves." Whenever Mabel gets in headlines because of illness, the Western Union makes more money than on Mother's Day. I accused her of cooperating with President Hoover in cutting down expenses: when Mabel takes sick the government doesn't need to take the census, they just count the telegrams to her.

The Wampas, press agents of Hollywood, gave a dinner to celebrate Lew Cody's return to life after a nine months' illness. He's the real boulevardier of Hollywood, mascot of the Wampus, husband of Mabel, most popular and philanthropic man-about-town. He has a faithful colored man named James, who is all that Friday was to Crusoe. When asked how Lew was, James said: "Well, he's off the liquor but he's on the 'phone."

I found Fifi Dorsay confined to her *appartement* in the Villa Madrid with another attack of laryngitis. With her was her sister, who speaks perfect English. I suspect Fifi could speak it better if she tried, but she wouldn't have any use for it. . . . French is the language of love.

"My mother, she could not speak English," says Fifi, very sadly. "She could only say 'yes' . . . and she didn't know what it meant, poor thing. . . . God rest her soul."

AIRPLANE casualties are not the only ones to rob our local society. Willis Goldbeck, dashing millionaire scenarioist, went to the train to see Mary Duncan off to New York and never has returned. Friends fear he suffered a sudden heart attack, as it is known he is susceptible to them. With his whereabouts unknown, though "somewhere in New York" might reach him, I'm trusting to the Boulevardier. It's about your sister, Willis—Elizabeth Goldbeck, the writer, you know. She's living in your isolated beach house above the Malibu, and on eerie nights she's been writing mystery stories and scaring herself to death. Her condition is really alarming . . . though Dennis King may get a laugh. Elizabeth wrote a story about him entitled, "He Breaks His Own Heart." Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord.

I have seen "The Love Parade" three times. Two visits more and I hope to have my laughs timed perfectly instead of exploding two hours later over a vagrant subtlety.

With sly, diabolical cunning, Ernst Lubitsch is a keyhole humorist. If you so much as blink, you miss more than by sleeping through most shows.

Bounce the bootlegger and try Ernst's stuff. The effect is exhilarating and lasts for hours. You can't call it champagne because you're still brimming chuckles the morning after and never need a bromo.

I herewith petition that my title be changed from Boulevardier to Love Parader.

IF there be an artist more resourceful or a fellow more engaging than Maurice Chevalier he has yet to be ushered on.

Both in voice and pantomime Chevalier is the master of finesse and nuance. But it's by warmth of personality—the quality *simpatica*—that he establishes an intimacy with his audience as no other player can. With a smile like a handshake he comes out of the screen and there you are feeling clubby.

If you have the satisfaction of liking yourself for liking him, where with other stars your regard is sheepish, it's because he lacks the cocksureness that blunts the charm of most performers. In other words, this Frenchman is not a *jambon*.

Oui, it looks like we owe another debt to France. . . . Chevalier, here we come!



WHEN in need of sleep it has been my custom to attend a screen revue. No opiate is so quieting to the nerves as the interminable beat of hoofing feet and the rhythmic repetition of their convolutions.

With somniferous intent I arrived in the Universal projection room for Paul Whiteman's "King of

(*Continued on page* 131)

Herb Howe says he wouldn't be surprised if the next best big star discovery were made in the heart of brunette Africa by Mr. and Mrs. Martin Johnson.



Photograph by Ruth Harriet Louise

JOAN CRAWFORD

You next will see the bride of Doug Fairbanks, Junior, in "Montana Moon." After that another flapper rôle, with another song that the movie folk hope will be as popular as "Chant of the Jungle."



Photograph by Autrey

Little Janet Gaynor owes her motion picture stardom to her stepfather, H. C. Jones, who died soon after she achieved success. However, he lived to see his dreams come true. Mr. Jones always believed she would succeed on the screen. An early letter still exists, saying: "She has personality and a great deal of dramatic talent, and a very dependable asset is the fact that she will work and give the best there is in her to whatever she undertakes—and that means a near approach to genius."

WRITTEN in the STARS

Janet Gaynor's Step-Father Always Believed She Would Become Famous

By BIO DE CASSERES



Janet Gaynor at the age of fourteen. She was a tiny child with a quaint, but dramatic personality. She was always shy, disliking strangers. But at school she was one of the most popular girls. Beaux haunted her mother's doorstep.

(Bio De Casseres, now the wife of Benjamin De Casseres, the essayist, was the first wife of Harry C. Jones. Mr. Jones married Janet Gaynor's mother—and became the beloved step-parent of the future movie star. It was Mr. Jones' faith in her abilities that enabled Janet Gaynor to become a star. Janet always called him her "Jonesy."

After her marriage to Benjamin De Casseres, Mrs. De Casseres still maintained friendly relations with her first husband and "Jonesy's" second wife, Laura Gaynor Jones, the mother of Janet Gaynor.

Although Mrs. De Casseres has lived in New York for the past ten years and "Jonesy" and his wife, Laura, and Janet have lived in Chicago and Hollywood in all those years, the correspondence between the two families has been regularly kept up. Now that "Jonesy" has passed away, after living to see all that he had dreamed and worked for in his latter years come true—the success of Janet Gaynor, the correspondence between Janet and her mother and Mrs. De Casseres has become even more frequent, for all three, "Jonesy", Mrs. Gaynor Jones and Mrs. De Casseres—have prayed and worked for the same end for years—the success of little Janet.)

MOTHER, may I speak to him—see, there goes Mr. Jones, and he is always alone. Mother, please let me ask him to sit with us!"

A warm little hand stole across the darkened aisle of the motion-picture theater in Chicago and tugged at a disappearing coat. The next instant a man's hand clasped the little hand—and Destiny clicked.

It was in this way that Janet Gaynor and her "Jonesy" came to know each other in a more intimate way. Perhaps it was she who played the part of Cupid and made of him an adoring step-papa.

The letters that he wrote to me about her at that time are fresh in my memory.

"She has personality and a great deal of dramatic talent, and a very dependable asset is the fact that she will work and give the best there is in her to whatever she undertakes—and that means a near approach to genius. You would love her—you couldn't help it. She has big, brown eyes and reddish-golden hair. And the beaux—she isn't out of High School yet, but her mother has an awful time driving them away."

And then one day the tiniest little girl came to see me, accompanied by a very severe-looking aunt. She was the quaintest being I had ever met outside of a fairy-story book. As she sat and talked she seemed to dwindle in the big chair and to be playing the part of a grown-up. She had a dramatic personality, and even then I could not help but think what a lovely Mary Rose in Barrie's play she would be.

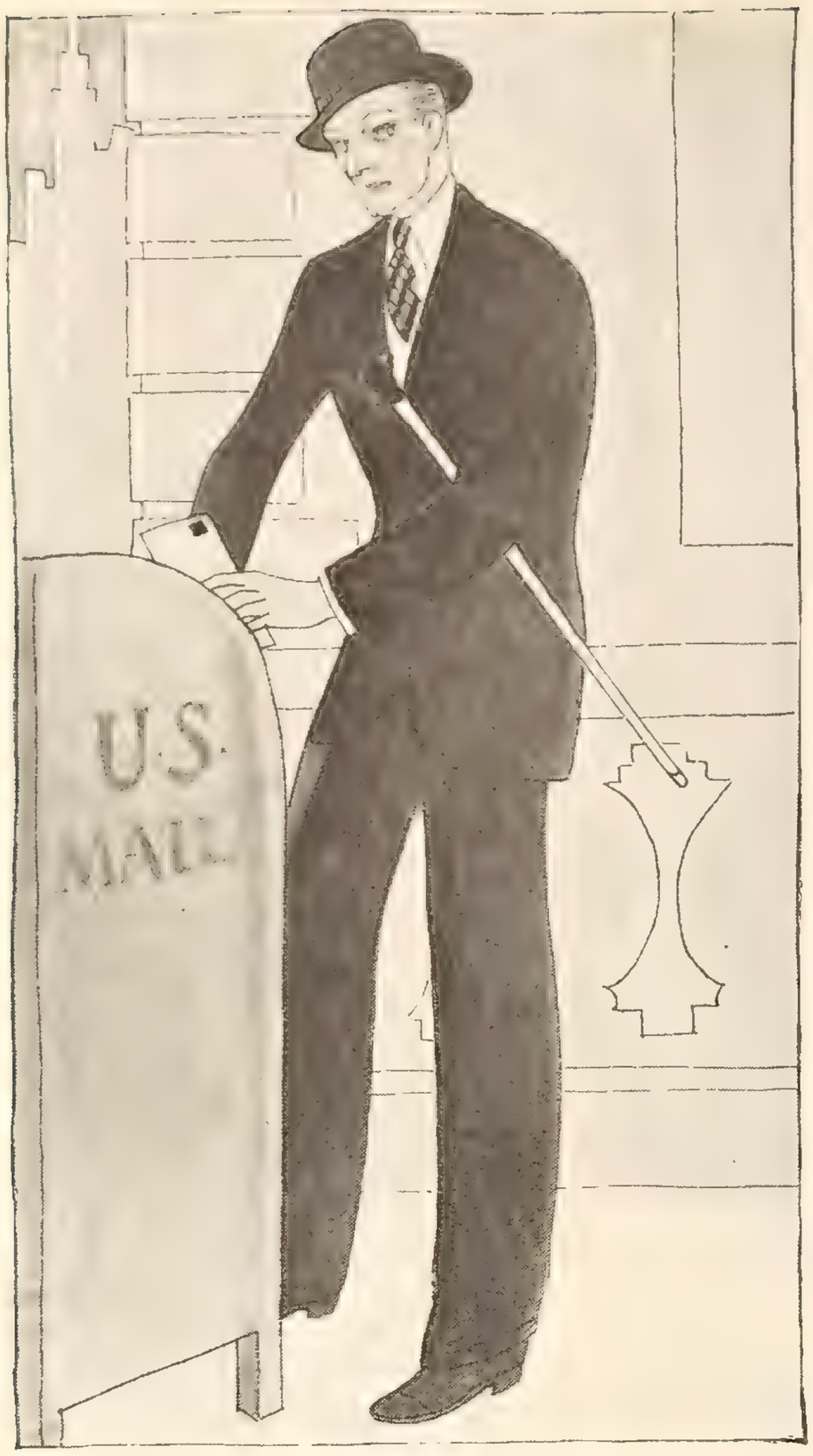
When she was a youngster, her mother has since told me, she would never let go of the latter's hand in public. She was like a little chick that was always seeking the protecting wing. To her strangers were anathema. So it seems that that sweet smile of hers must have been cultivated in her sleep while talking with the angels, as mothers often say.

JANET was eight years of age when she left Germantown, Philadelphia. In those early years she had gone to the A. C. Harmer School; then to the Graham-Stewart School in Chicago and also to the Lake View High; but it was from the Polytechnic High School in San Francisco that she graduated when she was sixteen years old.

Hilary, her sister, who was four years older, was just the opposite in disposition and made friends readily with everybody. "Lollie," as Janet was then called—a name she had given herself before she could pronounce names correctly—could run the gauntlet of strange eyes if her fingers were wound tightly around Hilary's plump little fists.

One of the tragedies of her early life was the mysterious disappearance of a fur neckpiece. And I might add that ever since that time stoles went out of fashion for Janet, and I (*Continued on page* 112)

"Janet Gaynor is wise beyond her years—a pocket Venus with the brain of Minerva."



DOLLAR THOUGHTS

The New Movie Magazine Readers Express Their Opinions of Film Plays and Players—and This Monthly

Yes, They're Human

Lima, Ohio—

When I finished reading my first copy of THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE, I had made a great discovery, namely, movie actors and actresses really and truly have a human side. Relying upon the descriptions furnished in other movie magazines, I had come to believe that all the inhabitants of Hollywood were about as stiff as a picture of Washington crossing the Delaware, and that they were as human as a seasoned old bank president who has just been approached for a hundred-thousand-dollar loan without security.

W. H. Snyder,
1700 Lowell Avenue.

Salutes the New Movie

Washington, D. C.—

Mentally, visually and financially, I salute you in behalf of THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE. To the thousands of "fans" who have an ear to the ground for a good word of their favorites, the sight, sound and price of your brain-child is most appealing. To capture Walter Winchell, with his almost unique insight into Broadway, and Adela Rogers St. Johns, who makes you see people and life in the movie colony with a clarity that thrills old "fans" like a spring tonic; to say nothing of Herb Howe, beloved of all, predicts for your magazine great prosperity in friends and fortune, for you certainly have "hitched it to a star," assuring us, who love the art of make-believe, the best in that fascinating realm. Good luck to you!

D. C. Herbert,
3413 Thirteenth Street, N. W.

Wants Short Comedies

Kansas City, Mo.—

Soon after the speaking screen became firmly established, I saw several excellent short talking comedies, and at that time I predicted that a great field of entertainment had opened up so far as the short farce was concerned. However, the majority of the larger theaters today are presenting stage shows along with the feature film presentation, with the result that there is no place on the program for a comedy. Personally, I hope that some of the so-called stage revues will, in the near future, be shortened, and that the two-reel talking comedy will be substituted for them.

Paul S. McCoy,
712 Linwood Boulevard.

Praise from Kansas

El Dorado, Kansas—

Certainly surprised to get such a good magazine for so little. It's a lot better screen magazine than the ones I've had to pay 25 and 35 cents a copy for. The pictures are good too and lots of them. I like the ones of Clara Bow, and of course, our Kansas actor, Buddy Rogers.

Mrs. Paul B. Kirkman,
414 N. Denver Street.

Those Dixie Accents

Portsmouth, Virginia—

The Southern accent in "The Virginian" was wrong and unnatural. We do not talk like Gary Cooper interpreted the Southern accent in this picture.

Alma Cland,
24 Washington Street.

Take a Bow, Mrs. Winslow

Pittsburgh, Pa.—

THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE should be congratulated on its courage in presenting an article as uncompromising and as scorching as "Came the Yawn" by Mrs. Winslow. This reader is elated to find a motion picture magazine so utterly unbiased and liberal in its policy.

Mrs. Ida Chatterton,
5437 Ellsworth Avenue.

And Sit Down, Thyra

Enid, Oklahoma—

For goodness sake who is this Thyra Samter Winslow? I am sure Hollywood can get along very well without her. If the stars didn't have brains, and plenty of them, they couldn't draw the large salaries she speaks of. I hope you don't let her take up any more space in your book.

Mrs. M. Walker,
227 W. Oklahoma.

What a Quarter Does

Denver, Colorado—

I am not earning any money of my own. A month ago, I used to have to choose between seeing a movie and buying a magazine for the price of twenty-five cents. If I chose one, I lost (*Continued on page* 115)



MARGUERITE CHURCHILL



Photograph by Preston Duncan

LILYAN TASHMAN



Photograph by Ernest A. Bachrach

BEBE DANIELS



Photograph by Preston Duncan

CONSTANCE BENNETT



Photograph by William E. Thomas

HELEN TWELVETREES



Photograph by Preston Duncan

OLIVE BORDEN



Photograph by John Miehle

EDMUND LOWE



If you saw Claudette Colbert in "The Lady Lies" you were captivated by her performance. It instantly made her a film favorite. Miss Colbert is twenty-four. She was born in Paris and, as a child, played in the Luxembourg Gardens. She came to America with her parents and was graduated from Washington Irving High School in New York. Further details? Her dark bobbed hair is brown. Her eyes are brown, too. She weighs 103 pounds and—honestly—has to eat potatoes in order to keep her weight UP.

Introducing Claudette

How Miss Colbert Changed Her Ambitions from Art to Acting—and Became a Screen Favorite

By MARGUERITE TAZELAAR

SOME fifteen years ago a little French girl called Claudette, whose family lived on the Boulevard Raspail in Paris, used to go to play every afternoon in the Luxembourg Gardens. There, in the brilliant sunshine, she listened to the old French men and women gossiping; rolled hoops with the other children while their mothers or nurses kept an eagle eye on them through flying knitting needles. And she sometimes ventured into the galleries themselves, absorbing the color and life of the rich masterpieces hung there. An imaginative child, these early impressions must have been unconsciously at work shaping in her mind a need to one day express in some form, life, which even then she found so vivid and stirring.

For several years later discovered her enrolled in an art school in New York City, determined to become an illustrator, "to be on the covers of magazines." But fate, a mischievous rascal, decided that while she might appear on magazine covers, it would not be as the creator of them but as the product of somebody else's art. Which means, in brief, that Claudette Colbert was destined to become an actress instead of a painter. It was more or less of an accident, however, which brought her to the stage. But once having smelled the greasepaint, felt the magic of that sea of white faces beyond the footlights, there was no keeping her away from the theater. Yet her hobby still is sketching.

WHILE both people and circumstances tried hard to keep her from the footlights, this young actress in the course of some five or six years has achieved success—success that is more likely to take half a lifetime to secure, and she has achieved it through hard work plus a native intelligence and personality. At twenty-four she has seen her name in electric lights on Broadway in hits that have had a year's run. She has starred in London in one of those hits—receiving the same acclaim she did here. She delved into the movies last year at the same time she was playing in the Theater Guild's "Dynamo," as a kind of experiment, with the result that she recently signed a five-year contract with the Paramount company at a salary that only first-rank performers are able to wheedle out of the picture magnates, with a clause in it saying she shall be free to play on the stage between screen assignments. Such are the energy and ambition of that talented actress who has played leads in as widely assorted footlight pieces as, "The Barker," "Dynamo," "See Naples and Die," and the talking picture, "The Lady Lies."

Being with her, as she sits in her dressing-room putting on her make-up, or as she waits for her cue to go on in a scene at the studio, helps a little to understand this amazing energy and achievement. For it reveals those qualities which the strong, buoyant, dominant people of the earth possess—independence, self-confidence without conceit, a large perception. Yet, the artist must have more than these sheer heady traits; he must have emotion. And it is this combination of intelligence and emotion that you sense in Miss Colbert, despite her easy, friendly manner, her practical lack of affectation, her sharp reserve. For suddenly a spark will pierce through her conversation full of vehement feeling that reveals the always smoldering fire beneath the surface of that smooth, calm, logical mind. It was this thing that made her so magnificent as Lou in "The Barker," so perfectly sympathetic as the mistress in "The Lady Lies."

SHE is the "black and white" type described by the modistes and fashion designers, which means that she appears to best advantage in gowns in which only black and white materials are used. Her heavy, dark bobbed hair, which is waved usually, her fair skin and large brown eyes, suggest, it seems, to creators of style this combination, which has taste, sophistication and dash. She has a trim, (*Continued on page* 109)



Claudette Colbert in "The Lady Lies," which won movie audiences. Now the film moguls have bought Miss Colbert's stage contract and you will see a lot of her in future films.

SUMMER FORECAST: FAIR and WARMER



Joan Crawford, above, in her new Catalina suit designed to secure the proper amount of sun tan required by the new décolletage neckline of afternoon and evening Summer attire. The evening frocks of 1930, in fact, demand a complete back tan. This bathing suit meets that demand.

Stripes will be worn with plain trunks, as indicated by the new bathing suit of Anita Page at the right. The delicate stripes are of red, it should be noted.



The Newest in Bathing Suits and Beach Pajamas

The newest in backless and sideless bathing suits demonstrated just below by Virginia Bruce. This suit of red and white is the ideal California sun tan attire.





Above, Jean Arthur in her new sun and sand pajamas. These come in egg shell, beige and brown satin. The blouse is backless. The trousers are pleated and widely girdled as are all smart pajama costumes this year. The beige hat in rough straw is trimmed with many hued cords of yarn.

What They Will Wear at the Beaches This Year



Bathing suits with cute little skirts will be the thing this season. At the left, Virginia Bruce shows a knit costume in yellow jersey that is belted at the waist line and boasts a circular skirt of flattering cut.



At the right, Jeanette Loff poses in the prettiest of beach pajamas made of navy blue silk pongee with white silk pongee blouse, trimmed with red chevrons. The broad bottomed trousers have a real salty flavor and distinguish all beach pajamas that are to be seen this year.



Special Photograph by Hurrell

Miss Howell was a member of Roxy's Gang (S. L. Rothafel's nationally known radio broadcasting organization) not so long ago. Now she is playing leading roles in Metro-Goldwyn films. You will see her with Ramon Novarro next.

LOTTICE HOWELL



The three musketeers of Hollywood: Dick Arlen, Buddy Rogers and Gary Cooper. This modern musketeer story is the romance of three boys who started together at the foot of the ladder and climbed to fame and glory in the films. It is one of struggle, hope, intrigue, triumphs and disappointments. The three boys started practically at scratch in "Wings". They became buddies during the making of "Wings," while on a month's location trip in Texas. That was the beginning of a 1930 version of "All for one and one for all!," the old battle cry of Dumas' immortal musketeers.

THE THREE MUSKETEERS of HOLLYWOOD

BY DICK HYLAND

"All for one and one for all"



ATHOS PORTHOS ARAMIS

THE Three Musketeers of old—Athos, Porthos and Aramis.

The Three Musketeers of Hollywood—Arlen, Rogers and Cooper.

In the bygone days of France, the story was one of wine, women, song; of intrigue, war, death and lovable braggadocio.

But no matter what came, the gallant musketeers fought "All for one and one for all."

In the modern days of Hollywood, the story is one of three boys who started together at the foot of the ladder and climbed to fame and glory in the films; one of struggle, hope, intrigue, triumphs and disappointments.

The motto is the same: "All for one and one for all."

The Cardinal—if you remember Dumas' great story of the "Three Musketeers"—tried often to defeat the combination, to separate them in one way or another. His most tempting offers were laughed at. Not one of them would leave to advance himself; they went together or they didn't go.

It was great and grand and glorious, in those days of treachery, mad ambition, great rewards, sword-play and sudden death, to find three men who loved each other with a sincerity which forbade any one of them to gain fame and fortune without trying to take the others with him.

IT'S just as great and glorious today to find three young Americans who place friendship and loyalty above everything, to see them advance steadily side by side without rancor or jealousy or envy, each trying to give the other a break instead of taking it himself.

The Three Musketeers in the reign of King Louis of France were powerful and successful because each threw into the game his own special talent for the service of the others. The great strength of Porthos was always at command. The beautiful character and high thought of Athos was there to direct them in times of trouble along the right paths. Aramis' talent for intrigue, his ability to gain favor with great ladies, was employed to further the ends of all three of the musketeers.

Thus they wrote a glorious page of romantic history and made immortal those ringing words, "All for one and one for all."

Hollywood is repeating history today.

That same undying loyalty, that same throwing into a melting pot of the ability of each one for the benefit of all, is before our eyes right here on a studio lot.

They are not sentimental about it, these three modern musketeers. The chances are they have never thought about it. If you mentioned it, they would probably laugh and say, "Bunk! Come down out of the clouds and get your feet on the ground."

But there are certain facts and feelings I have been noticing for a long time and Misters Arlen, Rogers and Cooper cannot laugh them off.

THERE was a time—but I will give you a bit of background first.

Hollywood, several years ago, was suffering from a dearth of leading men. Young, clean fellows who could step into leading parts and act like human beings. Every studio was scouring the highways and byways, holding contests, combing the studios of Europe, the stages of New York—all for young leading men.

Among those making a bid for this favored spot were three inexperienced youths—Dick Arlen, Buddy Rogers and Gary Cooper. Oddly enough, they all "clicked" in a picture called "Wings." And one studio, Paramount, had all three of them under contract, at very small salaries. Which was all they were worth in those days, being unknown and knowing very little about the acting business.

(*Continued on page* 127)



Photograph by Clarence Sinclair Bull

ANITA PAGE



Photograph by Hurrell

BESSIE LOVE



Special Photographs by Stagg



These are the first pictures ever made of the wonderful new estate of Harold Lloyd in Beverly Hills. They were made by special permission of Mr. Lloyd for THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE. Above, a close-up of little Gloria Lloyd's new playhouse, built for her special and exclusive use. Here she spends most of her afternoons. Gloria's name is carved on the doorway of the house, which is of light-colored stone, with a real thatched roof. Inside, there is a real fireplace.

At the left is Gloria's own garden, especially designed for her. Grownups are never allowed inside. The wrought iron gates carry the invitation: "Come into my garden and play." Gloria is just going to open the gates to one of her little friends.

The PLAY YARD that LAUGHS Built

It brings happiness to little Gloria Lloyd, daughter of the comedy king, Harold Lloyd



Top right:
Gloria, in the colonnade entrance to the Lloyd mansion, starting out for a drive. For the information of mothers with six-year-old daughters who wish to be in the latest mode, Miss Lloyd is wearing a black velvet coat with a small ermine collar and a soft velvet hat trimmed with ermine to match.



Right, little Gloria in the formal garden of her daddy's home. The Lloyd house is the most beautiful yet built by any motion picture star and it occupies a hilltop with many acres of grounds surrounding it in Benedict Canyon, just back of Beverly Hills.

The Edmund Lowes Give a Charming Dinner Party

By EVELYN GRAY

SPECIAL PHOTOGRAPHS BY STAGG



William Haines, his sister and Edmund Lowe are caught by THE NEW MOVIE photographer having a chat outside the door of the attractive Lowe home which you can locate on our own map of Beverly Hills.

MR. AND MRS. EDMUND LOWE entertained at dinner.

That announcement always means one of the most interesting and beautifully arranged evenings in Hollywood.

Of course, you know that Mrs. Lowe is Lilyan Tashman and is famous as a hostess. Her latest evening was quite one of the most delightful she has ever given.

In the first place, the Lowes have a charming home for entertaining. It is small, but beautifully arranged, with a large drawing-room where twenty or thirty guests can mingle or separate into little groups by the fire or the piano or on one of the large davenports.

Just off the drawing-room is a little enclosed sun-porch, with a corner fireplace, where, on cold evenings, there is a bright wood fire. Here a tête-à-tête is always in progress, whether it happens to be an engaged couple or two well-known directors or writers in discussion about art or the movies.

THE dining-room seats twelve guests comfortably, but when more than that are invited Mrs. Lowe resorts to the hostess' greatest boon, the informal camaraderie of the buffet supper.

The other evening followed this plan. The table against the wall held the most marvelous array of dishes, and the guests helped themselves and enjoyed not only the food but the exquisite china and silver, which are Lilyan Tashman's hobby.

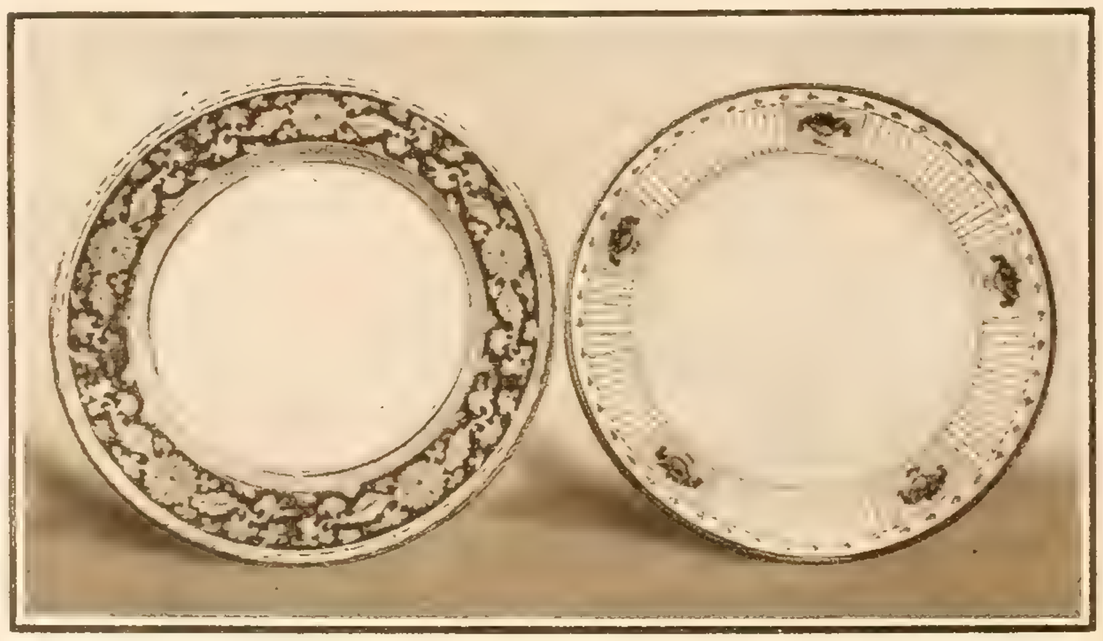
Then the groups gathered about small tables or in corners to eat.

Dolores del Rio—who doesn't go out a great deal—was there with Larry Kent. She looked very lovely, in a frock of apricot colored satin, made with a skirt of three long ruffles. It was noticeable that every woman in the room wore the new popular long skirts.

WILLIAM HAINES brought his sister, who is a young Southern matron spending the Winter in Hollywood. She had on a gown of heavy black net, and costume jewelry of crystal.

Mrs. Lowe herself wore a new model which might well be entitled the hostess' delight, so exactly suited was it to the needs of looking perfectly at home and still formally gowned. Of sheer black chiffon, the dress followed the natural contour of her figure. The skirt just cleared the floor. The sleeves reached from shoulder to wrist and then extended down the back in long flowing wings that trailed for several feet on the floor.

Mrs. Lowe has followed a custom which many girls are now adopting. Having found a model

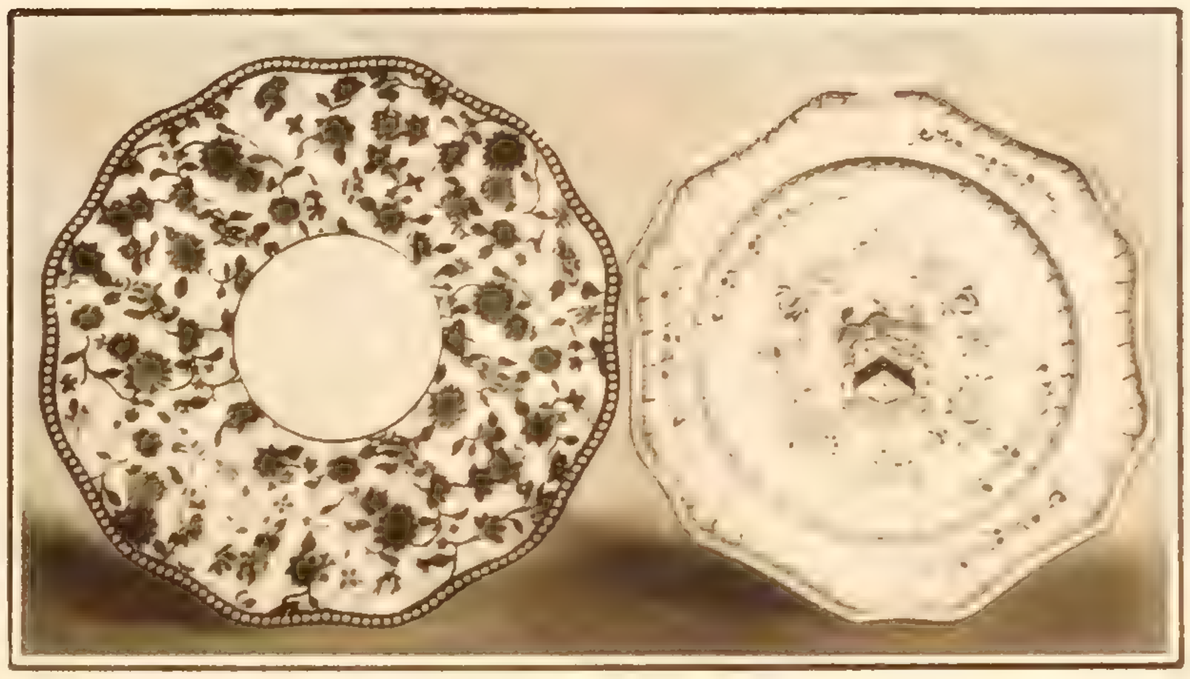


Mrs. Lowe has an elaborate collection of fine china. Two of the plates used in the dinner: left, a beautiful specimen of English Copeland, with exquisite gold edge and featuring two tones of blue. Right, an exceptionally fine piece of Wedgewood.

How Hollywood Entertains

that she enjoys and that is especially becoming to her, she is having it made in several colors and making it distinctly her own.

Beautiful little Barbara Bennett was there with her new husband, Morton Downey. Barbara is a sister of Constance and Joan Bennett and has just come back to Hollywood. Personally, I think she is by far the most attractive of these three sisters and, with her talent as a dancer, should go far. She wore black lace. By the way, she is one of the few brunettes who can do that successfully. Her eyes are really black and not brown. Her husband sang several



Two more plates from Mrs. Lowe's collection. Left, an Italian Cappa da Monte, perhaps the rarest of the collection. The edge is of light gold with blue fans and delicate crimson and purple coloring. Right, a genuine Spode.

Mrs. Edmund Lowe taking a glance at the buffet arrangements before the party. The beauty of the Lowe dining-room is enhanced by the unfinished beams of the ceiling.

times during the evening, and was received with riotous applause.

MR. AND MRS. ALLEN DWAN were there. Mrs. Dwan had on a frock of flat crêpe in that new shade of powder blue that seems so popular this Spring. She brought it from Paris and it displayed to perfection the new draped skirt. Allen and Sol Wurtzel, one of the head executives of the Fox organization, sat in a corner and discussed pictures, politics, and football.

Roger Davis, possibly the most sought-after dinner guest in Hollywood, gave everybody a

(Continued on page 131)





"Mr. HOLMES, MEET MR. VANCE!"

Here you have the old and the new in detectives: Philo Vance, S. S. Van Dine's now famous sleuth as played by William Powell, side by side with Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's Sherlock Holmes, done by Clive Brook. If there is light or heavy detecting to be done, these are the boys to do it. You will see Philo and Sherlock in some amusing moments together in the coming screen revue, "Paramount on Parade."



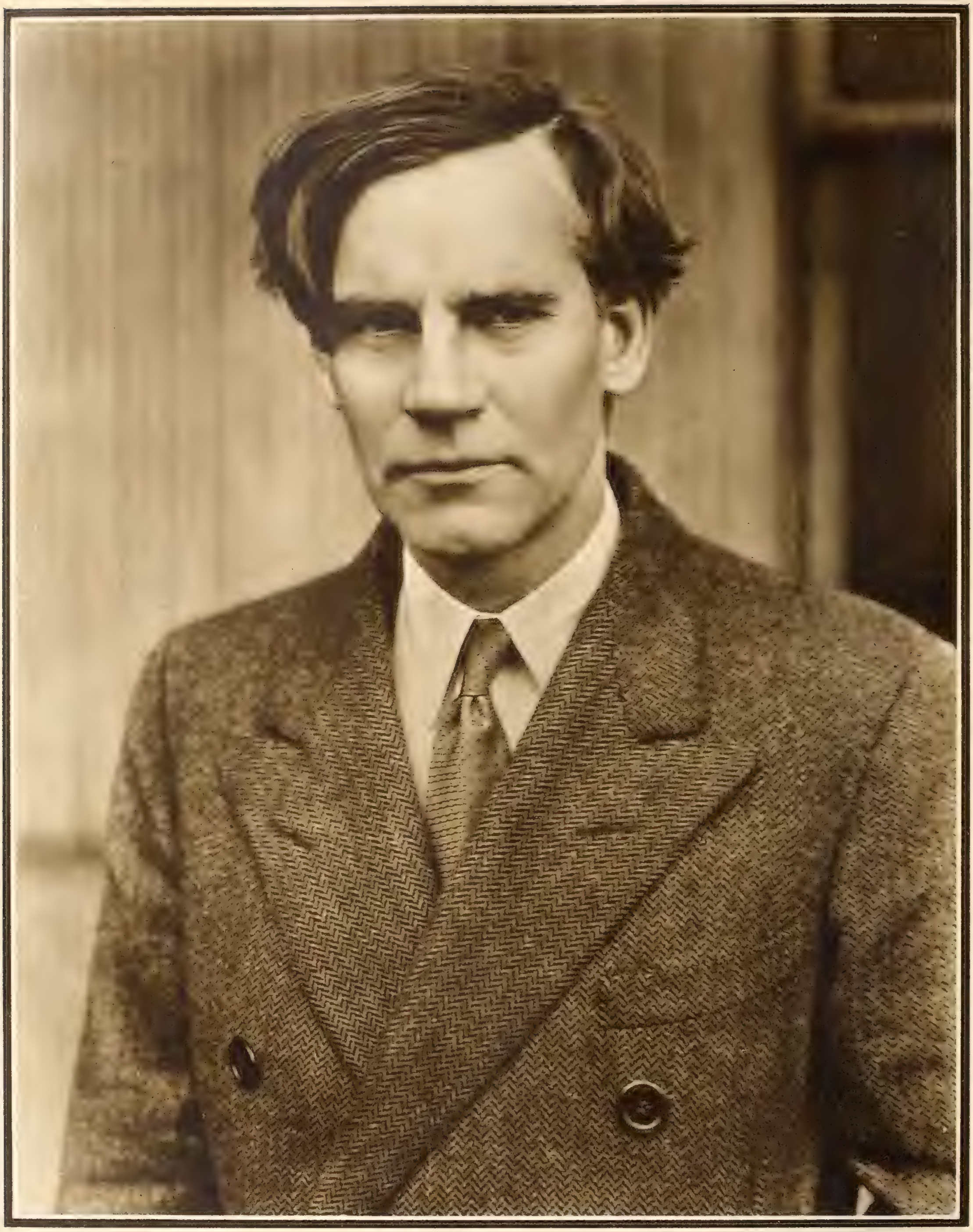


Above, Dolores Costello Barrymore, L. E. Geary, the designer, and John Barrymore looking over the plans of the Barrymore yacht, the Infanta. The Infanta is 120 feet long, has a 9 foot draft and has quarters for 8 guests and a crew of 12. Right, Mrs. Barrymore smashes a bottle of—er—mineral water as the Infanta is christened. Below, the launching.



Launching the INFANTA

SPECIAL PHOTOGRAPHS BY STAGG



The first camera study of Walter Huston as Abraham Lincoln in the all-dialogue film spectacle based on the life of the Great Emancipator, produced by David Wark Griffith. It is Griffith's ambition to make this talkie spectacle of Abraham Lincoln as epochal in the annals of the audible screen as was "The Birth of a Nation" in the history of the silent films. From all the players on stage or screen, Griffith selected Huston for Lincoln. Stephen Vincent Benet, the poet, is writing the story and dialogue.

THE SCREEN'S NEWEST LINCOLN



Greta Garbo speaks for the first time in Eugene O'Neill's drama, "Anna Christie," and loses nothing by the vocal revelation. Indeed, with the addition of speech, Miss Garbo is going on to new and greater successes. Be sure to see and hear her—in "Anna Christie."

The Month's BEST PERFORMANCES

George Arliss, below, as the Rajah of Rokh in "The Green Goddess." Maybe you saw Mr. Arliss in the silent film version. The talkie is even better. At the lower right, William Powell in "Street of Chance," in which he hits new histrionic heights. His performance of the master gambler is a remarkable one.





HERE IS YOUR GUIDE TO



BEHIND THE MAKE-UP—*Paramount*

Another backstage yarn and yet a good one. The romance and tragedy of an egoist who thinks he is a genius. A happy-go-lucky vaudevillian meets the last of a long line of Italian pantomimists and, between the slap-stick of one and the skill of the other, they work out a variety act that becomes a big hit. The Italian takes the hoofer's girl, marries her and breaks her heart. He steals all the glory for the success, but in the end tragedy crushes him. Bill Powell gives an astonishing performance of the Italian. Hal Skelly is excellent as the hoofer. Fay Wray is colorful as the stolen sweetheart.



SON OF THE GODS—*First National*

Richard Barthelmess has yet to give a poor talkie performance. Here—in this story by Rex Beach—he plays the son of a fine old Chinaman. Everywhere in America he is confronted with racial prejudices and he flees to Europe. There, again, he comes face to face with the barrier of race. We will not tell you how this problem is solved, but Dick gets the girl, after all. The young woman, by the way, is splendidly played by Constance Bennett. Hers is a corking performance. Dick gives a fine characterization, of course. As a story, this isn't up to one or two of his recent pictures.



THE BISHOP MURDER CASE—*Metro-Goldwyn*

Another one of S. S. Van Dine's swell mystery stories comes to the screen. Since this was made by Metro-Goldwyn and Bill Powell is a Paramount star, they had to find another Philo Vance. Basil Rathbone plays him well—but his performance doesn't equal Powell's characterization. The production is excellent and this story of wholesale murder to the accompaniment of mysteriously worded nursery rhymes is absorbing in movie form. Excellent performances by Alec Francis, George Marion and Leila Hyams. You will miss Bill Powell, but this mystery film is well worth seeing.



PLAYING AROUND—*First National*

Not Alice White's best picture by any means, but not a bad movie yarn, at that. She plays the daughter of an old store clerk who plays around with a bad boy of the underworld without realizing his real character. Of course, there's an honest lad who loves her, but she spurns him for the time. When the evil youth shoots and robs her dad, she realizes things. There is no undress to the star's rôle in this film. The nearest to décolleté comes when Miss White wins a leg contest in a big cabaret. Billie Bakewell and Chester Morris are prominent. Morris is the best of the cast.



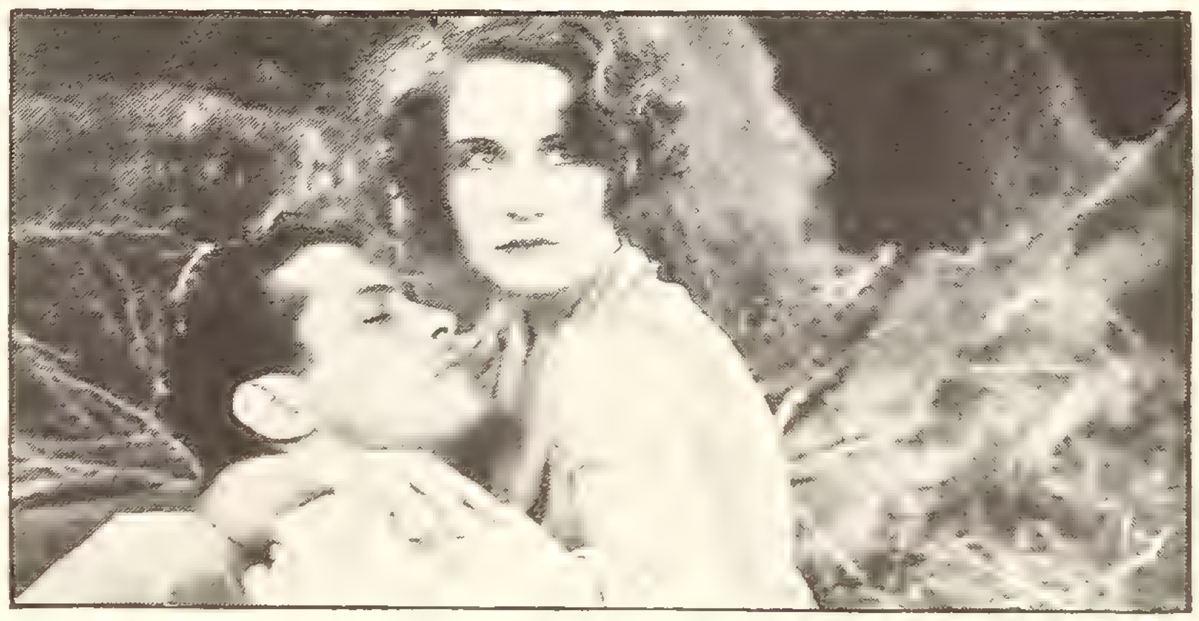
IT'S A GREAT LIFE—*M.-G.-M.*

The Duncan Sisters aren't for the screen. That seems to be pretty definitely proven by their first talkie, "It's a Great Life." Here—in the screen story—you have two sisters who have worked and struggled for success. When one falls in love, the other does everything she can to break up the match. She is jealous and lonely—and wants love to fly out the window. Vivian is the ingénue in love with the piano player, Lawrence Gray, while Rosita is the comic sister who hates the intruder. All this is pretty dull, unless the hard-working comedy antics of Vivian get you.

THE NEW MOTION PICTURES

THEIR OWN DESIRES—*M.-G.-M.*

A problem play with Norma Shearer giving a pleasant performance. A boy and a girl meet and fall in love. Then they find that the father of one is having an affair with the mother of the other—and the affair is breaking up both homes. The girl feels she ought to stick by her wronged mother—and the young folks' dreams are on the edge of going to smash. Only when they are wrecked while canoeing do they realize their love. The situation does not work up into anything of dramatic power. Robert Montgomery plays opposite Miss Shearer. Lewis Stone is the philandering husband and Belle Bennett the suffering mama.



SEVEN DAYS' LEAVE—*Paramount*

A tender and moving talkie, thanks to the splendid performance of Beryl Mercer. When the World War comes along and enmeshes the sons and husbands of all her old cronies, a London scrubwoman invents a son at the front. She writes letters to herself and almost believes her fabrication. Then, when a real soldier bearing the name of her mythical son turns up, she is baffled. He, it seems, is on the verge of desertion, being sick of bloodshed. But, when he meets her and comes to see her faith and courage, he goes back to the trenches. Gary Cooper is delightful as the soldier.



ANNA CHRISTIE—*M.-G.-M.*

She comes, she talks, she conquers! Garbo fans can forget their worries. She is as great, or greater, with her speaking voice as she was in the glamorous silences. Her voice is deep and throaty and she uses it to splendid effect. "Anna Christie" was written by Eugene O'Neill, usually rated our foremost native playwright. As the girl, broken by life, who seeks refuge on her old father's coal barge, Miss Garbo is singularly effective. She has come to hate men—until a survivor of an ocean tragedy floats out of the fog off the New England coast. This stranger and her father fight for her love. That's the story.



THE STREET OF CHANCE—*Paramount*

Likely to be the best melodrama of the screen year. Anyway, it is a swell yarn of the half-world, with William Powell giving his very best performance today—and that's saying a lot. Oliver H. P. Garrett, ex-newspaper man, took the now celebrated Rothstein murder and developed a logical and gripping story of gamblers, racketeers and the picturesque code of the underworld. Powell plays Natural Davis, kingpin of the underworld and greatest gambler on Broadway. Natural never cheats—until the future of his kid brother is at stake. Swell performances by Kay Francis and Regis Toomey, too.



NEW YORK NIGHTS—*United Artists*

This marks Norma Talmadge's talkie début. Her voice is attractive, but her rôle in this racketeer melodrama doesn't fit her and the story itself—a combination of underworld and backstage—is trite. It revolves around a liquor-loving song-writer, his faithful wife and the attempts of an underworld power to win away the woman. Miss Talmadge plays the wife who tries to save her husband and then wavers before the attentions of the boss racketeer, well done by a stage newcomer, John Wray. Gilbert Roland is merely fair as the alcoholic composer. The only interest of this picture lies in Norma's début.



The New FILMS in REVIEW



THE GREEN GODDESS—*Warners*

Some years ago George Arliss did a silent version of William Archer's melodrama of the Himalayas, where the suave and sinister Rajah of Rokh rules over the rocky wastes. The Rajah is an Oxford grad with an undying hatred of the white race and, when three British subjects drop in his midst in a defective plane, he proceeds to deal with them according to his standards. Mr. Arliss, who was so delightful in "Disraeli," is superb in the new talkie version of "The Green Goddess" and Alice Joyce, who also was in the previous silent version, is excellent again as the one woman of the castaways. **You are sure to like this.**



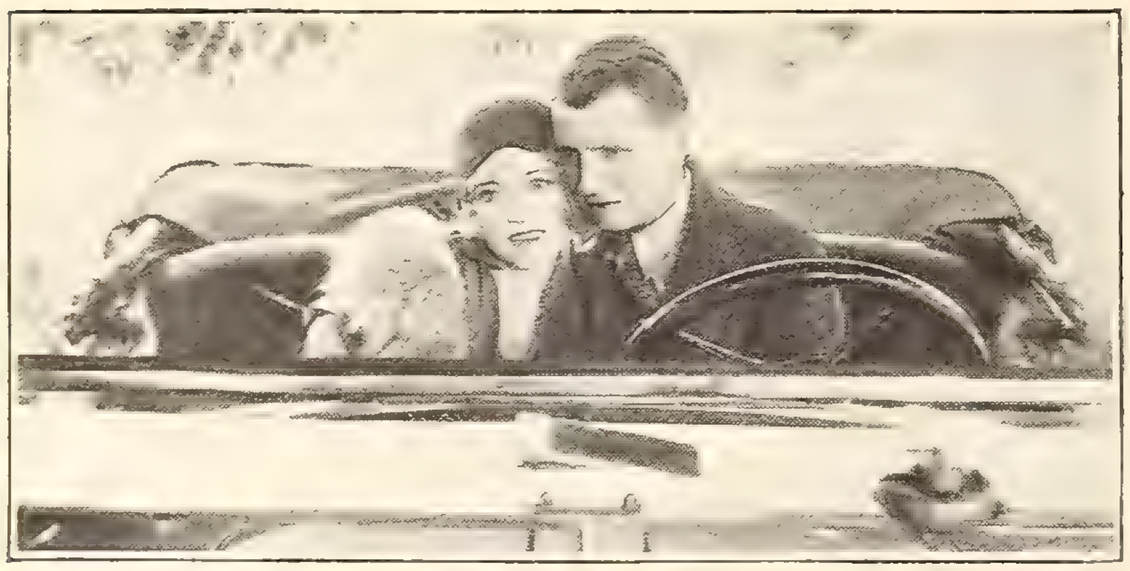
LORD BYRON OF BROADWAY—*M.-G.-M.*

This story of a ruthless philandering composer has a swell theme song—"Should I?"—but it has little else. The producers assembled a cast recruited from the stage and the result is a film almost utterly lacking personality. The one good bit is turned in by the screen actress, Gwen Lee. The story had real possibilities. The composer writes song hits about all his romantic philanderings—and then goes on to new loves and new songs. All of which might easily have developed into an excellent singie—but didn't. The producers never will cease experimenting with stage players when they have plenty of Hollywood talent handy.



THE ROGUE SONG—*M.-G.-M.*

This is the musical film event of the month—and it may make Lawrence Tibbett, recruited from the Metropolitan Opera Company, into an idol. Anyway, the critics all declare his voice is brimming over with IT. "The Rogue Song" is based on the Lehar operetta, "Gypsy Love," but most of the musical numbers are new and Hollywood written. The story revolves around a dashing brigand of the Caucasus who takes what he wants when he wants it. The bandit falls in love with a beautiful princess, kidnaps her and— But why tell the story? Catherine Dale Owen is the princess.



NOT SO DUMB—*M.-G.-M.*

Marion Davies' second talkie, based on the successful play, "Dulcy." Dulcy is one of those exasperating dumb-belles who pulls Pollyanna bromides and tries to turn everybody's affairs into personally conducted channels. The film loses a lot of the original stage comedy's spirit. "Not So Dumb" is pretty weak and it isn't likely to add to its star's reputation as a comedienne. The honors are copped by Donald Ogden Stewart, the writing humorist, who proves that acting is something anyone can do with a little concentration and confidence. All this is very, very mild, indeed.



MEN WITHOUT WOMEN—*Fox*

This comes close to being harrowing. The action takes place in a crippled submarine on the floor of the China Sea. You are given the reactions of the crew after a freighter sends it careening to the ocean bottom. From cool courage to hysteria and madness, the members of the ill-fated crew run the whole gamut. The cast is entirely masculine, save for some sequences in the naughtier streets of Shanghai. **This is grim and startling theatrical fare.** Don't go to it anticipating a light evening's entertainment. However, "Men Without Women" will tear at your emotions. It has loads of cumulative suspense.



Loretta Young and Grant Withers, photographed especially for THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE after their recent runaway marriage. Miss Young's mother objected to the match—and, for a time after the ceremony, it appeared that her wishes would rule. But now Mr. and Mrs. Withers have asserted that nothing will separate them. Mr. Withers has been married before.

WE HAVE WITH



The gentleman at the camera with the flashlight is Mr. Croy himself. The stars are: William Powell (top); Richard Arlen; Ronald Colman (hand on gleaming shirt front); Maurice Chevalier; Bebe Daniels; and Lenore Ulric, pearls in hand.

THE meeting this month seems to be an international one, for looking down the line my eyes rest upon the cheerful countenance of Monsieur MAURICE CHEVALIER.

But first I'll tell you how to pronounce it: "Shevahl-yay." And be sure to give *yay* due attention, for it is a very sensitive little *yay* and hates to be slighted in public.

Maurice made his first public appearance in a bedroom in Menilmontant, a little suburb of Paris, his parents being poor people. This was in 1893. When he was still a little child his father died, and Maurice had to go out and earn money. He became a painter of dolls, but francs were few and far between. To make extra money he sang songs to anybody who would toss him a sou, and at last got a try-out at a neighborhood theatre, and brought home so much money that his mother thought her boy had gone *apache*.

Maurice continued to dance and sing—it sure beat putting eyebrows on dolls—and has been at it ever since. But one day his dancing and singing was interrupted—War.

Maurice was packed up and sent away to the front and gave the other side as good as he got until one day a bomb dropped into a shell hole and snuggled up to him—and the next Maurice knew he was bumping along in an ambulance. When he looked at the driver he saw that he had the wrong kind of helmet on—and when the driver dumped him out it was at a German prison camp. It was while in this camp with a fellow English prisoner that he learned to speak English. And which accounts for the fact that now and then his English sounds a bit doncher-know.

Maurice finally escaped and got back to France and, for his war experiences, they gave him the French Military Cross.

He danced for a time at the Folies Begeres with the famous Mistinguett, and people said, "Watch out, something's going to happen," but instead he changed dancing partners and married the new one, Yvonne Vallee, no relation to Rudy, and can't even play a saxophone.

LENORE ULRICH: Here's a star who sometimes, on account of her accent, is listed as French, sometimes as Spanish, and occasionally as Italian—and now we'll tell the truth about her. She's just plain good old Minnesota German, for she didn't know a word of English until she was six years old. Stand up, LENORE ULRICH, and let 'em see you.

As I say, until the age of six she could speak only German—and now she can cuss out a director in German, English and French, with little touches here and there of Swedish, too.

herb roth

US TONIGHT

By Homer Croy

Drawing by Herb Roth

The town where the event took place was New Ulm, Minn. But if you want to find it on the map you'll have to get out a big one and put on your glasses. The name she came into the world with was Lenore von Ulrich, the "von" having been brought over from Germany by her grandfather, but soon Lenore ran a pencil through it and it was *verlos gesunkst.*

Vhen der storck brought die leetle Lenore to New Ulm her father was in the army, but he was raising an army of his own, for the same stork brought six children, and so Father Ulrich resigned, not wishing to run competition with the Gov'ment, and got a job as drug clerk. He and Mutter von Ulrich now live in Milwaukee, but the rest of the army are scattered to der four windts.

Lenore got some face powder from her father and went to New York to become a famous actress—and had to take a job in a store on Third Avenue selling candy!

During the day she sold candy and at night she went to the theater. At last, she got a job as chorus girl in an Eddie Foy show. David Belasco saw her and shoved a paper in front of her, and soon an electrician was putting up her name in electric lights.

Lenore is married to Sidney Blackmer, actor.

Lenore is small—five feet and two inches, and weighs 117 pounds, which just goes to show how over-rated cabbage and sauerkraut is.

RICHARD ARLEN: Let me introduce to you Lieutenant Richard van Mattimore of Virginia. Well, if you don't know the next speaker by that name, let me try another—Richard Arlen. Ah, that's better. Right well known name, that is.

Richard was born in Charlottesville, Virginia, September 1, 1899, which according to the Gregorian calendar makes him thirty-one when Labor Day rolls around again.

When Richard was a lad his parents gave up eating Virginia ham and moved to St. Paul, Minnesota, taking Richard along with them as he was too young to resist, and there he was fed on Gold Medal flour.

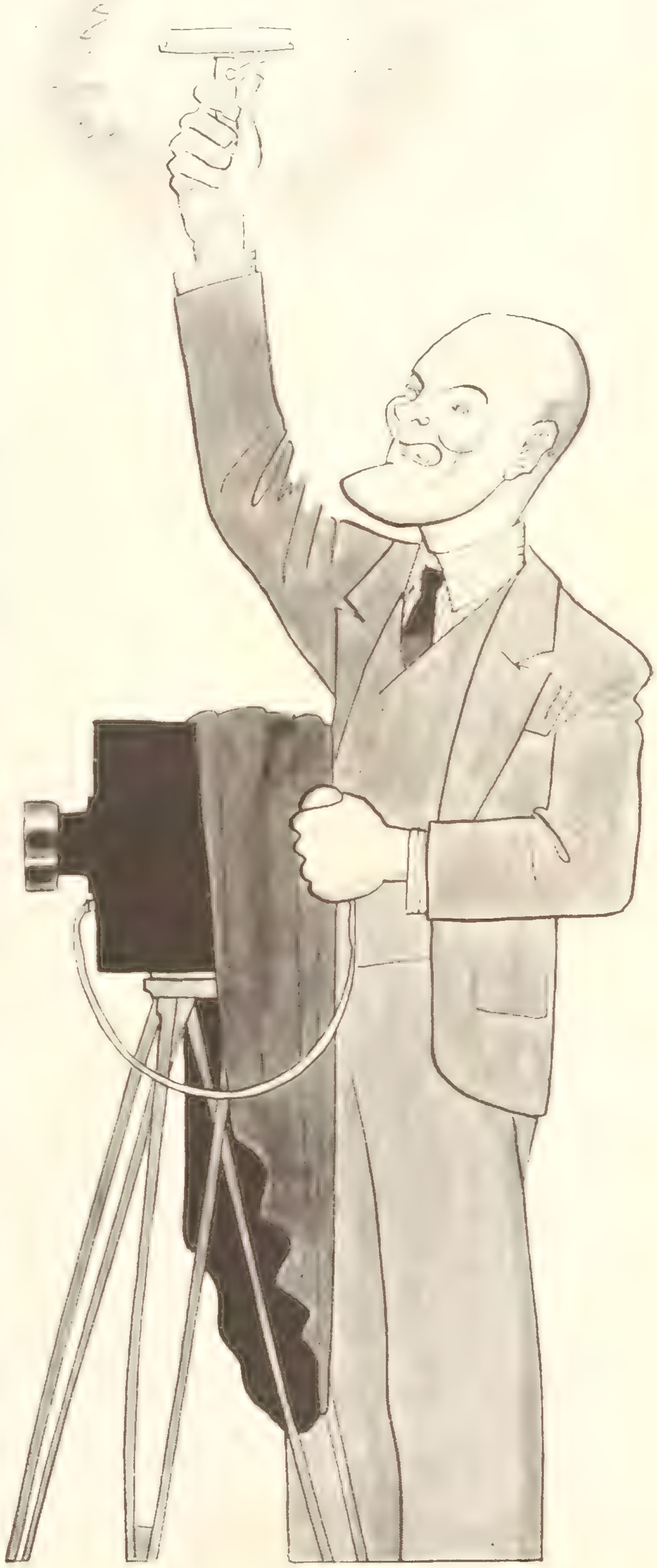
He attended St. Thomas College, but when the war came along he enlisted in the Royal Flying Corps and went to England where he served as pilot in taking planes to the front. And that's why they call him Lieutenant.

After the war was over he came back to St. Paul, and looked around for a job, but jobs were not growing on every bush, and so Lieutenant Mattimore got a place as swimming instructor in the St. Paul Athletic Club. But his heart was not in the swimming-pool; it was in Hollywood, and between swims he would dash out to the theater to a picture show.

At last he wrung out his bathing suit, turned in his locker key and left for California, but to California he was all wet, and he couldn't dive into a good job to save his life. But he did the next best thing—got a job as motorcycle boy, carrying films for one of the laboratories. But this was not to last forever, and finally he got a job posing in films instead of snorting down the street with them in a motorcycle.

Luck had turned. In 1927 he married Jobyna Ralston. That was only two years ago—and now they have a patio, a lily pond and a guest house.

RONALD COLMAN: We've had so many American guests here tonight that I think it's about time to look around and find somebody a little (*Continued on page* 125)

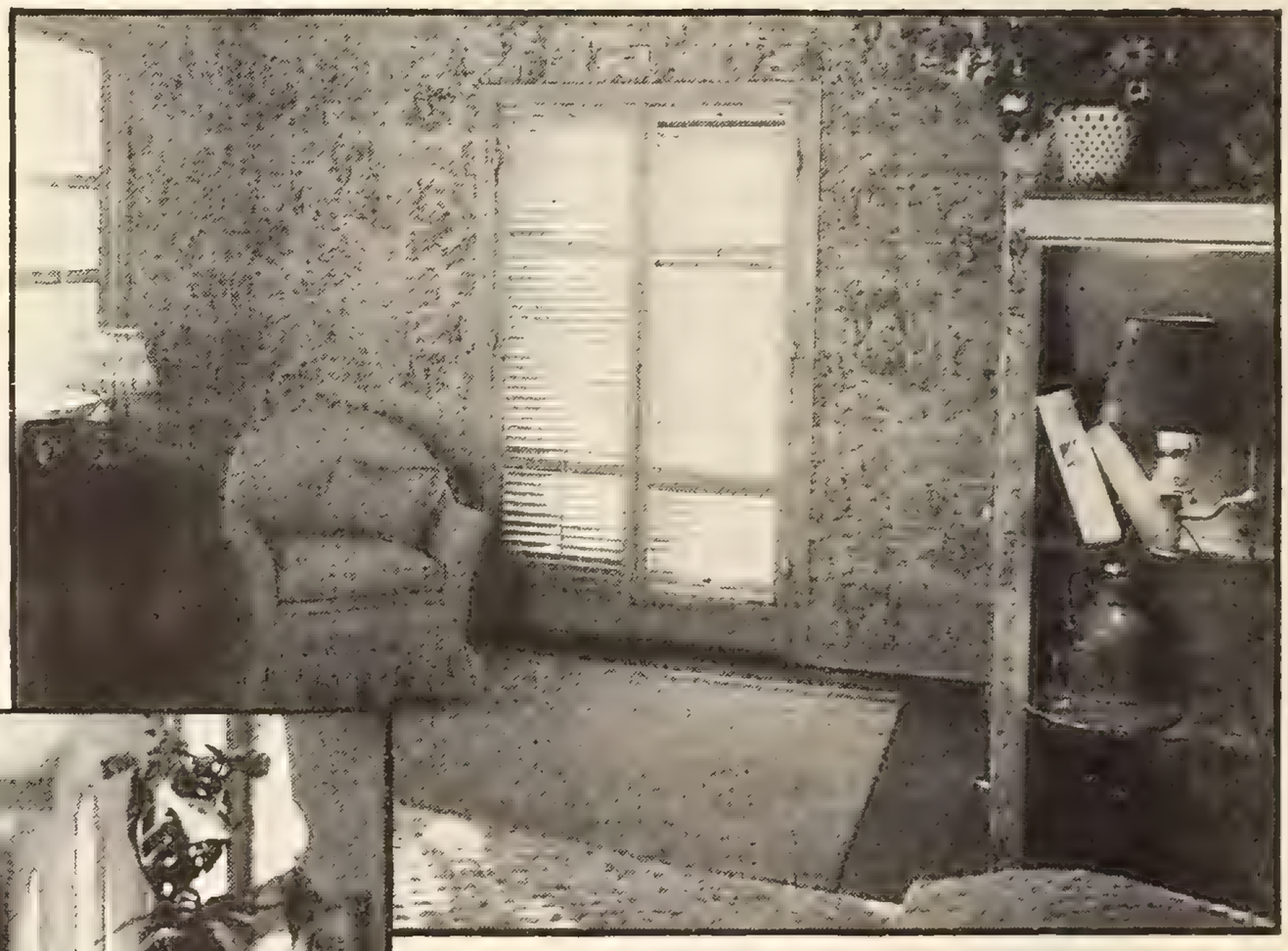


Another Big Movie Banquet with Our Homer Croy, The New Movie's Ambassador Extraordinary to Hollywood, heading the table.

Just a STAR'S HOME



The new home of the John McCormicks (Colleen Moore) in Bel Air possesses both charm and beauty. Left: The living room. The chair upon which Miss Moore is seated is covered with needle-point work which required two years to make. The chest of drawers is 17th Century Italian. The tapestry is a Beauvais.



Right, the Siesta room, which Miss Moore uses as a sleeping porch. The walls are covered with old English print linen and the covering for the bed is made of the same material. The floor is of small hardwood blocks fitted together. Note the absence of curtains and the use of shutters.



Left: the Loggia or sun room. The floor is of Mission tile. Brangwyn, Pennell and Zorn etchings adorn the walls. The chandelier is nothing more than colored oil lamps fitted with electric lights. From the windows one looks out over a large expanse of lawn to the swimming pool.

Above, a view of Colleen's house from the swimming pool and sport house. The wing to the left is Miss Moore's private theatre, fully equipped for the projection of sound films. Left: the tennis court looking toward the swimming tank.

Right, the exterior of the guest house, La Casa de Amigos. This house is charmingly furnished. The curtains are of creton, trimmed with organdie ruffles. A painting of the old Irish countryside hangs over the fireplace and the living-room is graced by a ship's piano. The carpet is modern French.



HELEN KANE

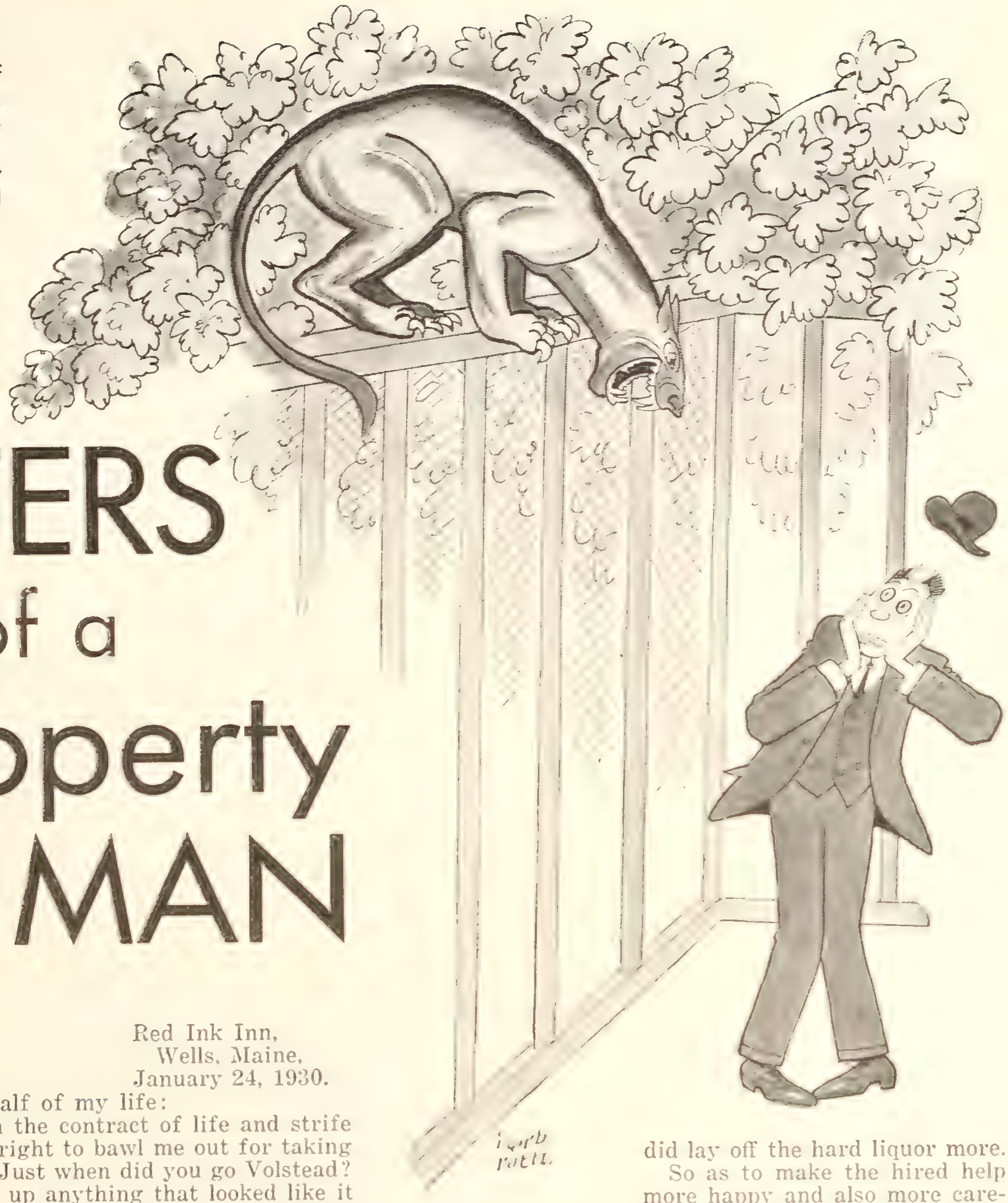
The boop-boopa-doop girl with the baby voice is out gunning for a new boop-boopa-doop melody. Already she has quite a few hits in the bag—between successes in the talkies, vaudeville, night clubs, and with phonograph records. "Sweetie" and "Pointed Heels" were her last two films.

The puma forget herself and thumped her tail so hard on the wire netting that Joe looked up just as she was ready to jump. Joe jumped first.

DRAWINGS BY HERB ROTH

LETTERS of a Property MAN

BY HERBERT STEPHEN



Red Ink Inn,
Wells, Maine,
January 24, 1930.

DEAR Misspent half of my life:

Just where in the contract of life and strife do you find the right to bawl me out for taking a shot or two? Just when did you go Volstead? I never seed you passin up anything that looked like it had a whirl of pep in it. Who always had to hide the bottle in our palace of burnt food and squeaking relatives? Not you. You never even saved an overnight shot to take the dog hair out of your fur-lined talk factory the morning after. Why we even had to go without one of those new fangled refrigerators so as you could have cracked ice in big chunks for that old bean of yours when the milkman woke you up with the dumb waiter bell around noon.

You and your squeak about my liquoring up reminds me of Joe Francis, when he played the part of a collar-reversed dominie in a den of lions. Both you and Joe's girl were and are due for a hanging on the line to dry.

Joe and his eye-soothing piece of calico-wearing actorine were working for the old Boastwick outfit, back in the days when silence was what was wanted in motion pictures, B. C. old thinkless, Before Commotion pictures. Boastwick had a troupe of animals if you should care to remember back that far. And they was wild animules too, though they was supposed to be trained. Yeah they was trained all right—trained to hop on you the first chance they got. And sometimes they forgot to wait for the chance, they made it to fit the occasion.

The trainers that Boastwick sent out with the brutes was all foreigners, Heinies, Frogs and Limeys with only one he-American in the outfit. And they was all two-handed hustlers of the stein and wine glass, though they did lay off the hard liquor more.

So as to make the hired help more happy and also more careless they had a saloon on the opposite corner to the old Chutes Park, where the tourists and the yaps could give the "Greatest Collection of Man-Eating Animals in Existence, all for the sum of one dime, the tenth part of a dollar," the once-over.

Betty, that was Joe's idea of what should be getting out his carpet slippers for him every night, had joined the troupe that was making dramatic serials on the lot. She and Joe was to be spliced in the Spring, providing they could save enough dough and that Joe would stick on the seat of the sprinkling cart.

JOE had just been let out by the Universart for some fast foot work when the head propertyman's back was turned. He was up against it plenty for the necessary to meet the insurance policy and for the weekly deposit at that place you never seem to find, the savings bank. I was handling the business end of the troupe that was doing Stanley in Darkest Africa. We was way behind on animal picture releases so Howsley, the big boss, decided to make the animals pay dividends. He would put on another troupe and work the animals and the trainers every day. That was Jake with us, we would not have to try to make actors of these furriners and be held up all day.

Joe was scared to death of the animals. I can't blame him much, I never felt like kissing one myself. But

Comic Adventures in a Wild Animal Studio

Betty insisted on his taking the job of assistant director, said it would do him good and she didn't want any coward for a husband. Besides that jobs was scarcer'n goose teeth. He would either take the job or forget the Lohengrin music. Then too, if he was on the lot with her she could watch that he didn't get into bad company over at the bar-room. That was one place he was not going to visit, if she had her way. He took the job.

The first day the new troupe went to work they was using the third cage for a shot of the pumas with Madame Ottowa. One of the kitty-cats got ambitious and crawled along the top of the cage and in the shade of the fake trees until it was right above where Joe was standing. Kitty puma forgot herself and thumped her tail so hard against the wire netting that it caused Joe to look up at her just as she was ready to make the leap.

Joe had just got hisself a new suit, one with the stripes running up and down. And he was proud of that suit. He looked at kitty. He thought of that new suit. He wondered if it would shrink if wet. Then kitty crouched a bit lower to the top rail. Joe did a back flip and into the six-foot tank of water that was planted in front of the camera house just as the puma hit the border of that concrete bath tub. And cats big or small don't like water. He dived under the partition and came up right into our cage. His suit did shrink.

JUST as he was getting his breath back who should wander by the cage but the insurance man, out to collect Joe's monthly payment. We had an old lion in the cage, Numi, who was too lazy to even chase a darky, and lions would rather have a taste of brunet meat than anything else. The wiseheimer insurance man hollers into Joe, "If I catch you in any more cages with animals, your policy is cancelled." Gee, if he had been there two minutes sooner when Joe took his Saturday night bath ahead of time what would he have said? Well, I got Joe into my dressing room. I loaned him some of the trainer's clothes and got one of the boys to hustle him a drink of Hootch. It was darn cold and then he needed something for his nerves. Who should come tearing into my room just as Joe downed a big hooker but Betty. I tried to explain, but she just wouldn't listen; she had heard the commotion and thought Joe had been drinking when he went into the cage. Well, after I had got her director and about half of the staff to quell the riot that she started she decides to give Joe one more chance. One more drink and out he went from her life, like a railroad man's lantern when you have to use it.

THE next day Joe had to arrange for a wedding in the lion's cage. Just a cute idea that hadn't been done but about twenty times. But the scenario writer had never seen one of those scenes shot and here was a good chance to have that lack taken care of. I had got the street car company to haul out about 2,000 orphans to see the big show and the old man, generous like, gave them the show free. He only saved about $1,000 that way. But do you suppose he would give them peanuts and pop corn, not on your life. The old bartender across the street came through though like a trouper. He made the brewery salesman stand the gaff for the ice cream.

They shot the scenes of the crowd in the morning and then had lunch. The light was just right in the cage about two o'clock. Joe had hired a ham actor by the name of Watson to play the preacher. Gay, who now runs the lion farm out at El Monte, was the groom. Madame Ottowa was the bride. They were going to use three lions in the scene. Each lion was to be on a pedestal, the pedestals arranged like the points of a triangle. The cage was a half-circled affair with quarter inch bars about four inches apart. It was probably thirty feet across in its widest part, just big enough so the trainers outside the cage couldn't reach any of those brutes with the rods that they use around the cages.

The three cats they was going to use had never been together before in their lives. That was a nice situation for what happened afterwards. They was each from a separate bunch of animals. And those animal trainers are more temperamental about their



Big Leo, the lion, was greedily licking the grease paint off the back of Joe's neck. Joe, who was playing the rôle of the preacher, kept on reading the Bible like an exhorter at a camp meeting. He didn't know what else to do.

in B.C.—Before Commotion Motion Pictures

"Babies" than any mother that ever lived. You couldn't hire one of them to touch the other's animals, they wouldn't even go in the cage with them unless it was a case of necessity and then they hated to do it.

Bondedi, the baby of the three cute little kitties, only weighed about 400 pounds. But he was the best of the bunch. Captain Jack had trained him from a baby. He wasn't lazy, he just wasn't interested unless the captain was working him. Peter, the next in size, came from Mrs. Batti's group of cats. Talk about your rounders, that he-devil was the champion sheik of Liondom. And how he loved to show off before the females of the group. They was each placed on the pedestals at the side. Peter spent most of his time trying to reach Bondedi with his paws. Bondedi would just have slept soon if it hadn't been for Peter's flashing paw and lashing tail. Leo, the biggest lion in captivity, and no press agent bull either, was on the point of the triangle away from the camera. He belonged to Gay's group and while fairly quiet nobody knew what he would do.

They set up the camera for the marriage scene just so the lens was inside the iron bars. Then they brought in the cats from the back of the cage. One at a time they was able to get the cats on their pedestals but couldn't keep 'em there. It was all too strange to them. Finally after about half an hour they gets 'em sitting pretty. Then Montague, the director, decides that Leo should be set up higher, they couldn't see him from the camera. So in goes the trainers again—out goes the cats and in comes the carpenters to build up Leo's throne to a good five-foot while the others were just about four. Again the cats come in but thank fortune they know their places and climb up without much fuss.

Right there Joe's troubles started for fair—it had been all fun up to then. He had been outside the cage all of the time. Watson was called for the set. Gay and Mme. Ottowa was standing right at the emergency exit watching the cats. Batti, Teats, Arthur and all the rest of the trainers except Captain Jack were outside with their prods in their hands and with revolvers, loaded with blanks, in their right hands. The kiddies by this time had had about all the thrills they expected and were quiet as mice. They called Watson again. Monty paced back and forth like one of the animals, the sun was slowly sinking down behind the high fence of the adjoining baseball park. They had to get that shot soon or wait until the next day.

JOE, who had been busy as a skater on thin ice, finally decides to hunt up Watson himself. He found him all right. Watson was in his dressing room, too, right where the boy had said he wasn't. But Watson was slumped over in a big chair drunker than a hi-jacker on his night off. He had been making half-hourly trips over to the corner all day. Every time he landed in the palace of spigots and brass rail he had taken a big snorter of high-powered whisky to keep up his courage. He had just acquired too much courage, that was all or else he had acquired enough to tell the boss he wasn't going into any lion's cage. Which he did in stuttering but not uncertain terms.

Lucky for me I had just torn a finger half off getting out of the road of a leopard that wanted a taste of Irish ham. I was bandaged up like King Tut. As a substitute for Watson I was a flivver. Whoever heard of a minister, even a motion picture one, all bound round with tape. No, they would have to look further for a man to wear his collar backwards. They tried every place, they phoned, they cussed but still nobody could be found to play the minister.



No minister, no wedding, so Joe does the usual assistant's job. He shakes Watson loose from his black clothes and dons them. Of course they don't fit. Watson is about twice as large as Joe, but that don't stop the show. We help Joe into the outfit but he looks too young. So I grabs a stick of white grease paint and grays his hair while Monte and the cameraman line his face with the black stick. When Joe steps up to the cage he looks old enough to be his own grandfather. Geez, but I did wish for Betty to see her little boy friend right then. But she was out on location so missed the get-up. Monty noticed that I had forgot to put white on the back of Joe's hair so I had to daub it on in gobs.

Joe couldn't find a book to use as a prop Bible. I hustled over across the street and bought one—a real one as I afterward found out.

(*Cont. on page* 1

MEMORIES of SILENT FILM DAYS



Above, Bebe Daniels and Gloria Swanson in Cecil De Mille's domestic epic of 1920, "Why Change Your Wife?" Neither Miss Daniels nor Miss Swanson had thought of singing in those pleasant old days. Or maybe (judging from the scene) Miss Swanson had started to sing. Right, a scene from "A Romance of the Redwoods," one of Mary Pickford's popular Artcraft releases of 1917. Elliott Dexter is the mountaineer opposite our Mary in this scene.





Remember Wallie Reid in "The Affairs of Anatol," released back in 1921, when Wallie was the idol of all America? Colorful Bebe was one of the affairs in this visualization of Arthur Schnitzler's drama of a Viennese play-boy.

Recollections of the Pre-Theme Song Era of Motion Pictures



Back in 1919 Cecil De Mille filmed Sir James Barrie's "The Admirable Crichton" as "Male and Female." This production went a long way toward making Gloria Swanson a star. In the scene at the right you see Lila Lee, Thomas Meighan, who played Crichton, and Miss Swanson.



At the left is a dramatic scene from Famous Players' "Over the Border," produced in 1922. It presents Betty Compson and Tom Moore. Only recently Miss Compson has been doing a smashing come-back in the talkies. She is just as lovely today as eight years ago.



Maurice Tourneur made an interesting screen adaptation of Joseph Conrad's "Victory" back in 1919, with Jack Holt and Seena Owen in the leading rôles. Director Tourneur is now in France making pictures. Mr. Holt has been staging a remarkable come-back in Columbia Pictures, and Miss Owen still is doing steadily good work on the screen.

WHERE to WRITE the MOVIE STARS

When you want to write the stars or players, address your communications to the studios as indicated. If you are writing for a photograph, be sure to enclose twenty-five cents in stamps or silver. If you send silver, wrap the coin carefully.

At Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Calif.

Renee Adoree
George K. Arthur
Nils Asther
Lionel Barrymore
Lionel Belmore
Wallace Beery
Charles Bickford
John Mack Brown
Lon Chaney
Joan Crawford
Karl Dane
Marion Davies
Duncan Sisters
Josephine Dunn
Greta Garbo
John Gilbert
Raymond Hackett
William Haines
Phyllis Haver
Leila Hyams
Dorothy Janis
Kay Johnson
Buster Keaton
Charles King
Gwen Lee
Bessie Love
Robert Montgomery
Conrad Nagel
Ramon Novarro
Edward Nugent
Anita Page
Aileen Pringle
Dorothy Sebastian
Norma Shearer
Sally Starr
Lewis Stone
Ernest Torrence
Raquel Torres
Fay Webb

At Paramount-Famous-Lasky Studios, Hollywood, Calif.

Richard Arlen
Jean Arthur
William Austin
George Bancroft
Clara Bow
Mary Brian
Clive Brook
Nancy Carroll
Robert Castle
Lane Chandler
Ruth Chatterton
Maurice Chevalier
Chester Conklin
Gary Cooper
Kay Francis
James Hall
Neil Hamilton
O. P. Heggie
Doris Hill
Phillips Holmes
Jack Luden
Paul Lukas
Jeanette MacDonald
Fredric March
David Newell
Jack Oakie
Warner Oland
Guy Oliver
William Powell
Charles Rogers
Lillian Roth
Ruth Taylor
Regis Toomey
Florence Vidor
Fay Wray

Universal Studios, Universal City, Calif.

John Boles
Ethlyn Claire
Kathryn Crawford
Reginald Denny
Jack Dougherty
Lorayne DuVal
Hoot Gibson
Dorothy Gulliver
Otis Harlan
Raymond Keane
Merna Kennedy
Barbara Kent
Beth Laemmle
Arthur Lake
Laura La Plante
George Lewis
Fred Mackaye
Ken Maynard
Mary Nolan
Mary Philbin
Eddie Phillips
Joseph Schildkraut
Glenn Tryon
Barbara Worth

Samuel Goldwyn, 7210 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.

Vilma Banky
Walter Byron
Ronald Colman
Lily Damita

At Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Avenue, Hollywood, Calif.

Frank Alberston
Mary Astor
Ben Bard
Warner Baxter
Marjorie Beebe
Rex Bell
El Brendel
Dorothy Burgess
Sue Carol
Sammy Cohen
Marguerite Churchill
June Collyer
Fifi Dorsay
Louise Dresser
Charles Eaton
Charles Farrell
Earle Foxe
Janet Gaynor
Lola Lane
Ivan Linow
Edmund Lowe
Sharon Lynn
Farrell MacDonald
Victor McLaglen
Lois Moran
Charles Morton
Paul Muni
Barry Norton
George O'Brien
Paul Page
Sally Phipps
David Rollins
Milton Sills
Arthur Stone
Nick Stuart
Don Terry

At Warner Brothers Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.

William Bakewell
John Barrymore
Monte Blue
Betty Bronson
William Collier, Jr.
Dolores Costello
Louise Fazenda
Audrey Ferris
Davey Lee
Lila Lee
Myrna Loy
May McAvoy
Edna Murphy
Lois Wilson
Grant Withers

Pathe Studios, Culver City, Calif.

Robert Armstrong
Constance Bennett
William Boyd
Ina Claire
Junior Coghlan
Diane Ellis
Alan Hale
Ann Harding
Jeanette Loff
Carol Lombard
Eddie Quillan
Helen Twelvetrees.

First National Studios, Burbank, Calif.

Richard Barthelmess
Doris Dawson
Billie Dove
Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.
Corinne Griffith
Lloyd Hughes
Doris Kenyon
Dorothy Mackaill
Colleen Moore
Antonio Moreno
Jack Mulhall
Donald Reed
Thelma Todd
Alice White
Loretta Young

United Artists Studios, 1041 No. Formosa Avenue, Hollywood, Calif.

Don Alvarado
Fannie Brice
Dolores del Rio
Douglas Fairbanks
Al Jolson
Mary Pickford
Gilbert Roland
Gloria Swanson
Norma Talmadge
Constance Talmadge
Lupe Velez

Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower Street, Hollywood, Calif.

Evelyn Brent
William Collier, Jr.
Ralph Graves
Jack Holt
Margaret Livingston
Jacqueline Logan
Ben Lyon
Shirley Mason
Dorothy Revier

RKO Studios, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood, Calif.

Buzz Barton
Sally Blane
Olive Borden
Betty Compson
Bebe Daniels
Frankie Darro
Richard Dix
Bob Steele
Tom Tyler

for Economical Transportation

CHEVROLET



The New CHEVROLET SIX

more for your money than ever before!

Those who seek the utmost in motoring satisfaction at a price so low as to be within the reach of all, are invited to inspect the new Chevrolet Six.

For, again, Chevrolet has used the savings made possible by its great volume production to build a smoother, faster, better Six—a Six that is, by every standard of comparison, the Greatest Chevrolet in Chevrolet History.

Not only does this new car retain all those basic qualities which have won for Chevrolet such great success in the past—but, in addition, it offers scores of improvements which vitally affect performance, comfort, safety and endurance.

Lighter, stronger pistons, with bronze bushings; fully-enclosed, internal-expanding brakes; Lovejoy hydraulic shock absorbers, both front and rear; sturdier transmission; heavier rear axle—these are typical of the engineering advancements found throughout the entire design of the car.

But no listing of features can give you any idea of the extra quality and value provided in the new Chevrolet. You must *see* and *drive* this finer Six to learn how much more it gives for your money. Visit your Chevrolet dealer today!

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A SIX IN THE PRICE RANGE OF THE FOUR

WHEN THE TEN BEST PICTURES OF 1930 ARE CHOSEN





CHARLES BICKFORD brings a vivid reality to the rugged character of the sea-hardened mate who learns the tenderness of love from Anna Christie.



GEORGE F. MARION recreates for the talking screen the hardy role of Old Mott, the unforgetably powerful characterization he made famous in the original stage production.



MARIE DRESSLER has made the world laugh with her gayety—and now she shows a new and amazing dramatic power in the role of Marthy. A portrait of the talking screen you will never forget.



CLARENCE BROWN has directed many mighty entertainments for the screen but the greatest of all is his superb picturization of O'Neill's soul stirring drama.

GRETA GARBO

IN HER FIRST ALL-TALKING PICTURE

ANNA CHRISTIE

Adapted by Frances Marion from
Eugene O'Neill's play "Anna Christie"

A CLARENCE BROWN PRODUCTION

Charles Bickford George F. Marion Marie Dressler

This soul-stirring drama of America's greatest playwright, Eugene O'Neill, will surely be selected for Filmdom's Hall of Fame! Gréta Garbo sounds the very depths of human emotions in her portrayal of Anna Christie, the erring woman who finally finds true love in the heart of a man big enough to forgive. A performance that places her definitely among the great actresses of all time. Don't miss this thrill!

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER

"More Stars Than There Are in Heaven"

A Tourists' Guide to Hollywood

(*Continued from page* 38)

Hollywood in lozenge tints of Nile green, rose, saffron and azure; some severely white with green shutters and others heavily facaded in sculptured plaster with balconies of wrought-iron and brilliant awnings stretched to iron spears like a Persian's tent.

The whole town resembles a movie set, and Beatrice Lillie declares she harks for a director to yell "Strike!" —with the whole set disappearing over night. It's a fabulous make-believe land with the cinema's great god Gag performing his quips in architecture. Many of these little wise-cracks you see were originated by studio art directors.

Little blue Dutch windmills with revolving sails, electric-lighted, in which girls in Holland caps sell bakery products....Giant ice cream freezers with revolving handles, gargantuan ice cream cones, igloos of plaster that glisten like ice, all offering drinks and ices to the passerby. . . . Huge oranges slitted with apertures like Hollowe'en pumpkins from which our natives drink pure orange juice . . . Opposite the Ambassador hotel the Brown Derby restaurant, inspired architecturally by Al Smith's halo . . . On Ventura highway near Universal City a huge cave of papier maché that would deceive any rock, out of which boys dart in orange coats and caps to serve you sandwiches and salads at your car. . . . The Zulu Hut, thatched with palms, the property of actor Raymond McKee, where a Zulu savage dances and jabbers French and you eat chicken with your fingers in the light of candles thrust in antique whiskey bottles . . . A Mexican ranch house in a garden of cacti, tables under the ramada where the olla swings, offering Spanish and American dishes. . . . Against the hillside The Cliff-Dwellers' Inn of adobe and eucalyptus beams. . . . An enormous tamale dispensing tamales, enchiladas and chile concarne. . . . The Tam O'Shanter Inn with everything Scotch except the drinks. . . . Oil stations like young Tunisian mosques with minarets and shining domes of colored tile, wreathed about by shrubs and flowers. . . . and, most voluptuous of all, the open-faced markets in every conceivable fancy, some with mission bells and others with towers that serve as lighthouses to the motorist, façades jeweled with tile and counters tiered with tropic fruits, flowers and vegetables.

Theaters are shows in themselves—

Among the more pretentious feats of architectural magic are the theaters.

The Chinese Theater is an adaptation of the pagoda temple. Trees grow from the roof and in the forecourt fountains play in tropic foliage. Cocos plumosa palms fan the sky, and the entrance is flanked by the Chinese dogs of heaven from the Ming dynasty. In the pavement are the sacred prints of hands and feet indented by Doug and Mary, Norma Talmadge, Gloria Swanson, Pola Negri, Joan Crawford, Norma Shearer and other gods and goddesses. Inside the foyer incense burns and oriental images nod their heads and puff their cigarettes in ivory holders—so life-like you are liable to request a program of them instead of from the ushers who are identically garbed in Chinese vestments.

In the Egyptian Theater Cleopatra would feel at home enjoying the love-making of Chevalier instead of Caesar. Its forecourt is lined on one side by shops and on the other by bamboo, strelitzia, bananas and vines scrolling a wall.

White and slightly ruffled, the Carthay Circle Theater resembles a swan with its long-necked tower, rose-crested at night when a searchlight sweeps the hills to the sea.

These are the most spectacular theaters but there are many others along the boulevard.

Let's Eat!

The most gracious building in Hollywood was built by the late Fred Thomson, horse-man star, and his wife, Frances Marion, scenarioist. It stands in a veil of peppers on Sunset boulevard and is called the Court of the Olive. Entering its Castilian massiveness through a pointed arch you come into a patio of grass-grown bricks centered by a well over which an iron bucket drips. Geraniums in glazed pots edge the steps that lead to the offices above and in front of the shops that border the court are dracena palms, agaves, papyrus, oleanders and the old gray olive tree that gives the place its name. At noon when the sun has IT you may lunch at tables under a canopy; in the evening dinner is served in the Mary Helen tea rooms where players are often seen.

A crowd invariably gathers around the entrance to the Montmartre on Hollywood Boulevard, Wednesday, the day the players do their public eating, though they may be seen in lesser numbers on other days too. The addition of the Embassy club, for members only, allows the stars to dine and dance unseen by the public and so I predict it will not be popular, stars making poor audiences for stars.

Denied the Embassy, you may go any night to the Blossom room of the Roosevelt hotel on the Boulevard or to Coconut Grove in the Ambassador on Wilshire and see your favorites in their various little movements. The orchestras are the finest, the decorations beguiling and the food what you might expect of a hotel. The Coconut Grove no longer suggests the jungle of your swinging ancestors but a garden of blossoms under a cerulean sky.

There are two Brown Derby restaurants. The original is opposite the Ambassador, the other—not designed after the Al Smith crown but of Spanish motif—is on Vine street in Hollywood. The latter is conducted by Wilson Mizner, wit, writer and adventurer, in association with Herbert Somborn, once prince consort to Gloria Swanson. This is the most popular luncheon place with the film colony just now.

Puffing a cigar designed from a Zepp, corpulent Henry Bergman, friend and bodyguard for years of Charlie Chaplin, moves from table to table in Henry's delicatessen-restaurant on the boulevard near Vine. Stars, writers, directors and extras snack here, as well as others who hope to catch the eye of same; (particularly good around midnight).

The favorite lunch-and-gossip place of players in the pioneer days was Betty's and Hatty's Come-On-Inn, a little brown bungalow under the giant trees on Gower. It still holds a loyal clientèle and its walls are a gallery of autographed faces, a Who's Who and Who Was; many of these are famous today, some just missed and others have faded after a few close-ups. "They come and go," says Betty the character-waitress, "but we go on forever." Try to get Betty to talk (try to stop her!) and you'll hear many anecdotes. Hatty, who is queen of the

(*Continued on page* 105)



This little blue Dutch windmill with revolving sails turns out to be a Hollywood bakery. Inside, girls in Holland caps serve you.

FIRST AIDS to BEAUTY

By ANN BOYD

BECAUSE the movies, in a thousand pictures, continually emphasize the most important features in fashion and beauty culture, it is best in an article of this kind to illustrate with examples which you may find on the screen.

As you know, before the stars and featured players are selected for any production, considerable attention is given to their appearance. It is to the advantage of a producer to obtain from his players, not only their best acting ability, but to emphasize their most attractive personal qualities. Sometimes, in fact, this stress on beauty is almost overdone, but the public seldom complains on this score because it is accustomed to looking to the screen not only for story entertainment but also for beauty hints, fashion tips and lessons in interior decoration.

When an actress, for instance, is cast for an important rôle in a picture she is usually given a preliminary costume and make-up test. Even the stars who have been before the camera for a long time make these tests because every new character requires some slight change in facial make-up, a more drastic change in head-dress and, naturally, a completely new set of costumes. All these differences in the physical requirements of a rôle must first be tested before the camera to make sure that they register well.

Then the intelligent director carefully studies the facial angles of the members of his cast. Because the success of a director depends on the attractive way he presents his players, he wants to make the feminine members of the cast look as beautiful as possible. He is, after all, an artist and he wants to achieve balance, harmony and charm in his picture.

THE experienced actress has learned, by long study of her camera possibilities, what are her best angles, what idiosyncrasies of dress and make-up she must avoid and what physical qualities she must stress. The newcomer to the screen must learn these points from her director or cameraman—or else by hard experience.

Now you, even though you are a non-professional, can give yourself a screen test. Let us see how the process works. Take the case of Jeanette MacDonald who plays opposite Maurice Chevalier in "The Love Parade." Miss MacDonald is quite tall for a screen actress and this is not always an asset. But Ernst Lubitsch, her director, cleverly made the most of her height. All through the picture you will find that Mr. Lubitsch has stressed the fact that Miss MacDonald has a beautifully graceful walk. Miss MacDonald walks miles through the most elaborate settings. Her grace of movement gives life and vivacity to a score of scenes.

If you have seen Miss Helen Morgan on the stage or in the talkies, you probably have noticed her fine, eloquent hands. Miss Morgan knows that her hands are just as important as her voice. They give her an impression of fragileness and daintiness and helplessness that is most appealing. Even though she is not particularly fragile, she creates the illusion by her hands. (*Continued on page* 111)

Jeanette MacDonald demonstrated the correct way to sit. Lower left, cross the ankles, if you will, but never the knees. Relax against the back of the chair but do not slump. A restful posture may be achieved by placing the feet together, as at the lower right, with the shoulders touching the back of the chair.





"It is the inevitable result of the combined action of effective detergents," said the bachelor Professor.

"Rubbish!" said Mrs. Watkins, mother of four.

"It's extra help!"

MRS. WATKINS doesn't think much of using long, strange-sounding words in talking about an old friend like Fels-Naptha. "Effective detergents, indeed!" says Mrs. Watkins. As though she didn't understand better than a college professor why Fels-Naptha made those smudges on his shirt disappear—and without hard rubbing.

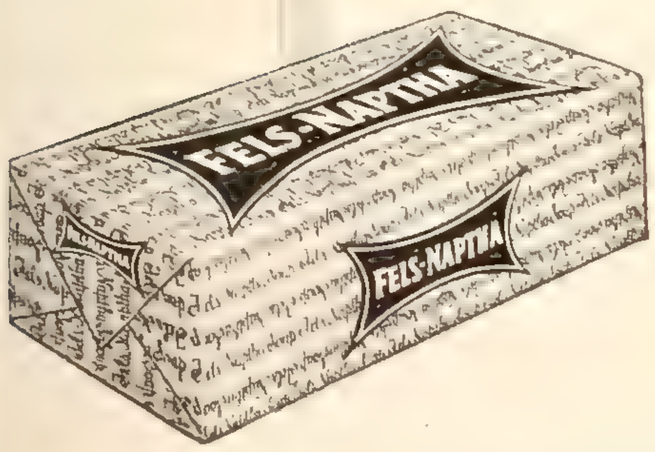
"Here," says Mrs. Watkins, respectfully, but firmly, "take this bar of Fels-Naptha. Smell it. That's no what-ever-you-call-it—that's naptha, and plenty of it.

"Naptha and good soap working together—that's what makes Fels-Naptha give you *extra* help every time. I've washed clothes every way there is to wash them—boiling, soaking, and now in these new washing machines. For ten years Fels-Naptha has helped me to get clothes clean, and no hard rubbing either.

"I use Fels-Naptha for washing woodwork and linoleum, windows, and dishes—in fact, just about everything that needs soap and water, and Fels-Naptha never hurts my hands. It—

"Oh, do you have to be getting back to your work, Professor? Well, mind, now—any time you think any part of your washing needs *extra* help, you can be sure it's getting just that! For as long as I'm here—so is Fels-Naptha!"

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THE GOLDEN BAR WITH THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR

FREE—*Whether, like Mrs. Watkins, you have been using Fels-Naptha for years, or whether you have just now decided to try its extra help, we'll be glad to send you a Fels-Naptha Chipper. Many women who prefer to chip Fels-Naptha soap into their washing machines, tubs, or basins, find the chipper handier than using a knife. With it, and a bar of Fels-Naptha, you can make fresh, golden soap chips (that contain plenty of naptha!) just as you need them. The chipper will be sent you, free and postpaid, upon request. Mail the coupon.*

T.N.M. 3-30

FELS & COMPANY, Philadelphia, Pa.

Please send me, free and prepaid, the handy Fels-Naptha Chipper offered in this advertisement.

*Name*_____

*Street*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

Fill in completely—print name and address



Photograph by Russell Boll

ZELMA O'NEAL

Miss O'Neal comes to sound pictures from high success in musical comedy. She created and sang "The Varsity Drag" in "Good News" and first did "Button Up Your Overcoat" in "Follow Thru." You will first see Miss O'Neal in the revue, "Paramount on Parade." Miss O'Neal is the wife of the young English actor, Anthony Bushnell. When Miss O'Neal was dangerously ill in Hollywood recently and needed a blood transfusion, it was Mr. Bushnell who gave his blood to aid his wife.

immaculate white kitchen, prepares the best American food on earth, I claim. There are many claimants to social position in Hollywood but, unless they know Betty and Hatty, they are not of the old aristocracy.

Outside France the best food in the world is to be had in Southern California—and the least expensive. You'll find it in all sorts of bungalows and wayside stands. There's Willard's round house far out on Pico where for a dollar and a half you can eat the best chicken that ever roosted and as much of it as you can encompass. You'll probably have to wait in line at the Carolina Pines for the sixty cent lunch and eighty-five cent dinner. Roscoe Arbuckle's place on Le Brea is popular with the general public with dinners at eighty-five cents, a dollar and a quarter and a dollar and a half. On the Boulevard, McHuron's Grill, Musso-Frank's the Elite, the Pig'n Whistle are all good and reasonable. Downtown in Los Angeles you must visit Victor Hugo's, whose French and Italian cuisine is world famous; it was a favorite dining place of Valentino. In Hollywood and its environs you may eat in all languages, the Spanish and Mexican being particularly fluent.

The chief hotels of the Hollywood quartier are the Ambassador, Beverly-Wilshire, Beverly Hills Hotel, the Roosevelt, the Hollywood Plaza, Hotel Gilbert, the Christie and the memory-haunted old Hollywood hotel of Mission architecture expansively seated over an entire block in the shadow of palms, peppers and poinsettias, notable as the scene of pioneer gayeties when the Thursday night dance was the big night of the week and stars who are now extras danced among extras who are now stars. There is a rumor that the enriched dowager who owns the hotel and still manages it actively intends to bequeath it and its gardens as a park to Hollywood, which was a hamlet when she came.

The town throngs with excellent and hospitable little taverns offering rooms and bath at rates as low as a dollar fifty. And you may take your architectural choice of apartments ranging from a modest duplex to villa, chateau and pagoda. Or you may fancy the bungalow courts which California originated: bijou houses built around a common plaza, among the most enticing being the French, English and Mexican villages.

Homes of Films and Fossils—

Hollywood offers everything to the tourist. If you're interested in fossils you may visit the Le Brea asphaltum pits, but don't wade in them or you'll become one. The studios are suspected of getting some of their gags here. The fossils are fashionably parked among hibiscus blossoms on Wilshire Boulevard. You can pass them on your way to the Fox Movietone Studios in Beverly Hills or to the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios, the Hal Roach and the Pathé in Culver City.

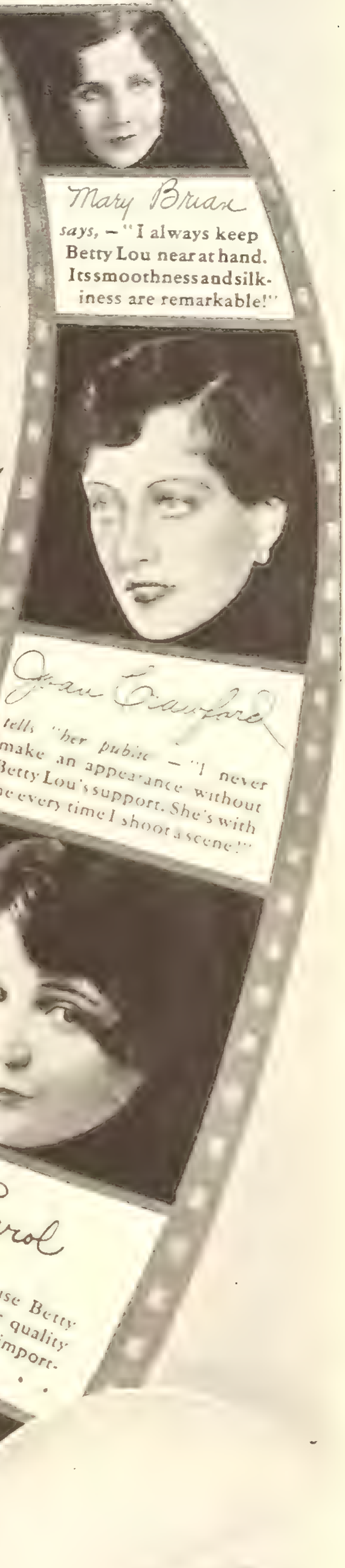
Studios are not great sights from the outside, and it's almost as difficult to get within as to date up Greta Garbo if you do. The Fox studio is beautifully walled in the Spanish mission manner. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer is pure Greek—at least I think it's Greek—and as imposing as the late Czar's Winter Palace. Pathé dwells serene in a Southern Colonial mansion with broad sweep of lawn.

(*Continued on page* 110

The favorite of Famous Film Beauties..

Betty Lou POWDER PUFFS 10¢

How they sing the praises of Betty Lou—these captivating stars of screenland! Nothing but the finest may touch their delicately priceless complexions . . . And so they use *only* Betty Lou Powder Puffs—silky-soft, caressingly fine!



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F. W. WOOLWORTH CO 5 AND 10¢ STORES



Photograph by Elmer Fryer

ALICE WHITE — The jazz baby of the First National lot isn't going in for Chinese drama. She merely is posing as a jade princess for the studio photographer.

The Best Story About Mary Pickford Ever Written

(*Continued from page* 26)

to see that he didn't have the equipment to deal squarely. What he did didn't seem wrong to him. It was just smart-dealing, self-protection, getting a little bit the better of the other fellow. That was the best he knew. I don't blame him any more. I am sorry for him. And when not so long ago he had to come back and needed help, when the results of his mistake had caught up with him, I was able to give it gladly—without any sense of triumph.

"No one, perhaps, is naturally patient and forgiving and forbearing. Yet every woman has to learn to be all these things.

IT has been the same about some of the girls in pictures who are foolish, careless of their reputations and their ways of living. I used to be critical of them and angry because their actions cast a shadow upon the whole motion picture industry and cost the rest of us both our good name and our profits.

"But since my great sorrow came to me, I do not feel that way. I remember all that I had in my life. My mother's continual and constant guiding and protection from the time I could think. I remember how she watched over me and tried to show me with love and wisdom the better path to take at every crossroads. At times in my life when I was on the verge of making mistakes, terrible mistakes, she was always within reach to give me understanding, companionship, all the results of her great experience of life and knowledge of people.

"Yet I know that I am not the woman I wish I might be, not as fine as she was.

"Then what can be expected of girls without fathers and mothers, without homes and care? I am sorry for them, for the rest of us. I pray that they will grow to see things differently. I pray daily that the heart of the world may grow softer and that "man's inhumanity to man" may be changed to man's brotherhood. I don't believe it is possible to show too much love in this world. Everyone needs it so. If we could do away with all greed and envy and revenge, don't you think the world would be a better place? And can't we each try to do away with it in our own hearts?"

She turned that strangely luminous gaze of hers upon me—there is a violet light under the hazel of Mary's eyes that is unlike anything I have ever seen in any other woman's eyes.

With all their softness, they carry a conviction. Mary Pickford would be a crusader, never a martyr. Essentially modern as she is, with a super-developed sense of humor that is a natural Pickford characteristic and which has been cultivated by years of marriage to the film colony's most accomplished practical joker, Mary is nevertheless a timeless person. By that I mean that her most marked traits are those which have been in the nature of all women, all good women, since time began.

She has a clean something about her that nothing can change. It is the same quality that made Lindbergh stand out.

Mary herself doesn't talk about it much, but she believes absolutely and devotedly in prayer. In God, as a loving father, and not as some theological principle or distant force. As she has grown older, the religious side of her nature has become intensified.

ONCE when she was desperately unhappy, she said to me, "I couldn't go on if I didn't believe in God."

I reminded her of that the other afternoon when we sat over the teacups in her pink and crystal boudoir.

"Do you still feel that way?" I said.

She thought a moment.

"Yes, more than ever. You see, if you believe in a purpose back of the scheme of things, it makes you able to endure. If you believe that everything works out in time, that sorrows and troubles are just passing tests, to strengthen and broaden and teach you, they don't seem so bad. It is useless and senseless suffering that breed rebellion and bitterness.

"I know now that things do work out, in time. I know that we are given some sort of protection, in that everything passes. We grow more and more simple, as we grow deeper and deeper into the the meaning of life. We regard the inevitable with some serenity, without the constant protest and restless anguish of extreme youth, which has not yet been taught the eternal law of compensation.

"The greatest lesson in the world to me is to learn to be happy in adversity. Once, I wanted everything just right, before I could be happy. I was always planning—when this comes true, when I have done so-and-so, when I have more money, when mother is well again, when I have made a great picture—then I will be happy. Now I know that the time never comes in anyone's life when the scheme of things is absolute perfection, when everything is exactly as we wish it.

"And so I have learned to be happy for every beautiful thing that comes to me. To realize that there are 'a number of things' always, and that most of them are good, and I don't lose the joy they might give me because some one other thing isn't just as I would have it.

ALL living is a continual adjustment. And I know, too, that we most often defeat ourselves. We think someone else does it, or some outside circumstance, or some difficulty. But it isn't so. We defeat ourselves, because of our wrong mental attitude toward things. It isn't the thing that happens that is important. It's what we think about it, our reaction to it. It isn't the other person who matters—what he does or what he thinks about us. It is what we think about him. The whole game is in our own hands, and we throw it away so many times."

I remembered then something which Charlie Paddock, the great runner, once told me about Mary.

It was the night before the finals in the Olympic games in 1924. Charlie was facing the toughest competition of

(*Continued on page* 108)



« a scenario of comfort for men

(Choose your own theme song)

Time . . . . . Any morning
Place . In front of your shaving mirror
Cast . . . . . You, in person

(Author's note: In the midst of comedy and slapstick, we present this moving drama of home life—unique, with a cast of only one man. Our dear, clever Public will readily see that this is a new-fashioned picture in spite of its MORAL which is—"There's shaving comfort in that thar jar!")

ACTION — CAMERA — MICROPHONE

You enter, yawning. Rub your bristly beard. Scowl darkly. Mutter. Open the medicine chest. Pick up jar of "Vaseline" Jelly. Look dubious. Open it and spread a little over your beard. Get out shaving cream and apply in your customary fashion. Still look unconvinced. Start to shave. Look surprised. Try another stroke. Register "What! No razor pull?" Whistle theme song and finish shaving. Dry face. Feel it. SMOOTH. No soreness. Looks fine, too. Express delight. Exit, still whistling theme song.

«

Step right up, boys, and join the "Vaseline" cast—buy a jar or tube for your personal use. And remember when you buy that the trade mark Vaseline on the label is your assurance that you are getting the genuine product of the Chesebrough Mfg. Co., Cons'd, 17 State Street, New York.

© Chesebrough Mfg. Co., Cons'd, 1930

Vaseline

REG U S PAT OFF

PETROLEUM JELLY

The Best Story About Mary Pickford Ever Written

(*Continued from page* 107)

his career and he was painfully nervous. Douglas Fairbanks, always vitally interested in great athletic events, had invited Charlie to come down to his hotel and have a quiet dinner, to get away from the continual talk and atmosphere of the training camp. Charlie went. During the evening he had a talk with Mary and she infallibly sensed his nervousness as she listened to his talk.

Then, very quietly, she said, "You are defeating yourself. You are thinking in the wrong channels. I don't know anything about running or athletics. But I do know that you are allowing a lot of things to enter into this that have no business there. You are giving yourself a lot of unnecessary opponents. You think because you are older and are up against a lot of youngsters that you may be beaten. You think people are saying you are through. You have accepted the thought of defeat. After all, you have just one thing to do. Go out on that track tomorrow and run as fast as you can. It's very simple, isn't it?"

Charlie said it did sound simple, and that it cleared up all the tension under which he had been laboring. He went out out the next day and ran one of the greatest races of his life.

Few women think—few women have disciplined minds. Mary Pickford is the rare exception.

IT is very plain now that Mary has been through the valley of the shadow. Her mother's death was more than a great loss. It shook her life to its foundations, tore away part of herself, attacked her faith in its most vulnerable spot. For a time she crashed down into a dark and bottomless pit.

Not until that very last night did she believe that her mother would go. For years, while Mrs. Pickford grew steadily worse, she forced back her fear behind a wall of faith, and prayed with all the reverence and humility of her heart that her mother might be spared.

When death had triumphed, she walked alone in darkness, as every soul must. No hand could comfort, no written or spoken word could make her believe. The mystery of death bore down upon her—as it does at some time upon everyone—and rebellion and fear kept her company.

But the light came. Life had done its very worst to her and she had survived and been consoled. From it she rose with sadness in her eyes, with a wounded heart, but with a strong and courageous spirit, a new and proven faith. Tried in the furnace of those days when she watched her mother suffer and could not help, brought low by irreparable loss, she found a stability of thought which will never desert her.

"I used to wake up in those first nights after my mother left me," she said, "and my only comfort was that this thing could never happen to me again. Grief numbs at first. Then, with realization, comes pain. But if we ask for light, there comes from God that measure of help and uplift without which the world couldn't survive one day.

"I know now surely—oh, so surely—that the same God who gave my mother to me will keep her for me. I know that if I live to be ninety, she will be beside me every day of my life. Not in any form, but in the love she proved to me and the things of her mind which I knew so well. Her love isn't gone from the world because it goes into every act of mine all day long.

"Even in this life, we are separated from those we love, by differences of opinion, by work, by distance, by time. That is the way my mother and I are separated—by differing planes of consciousness. I am only afraid that I will do something here that will keep me away from her high plane longer than need be.

FEAR has left me in a large measure, because I have faced it. All the great teachers of the ages have told us that we must never cling too strongly to any one thing. A materialistic sense of possession is the most terrible thing in the world and brings the most dreadful results. Love must rise above that, or we become the victim of fear at once, and fear as everyone knows is the most destructive force in the world.

"Have you ever noticed that great happiness often brings fear? When we are miserable or unhappy, we don't fear much. When we are happy, it beats in our heart that our happiness might be taken from us. You must love life to fear death, you must love someone deeply to fear loss, you must love beauty and luxury to fear poverty. Yet we want to love, we can't get much happiness in our lives today without caring about things. Maybe the great saints and sages could, but it is hard for us.

"So we have to feel somewhere inside us that if we try to eliminate selfishness, to love without possession, we will be protected by some power greater than we are."



Elsie Janis, comedienne, impersonator and musical comedy star, has deserted Broadway and the stage for Hollywood. She is devoting her time to writing musical numbers and you will see some of them in the Paramount revue, "Paramount on Parade." Miss Janis, by the way, was co-author of "Love, Your Magic Spell Is Everywhere," Gloria Swanson's song, with Edmund Goulding.

She stopped, as though a new thought had struck her. She is such a very little thing—Mary Pickford. Her feet never quite touch the floor when she sits back in a chair. To me, her dignity is lovely and impressive, yet it always touches me to a point somewhere between tears and laughter—the kind of laughter you have for a grave and beautiful child. I was conscious as I watched her serious face, that this always gives her an advantage as though with some authority from outside herself, because she doesn't look as though she could be so strong, so definite.

"Did you ever think that one of the great advantages of trouble is that it teaches you how to love? The reason I loved my mother so deeply was because of those awful early years of poverty and denial. I remember how I used to awaken late, late at night and see her still bending over the sewing machine, making some little bit of finery for me. I remember all the sacrifices she made for me, daily, hourly. I remember how cheerful and dear she was when the worst disappointments came, and how she made us laugh in the face of anything. That is why I loved her so deeply.

PEOPLE shouldn't resent trouble, because you can't really love anyone until you have been through deep waters with them. I know that it is so even of man-woman love, because I never felt closer to Douglas than I did the night Robin Hood opened in Chicago and we thought it was a failure. We had put so much money and time and—hard work, oh such hard work on it. We had gone in the face of everyone's advice to attempt it. Douglas had given every bit of himself to it for such a long time. And just at that time, with the great expenses of production we were carrying, we couldn't afford such a terrible financial failure as it would have meant.

"After we left the theater, where the audience had been so cold, so still, he looked so hurt and worried and depressed. There wasn't anything I wouldn't have done to help him. Those are the moments on which great love, enduring love, is built."

I asked her then just what such great fame as she had known meant to her. I wondered if she was conscious of it, ever felt different within herself because of it.

"I don't think it has ever touched me," she said. "It is there, of course, like some great circle surrounding me. But I never think of it, or know it. That is really true. Sometimes I have been grateful for favours, for courtesies, for opened doors, for attentions. They have helped and given me much pleasure. But on the other hand, I have been denied many simple, normal things because of it. There are unpleasant sides to it. There was a long time, when they called me America's sweetheart in the papers and everywhere, that I couldn't ever go into any public place, even a theater.

"So you see, there again, you pay for everything in this world—and so to be happy you have to believe in another world where you get a lot of breaks and a good many things for nothing."

She smiled, that smile which I remember first in "Tess of the Storm Country."

You know, this is a very serious story about Mary Pickford. And she isn't really a serious person. She's very gay, most of the time, and loves to laugh. She believes in a sense of humor as one of the greatest gifts bestowed upon the human race.

But then, we were talking of serious things and Mary's serious thoughts, because they come from such a field of experience, are beautiful to me.

Introducing Claudette

(*Continued from page 67*)

slender figure, sometimes described as the most decorative on the American stage, yet she admits she eats potatoes. She has to strive, in fact, to keep her weight, which is around 103 pounds, up to normal, which is 110 pounds.

It is in Miss Colbert's face, alive and vivid, with shifting moods, that her temperament is most betrayed. Eager, impressionistic, her reactions are quickly registered there, though a natural poise and restraint belong to her as an actress. She likes the outdoors and plays tennis, swims, and her secret ambition is to have a boat of her own and travel round the world.

After she had completed "The Lady Lies" last Fall she went on a canoe trip with friends up in Canada for complete relaxation. Her family consists of her mother and her adored young husband. On Wednesdays, when she is not herself playing, and he can get off, the two of them have a holiday at a matinee, both loving the theater ardently.

She owns a dog, a German shepherd, and she often goes walking with him or takes him along motoring. The famed Sardi's on 44th Street is her favorite restaurant and the zabalonie they serve there is her favorite dish. Every summer when possible she goes abroad, loving particularly her native Paris.

THE way she happened to begin her stage career is more or less proof to her, she says, of the determination of fate in one's life. Because both her father and mother—there is only one brother besides—were against the idea at first. They belonged to a conservative French family in which no taint of the stage had ever been known. Mr. Colbert was a business man, and it was only the complete crash of his

(*Continued on page 122*)

For Reviews of All New Films
See Pages 84-86



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Enclosed find 10c for which please send me introductory package of 100 Crinkle Cups.

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Address .....

A Tourists' Guide to Hollywood

(*Continued from page* 105)

In Hollywood, R-K-O and Paramcunt are Spanish neighbors. Warner Brothers' on Sunset resembles a state capitol and flies a flag. First National is over the hills in Burbank, and Universal City is appropriately "Mission" in San Fernando. If the good padres traveled along El Camino Real today they might turn into a building that resembles a Mission and be thrown into confusion by Mack Sennett's bathing girls.

Dont't try to rent one of the attached English cottages on Le Brea avenue in Hollywood because they are offices masking Charlie Chaplin's lot.

Most of the studios have been created with beauty and the lots landscaped like parks. Their commissaries, where the players eat when working, serve excellent viands, the Fox Café de la Paix being exceptionally pretentious. Some of the stars have "dressing bungalows" that could house a royal family in comfort; Marion Davies' and Cecil B. de Mille's are walled castles with huge living rooms, dining rooms, kitchens, libraries and sleeping quarters.

Hollywood Holidays—

Hollywood is always holiday, as I've said, but some days more than others.

If you drop down in December you'll find the sophisticate Boul' yclept Santa Claus Lane. It is hedged with spangled Christmas trees that flower the evening with bouquets of light. Music themes the air as if the whole town were wired as a talkie. Boys in uniform serenade you from the deck of a bus hung in banners. You may sniff the fragrance of a thousand flowers and still not miss the home-town snow, for little flakes are gently falling from an airplane overhead, and they'll not melt to mess you up because they're bleached corn flakes. The entire city has become a forest of light and the ancient eucalyptus on Pico boulevard in the center of the valley is a proud old monarch decked with jewels. On Christmas day the childies gather round a tree to await Santa's descent by parachute, a sleigh being impractical in these parts.

The music of Christmas has scarcely ended before the symphony of summer begins in the Bowl. In a natural tureen of the Cahuenga hills, where the Indians once held their ceremonials, the musicians of the world foregather in symphonies. From a shell of soft glow that forms the stage the strains of Beethoven, Bach, Brahms and all the masters waft upward to the stars, like the smoke from the Indians' pipe typifying the ascent of prayers to God. Leaning backward on the hills and looking upward to the stars you may poetically believe you are listening to the spheres. While against the sky on a neighboring hill a crucifix burns to the glory of God and Father Junipero Serra.

California, like Spain and Italy, is a natural locale for outdoor plays and fiestas. The Pilgrimage Play around Father Serra's cross is gaining yearly, and the Mission Play at dreamy old San Gabriel a few miles distant is a famous institution. On New Year's Day everyone motors to Pasadena for the Tournament of Roses and the football game, and in midsummer to Santa Barbara, a hundred miles up the coast, for the Spanish fiesta, when the days of the dons are revived with pageant, music, sports and dancing.

Beauty parades, boat races, horse shows, floral expositions, golf and tennis surge the year-round season.

Salzburg has its music festival, Oberammergau its Passion Play, Italy and Spain their various religious fiestas, but Hollywood has certain celebrations indigenous to the movie—its Premieres.

With the opening of big pictures at the Chinese, Carthay and Warner Brothers' Theaters, night actually outblazes day and the spectacle eclipses the pomp and luxury of Vatican or royal palace. Giant arcs wipe the stars from heaven in favor of those below, and searchlights send their rays a mile into heaven. On the recent occasion of Lawrence Tibbett's debut in "The Rogue Song" at the Chinese, a dirigible broadcast his voice from the sky throughout the afternoon. At night paths of light converged above the theater, which was bathed in a ruby and emerald glow.

Everyone with a car or pair of shoes turns out to squirm the boulevard on such nights, while the bed-ridden and those unfortunates who do not dwell here turn on the radio to hear the blessed ones coo "Hulloo Everyb'dy." Truly, the Field of the Cloth of Gold where king met king was an Old Timers' Picnic compared with the pompous night of the cloth of silver when star meets star in ermine.

When the theaters are not crossing their rapiers of light in the sky, the oil stations and markets are. Even these have their grand openings with music and flowers and even stars. The opening of a mosque of gas and oil at the corner of New Hampshire and Wilshire was distinguished by the personal appearance of Buster Keaton, Norma and Constance Talmadge, the mosque with its iron-grilled gates and tiled dome being a property of Caliph Schenck.

It is fitting that the city which provides nightly entertainment for all the earth should be itself a city of gala nights. Hollywood celebrates everything and when there's nothing to celebrate we are so relieved we celebrate that.

Sitting by my studio window on a dead night not long ago I beheld the searchlights suddenly blaze out in a veritable barrage. They were not concentrated from a single spot as for a theater or oil station premiere but swayed and strayed, crossing and re-crossing one another, the entire length of the boulevard. Swiftly donning my fiesta costume which I always keep handy, as the fire-chief does his hat, I hastened downstairs to my waiting motor. The boulevard was so congested with immobile cars that it appeared to be an auto show. As there was no room for my Hispano, I descended to try my fate in the hoofing mob. Through a bewilderment of siren screams and horn blasts I made my way until I stumbled over the form of a winded newsboy.

"What's all the racket for?" I asked.

"What?" he panted, cupping an ear.

"What's the celebration for?" I bellowed.

"Bigger and Better Hollywood Night," he screamed, and was swept off into the gutter.

And so, messieurs et mesdames, having completed our tour, I ask you could any nights be bigger and better than Hollywood's? No is the answer, not even the Arabian Thousand and One.



William H. Hazel, veteran cabinet maker at the Paramount Hollywood studios, was a private in the Confederate Army when Robert E. Lee surrendered to U. S. Grant. The other day he saw the surrender again, staged for Gary Cooper's new film, "Only the Brave." This time Guy Oliver played Grant and John H. Elliot was Lee.



Be sure to read Catherine Dale Owen's comments upon stage stars and the talkies, on page 39. Above, Miss Dale and her charming mother, Mrs. Robert W. Owen, of New York City.

First Aids to Beauty

(*Continued from page* 102)

CATHERINE DALE OWEN in "The Rogue Song" has an exquisite profile. Her director, Lionel Barrymore, saw that she often presented her side face to the camera. Her hair-dress, too, and the necklines of her gowns were designed with the idea of emphasizing the piquancy of her profile.

This shrewd trick of the screen can be used by the average woman to advantage. If she has even only one good feature—attractive, wavy hair or fine eyes—let her make the most of that feature. Let her be a little vain about it and let her dress to emphasize her best point. Often it is unsafe to advise a woman to dress to conceal any defects she may have of face or figure. Too often this means that a woman will go to such lengths to conceal, let us say, the fact that she has heavy legs that she only succeeds in emphasizing the fact. The best thing to do about defects, if they are irreparable, is to ignore them.

But there are points of beauty that any woman may have. Every girl can cultivate a good walk, a graceful poise, an easy carriage. And nearly every woman, in this day and age, can have a reasonably good skin. These points of beauty are merely the result of good health habits and the woman who lacks them is too often merely careless.

INQUIRIES

Mrs. J. L. K., Detroit, Mich. It is not advisable to shampoo the hair more than once a week. Every ten days or two weeks is even better, provided of course you keep your hair in good condition between treatments. For an informal luncheon for eight women, all of whom are friends, it is not necessary to send written invitations, although may invite them by note, if you wish. However, it is easier and also good form to extend your invitations over the telephone.

Dorothy S., Brooklyn, N. Y. Fashions in color really mean very little. Girls ought to wear the shades that are most becoming to them. White, or the off-tints of white, is always good for evening wear. Under artificial lights certain shades of blue and brown do not show to the best advantage.

Miss K. M. B., Minneapolis, Minn. Your diet has been a little drastic, so no wonder you couldn't keep it up for more than a week. In attempting to reduce, it is much better to begin by leaving a few fattening articles out of your diet than to try to cut down too much on your eating—and not succeed. Limit yourself to one helping of meats and vegetables and avoid starchy foods, potatoes, white breads and heavy cream sauces.



this GIFT of BEAUTY for ten cents

NOW for a mere ten cents you can buy a rouge that blends so perfectly with the skin the most observant eye is deceived. It is fine in texture, absolutely pure and harmless to the most delicate skin. And from year to year, from New York to Hollywood, its numerous shades never vary. It is the rouge so many beautiful women now regard as indispensable to the perfect toilette. At any 5 and 10-cent store ask for Heather Rouge, and from the six shades select the tint that flatters your particular type of beauty. Popular for 25 years. Try it. Compare!

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Other Heather Products of fine quality and low price are: Lip Stick...Cosmetiko, a mascara...Eyebrow Pencil...Eye Shadow...Powder Compacts...Puffs.

Written in the Stars

(*Continued from page 57*)



John McCormack, the tenor, visits Janet Gaynor at the Fox Studios. Janet always has been the singer's favorite movie star.

doubt now whether she would ever be able to wear one because of that early fear-complex.

The fur belonged to sister Hilary, then fourteen, who was beginning to put on ladylike airs in her manner of dress. She had scrimped and saved by passing up numerous ice-cream cones to be able to purchase this longed-for bit of finery, which was only to be worn on very great occasions.

One day when Janet was in a gay mood she looked yearningly at the fur neckpiece and finally prevailed upon her mother to let her wear it. Hilary need never know, for she would have it nicely tucked away in the drawer before she arrived home.

She raced merrily out to meet Sue Carol, for they were chums. (How little she guessed they would both shine so resplendently in the cinema heavens of today!) Sue was the proverbial rich little girl who lived in a great big house. She used to call for Janet in a luxurious car with a chauffeur, who had strict instructions from Sue's mother to take them for a drive and not let them out of the car. Then these queens in embryo would order him to drive down Sheridan Road and let them out at the beach. The chauffeur would argue in vain; they were deaf to everything but the shouts from Hogan's Alley, the name for a favored strip of the beach on Lake Michigan where a nondescript group of youngsters collected. There was nothing for the chauffeur to do but to hang around patiently until their romp was over. After hours of waiting, two tired, play-spent little girls would sink back in the cushioned car with, "Home, James!" and a roguish look from Sue would say: "No tellin's!"

However, on this particular day with the bit of mink fur thrown royally across her shoulders she went out to greet Sue with shining eyes. Hand in hand they walked toward a thrilling goal. Soon they were dancing, chatting, laughing, and the precious neckpiece was forgotten. Too late they discovered that it had been lost. It had slipped from Janet's shoulders as she leaped along. They retraced their steps again and again until Janet was in a perfect panic.

It was Hilary's dearest possession. There was nothing that could be substituted for it. Hilary's mink fur! Lost! Gone! Why, this was the crack of doom!—there wasn't anything in the world as terrible as this! She couldn't ever go home again—she'd telephone; it was easier to telephone the dreadful news—she couldn't speak it out face to face even to her mother.

Excited and weeping and with a great deal of urging from her little friend Sue, she finally whispered the awful news over the telephone. She was prevailed upon to return home. They would advertise, the fur would be found, and Hilary need never know it had been lost.

Then came anxious days of watching the papers and looking for the answers that never came. Fortunately, there was fine weather. Each morning her first thought on arising was to find out about that, and then a reassuring look would pass between her mother and herself. But there came a day!—a stiff wind and winter chill in the air and the brooding feeling of disaster. Hilary went from room to room, turning everything upside down in a determined search for something. The suspense was almost unbearable. Finally she appeared in the doorway as irrevocable as Fate and asked of Janet, "Where is my fur? Where has it gone?"

Janet reeled towards her and would have fallen at her feet had not her mother caught her in her arms. "Kill me!" Janet cried. "Kill me if you will! I lost your beautiful fur and have been too cowardly to tell you!" The tension was strained to the breaking point, Janet and her mother clinging to each other for support; then Hilary broke into a laugh and said: "Who do you think I am? A terrible Turk? Marshall Field will have a sale some day and I'll get another one. That one was too small. I want something that will show up more; so you two dry your eyes and forget it."

TRAGEDIES of youth—but nevertheless very great tragedies at the time.

Another episode that furnished a few intimate onlookers some hearty amusement was when Janet came to New York and, in the preparation for a picture that she contemplated making at that time, went to work for one day in Gimbels' store. The manager was the only one in the store that was in on it. Had the secret got out Janet would have packed the place with curiosity seekers and stopped business. Therefore, every precaution was taken that no one should know. She wanted the experience of coming in contact with life in one of the busiest stores of the city. She is wise beyond her years—a pocket Venus with the brain of Minerva.

When the store opened she was waiting, dressed in a cheap blue dress she had purchased the day before in the juvenile department. To the regular girls she was just one of the extras taken on in a rush. But to the observing eye she stood out like a rare Sèvres vase stands aloof from a lot of crockery. She looked tinier than ever in the flat-heeled shoes and the dress that would have fitted a twelve-year-old. Even in this inconspicuous garb there was a rare sweetness about her. One customer looked her over with surprise and asked:

"My word! What is a girl like you doing in a place like this?" When Janet answered that she had to earn her living, the woman smiled a knowing smile and said, "Take it from me, girlie, you're in the wrong berth. With your looks there isn't anything you couldn't have on Broadway." At that time Janet's name was written in big electric lights on the gayest and most brilliant street in the world.

After she had been working for hours one of the salesgirls sidled over to her, looked her up and down appraisingly, and said, "Say, dearie, you've got some drag here, all right, all right. I can't figger it out, but you've got some draw, dearie, and you can't fool me!" One straight and honest look from the depths of Janet's brown eyes and the girl walked away shamefacedly.

DURING the late afternoon when she was beginning to think the day a perfect success she almost lost her composure when a customer turned to her in surprise and exclaimed: "Do you know, you're the dead image of

Janet Gaynor! You certainly gave me a start. I thought it was Janet herself. I have seen her only in pictures, but there's something about her that's different. Did any one ever tell you that you looked like Janet Gaynor? Why, it's remarkable!—you certainly could pass for her sister!"

Janet was too frightened to reply, and the woman passed on. If she had turned back for an instant she would have seen Janet taking a deep breath of relief, for a few moments more and she might have attracted the much-to-be-dreaded crowd that had almost mobbed her one night in the theater.

Janet was in the juvenile dress department, where many small women came to buy. A canny head of children's coats seeing her gracious manner in serving others and the way her sales checks were mounting crossed the room to whisper in her ear: "I'm going to ask Mr. —— if I mayn't have you in my department tomorrow. You're a wonder for a new girl!"

At five o'clock on a pre-arranged plan from the manager of the store she went to the cloak-room, donned her hat and coat, and went straight back to the department where she had been working. The manager called his sales-force around him and introduced the modest, earnest little worker to the amazed and dumfounded group. There was nothing they could say; they were taken too much by surprise and something of awe and embarrassment fell over them. If they had only known!—that was the thought written on their faces—if they had only known! Janet thanked them in her winsome way for being kind to her and hoped they would be as kind to all other strange and lovely young girls.

Now Janet is not always serious and tragic, as her best pictures have made her out to be. There is a wealth of comedy in her make-up that has never been drawn upon. She is a born mimic and as funny as Charlie Chaplin at times, and, like that rare artist of the screen, she can mix the laugh and the tear. I would like to see her do a Sis Hopkins some day.

I HAVE one of her letters before me, the letter written a few days before she sailed away to the Hawaiian Islands on her honeymoon trip.

"And now for the Big News! I am sailing for Honolulu accompanied solely by one Lydell Peck! Oh! It is dreadfully wonderful, isn't it? I'm thrilled and scared and happy and panicky and I want to and I don't all at the same time. But I've talked to lots of experienced people and they say every one feels that way before the fateful step, so it's some consolation to know I am normal and not really daft. Anyway, that's what is going to happen. The studio is doing its best to keep this a secret because I want to avoid any interviewers. Goodness knows, it's hard enough getting married, but when you have to talk about it that's still worse! I am terribly in love!"

And besides that letter there is another from Janet, written years ago, which has become a prophecy:

"And so, dear Jonesy, you want me to become a movie queen! I will have to meditate over the matter." And in closing she wrote, *"Here's a great big kiss for you, and remember it's from your Movie Queen-to-be!"*

Rollo Does an Original Talkie

(*Continued from page* 41)

Well, that's just dandy. Come here, Son.

What do you want?

Come here just a minute. Closer.

I'd rather not, Daddy.

Come on. I won't hurt you. Come on.

I think I'll go out and play, Daddy.

No, I want to talk to you. Here, wait a minute.

Hey, Daddy. Why are you locking the door. What are you doing? Don't point that gun at me, Daddy—it's loaded.

Sure it's loaded.

Stop your fooling, Daddy.

I ain't fooling, Son. (BANG!) Once more. I must be sure. (BANG!)

Daddy. . . .

Yes, Rollo.

I'm dying, Daddy.

I hope to tell you

Listen, Daddy. . . .

Yes?

Ain't this a swell plot situation for a theme song, huh, Daddy? (BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG!)

Coming soon to this theater—How to Make Adaptations—By J. P. McEvoy.

HOME TOWN STORIES

THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE is presenting a series of intimate stories of the motion picture stars from the home town angle.

These stories will tell what the home towns think of their famous sons and daughters. They are being written by newspapermen who live in the home towns, using all the facts out of reach of the Hollywood interviewers. Here—and here only—you will be able to read what the stars' friends, schoolmates and teachers thought of the famous folk when they were unknown boys and girls.

Next month—Norma Shearer.



Rubber Cap Spreads Like Brush

At last it's as easy to paste papers together as it is to use a pencil. LePage's new Grip Spreader Mucilage Package is shaped to fit the hand. It has a rubber cap with a self-closing slit that makes it as easy to spread as with a brush. It contains a powerful high-grade mucilage. Easier and quicker to use. Always ready. Keeps fingers of user clean. No loss by evaporation. Can't spill if upset. For home or office. Get a bottle and try it. If not found locally we will send you one Grip Spreader direct upon receipt of 10 cents. Russia Cement Co., 757 Essex Ave., Gloucester, Mass.—makers of LePage's Glue.

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Accountants command big income. Thousands needed. About 9,000 Certified Public Accountants in U. S. Many earn $5,000 to $20,000. We train you thoroughly at home in your spare time for C. P. A. examinations or executive accounting positions. Previous bookkeeping knowledge unnecessary—we prepare you from ground up. Our training is supervised by Wm. B. Castenholz, A. M., C. P. A., assisted by staff of C. P. A.'s. Low cost—easy terms. Write now for valuable 64-page book free.

LA SALLE EXTENSION UNIVERSITY
Dept. 3346-H Chicago, Ill.



How many future stars are in this big chorus number from the Metro-Goldwyn revue, "The March of Time?" At least one or two stars of tomorrow are here.

The New School for Stars

(*Continued from page* 44)

stars, who would not go in largely for revues. Harry Richman in his "Puttin' on the Ritz" did their largest revue. Universal, too, has not made a feature of revues, though it has produced some important ones.

Dance troupes often called for in specialty numbers are the Albertina Rasch Dancers, the Ceballos Dancers, Maurice Kusel's Troupe, the Fanchon and Marco Girls, the Markert Dancers, and others as well. Tiffany Stahl has hired Norma Gould's classic dancers under a year's contract to make twelve short subjects, interpreting classic music, mainly symphonies.

Adagio teams and specialty dancers draw from $350 a week down to $150 weekly. Stars like Marilyn Miller draw salaries in the tens of thousands; but we forget, there is but one Marilyn Miller.

THE Hollywood chorus girl is something of a contrast to the New York type. For one thing they are as a class much younger, and more beautiful of face. This must be true; for while the stage girl must have a good figure and be passably good-looking, the screen girl has to be more slender and more beautiful, as the camera eye is quite different from the audience eye of the theatre. Make-up puts older girls up to thirty in stage choruses but there is no fooling the camera.

Fox has perhaps the youngest girls. One is as young as fourteen and only one is over twenty. Chaperones accompany them at all times about the studio.

Pearl Eaton at RKO says: "No hard-boiled Broadway chorines are working for me. They are all California youngsters, unspoiled, protected, with tutors to complete their education on the sets. Their beauty is absolutely fresh and unsophisticated. There are no stage door Johnnies to spoil them and distract them from their work." The extreme youth of all these girls is bound to impress anyone watching them at their daily workouts, dressed in gingham rompers and tumbling about on mats with their acrobatic work or vigorously going through bar routine or new steps. One might easily imagine them to be a group of carefree youngsters in some girls' school gymnasium, not girls drawing salaries that sometimes support their families or younger sisters.

Some of the important qualifications at Paramount are: first their ability to dance and sing; their teeth; personality; whether or not they are home girls, with good breeding and adaptable to direction. The matter of being home girls emphasizes the type sought. Flappers do not interest a company seeking talent for contracts, as a jazz hound is apt to be pert and hard to handle, to keep late hours when she needs every ounce of strength for her exacting routine of work.

WORK for a studio contract player is much more strenuous than for a Broadway show girl. The stage chorus girl works for four weeks, rehearsing, and then all she has to do is her evening show and matinees. A movie girl has working girls' hours, with daily exercising and drill, rehearsals, finally the actual shooting, while perhaps learning new numbers for the next shots.

There is very rarely any let-up. They go from one number into another. Fox officials devised the interesting system of drilling their 120 girls in squads of forty, in identical routines, so that one group may readily substitute for another, thus saving time on costume changes and when the girls are tired from re-shooting too often.

Girls are selected according to size for various specialties. The smallest girls are usually selected for tap numbers. Also for hot struts; this means a height around five feet. The taller

(*Continued on page* 116)

Dollar Thoughts

(*Continued from page 58*)

the other, but now I need not choose any longer, as for the price of 25c I can get both the movie and magazine.

Rosette Mayron,
46 Washington.

Tawdry Advertising

Casper, Wyoming—

"The Lady Lies," "And how that baby lied!" "The truth about love nests!!" In this tawdry fashion we are invited to see and hear what I considered one of the finest dramas since the inception of the talkies. Other lines, too, in the same vein, the ads embellished by sketches of a tall, sinuous female figure arrayed in the prevailing sin-sister mode, hand on hip. "Another one of these cheap sex pictures, hardly worth our while," one sneered. Until we were urged by friends not to miss it, and were assured that the picture was not at all as one would gather from the title and the advertisements. What an insult to an intelligent public to assume that such a top-notch picture would find it necessary to appeal, in the ads, to sensation-seekers and low-brows like ourselves. *Dave Kahn,*
315 East Eighth Street.

What a Saving!

Sidou, Mississippi—

To a woman who has an allowance and who spends just a certain amount for books and magazines THE NEW MOVIE, at the price of 10c, gives instructive reviews of the new pictures, interesting studio gossip, personal stories of popular stars, and a clear history of the sound screen and furnishes more general information than any other movie magazine on the market, thus enabling the woman to buy *The Home Magazine* and the *Illustrated Detective Magazine* for what she usually pays for one magazine.

Mrs. Stanny Sanders.

Those Garbo Fans

New York City—

NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE is great. In fact, it is better in our estimation than some of the twenty-five-cent movie magazines, for it gives us what we want, and we want GARBO. Yes, sir, if you want to satisfy the greatest number, give us pictures and news items concerning the great Greta and we'll be satisfied.

The only improvement we might suggest is that it be published more often.

A Gang of Garbo Fans.

Can't Hear the Gags

Baltimore, Md.—

I was thinking, when I saw a recent talking picture which contained a number of good laughs, how much better it would be if they could space their humorous gags so the audience would not be laughing when the next words were spoken. In other words, just as an actor on the stage will wait for his laughs so the audience will catch what he next says, is my idea.

Joe Jim James,
2659 Harlem Avenue.

Likes Home-Town Stories

Ann Arbor, Mich.—

One of the best features is "Home-Town Stories of the Stars," which gives us an insight into their real life, makes us better acquainted and more appreciative of them and their work. Do they know how we, the public, appreciate their hard work to amuse us? If we are tired, we go to the movies; if we have no place to go, we go to the movies, and come away rested and with new inspiration.

Wanetha F. Shultz,
330 South Fourth Avenue.

For Buddy

Meridian, Miss.—

May I offer a suggestion? In regard to the article, "Buddy Seeks a Girl," couldn't we have more on the same subject by the other male stars? I am sure that men and women alike would be interested.

Miss Floy L. Cooper,
1004 Twenty-sixth Avenue.

—And Against Him

Wheeling, W. Va.—

Really I think that Buddy Rogers is the most conceited and selfish person I have ever heard about. It seems to me he must think a great deal of himself to think a girl should be made especially to suit all his moods.

Miss Edna Elliott,
89½ Sixteenth Street.

Thanks, John D.

Ypsilanti, Mich.—

I have always thought that a ten-cent movie magazine would be a knock-out on the news-stands. Why shouldn't it be? Rockefeller made the price famous to start with, and with such a publicity director it would have to go over big.

Reade S. Pierce,
313 Pearl Street.

A Dollar for Your Thoughts

THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE wants interesting letters from its readers—bright, concise and constructive. One dollar will be paid for every letter used. Write what you think about the stars, the pictures and THE NEW MOVIE.

Address your letters to A-Dollar-for-Your-Thoughts Editor, THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Millions buy them at the "5-and-10"

JUST think! You too can get generous sizes of finest quality Jo-Cur Beauty Aids at most 5-and 10-cent stores! These three preparations will add to any woman's loveliness. Jo-Cur Waveset, for example, makes finger-waving easier and pleasanter. It is beneficial to hair and scalp, is not greasy or sticky, does not discolor blonde hair, and leaves no powdery residue. That's why it outsells all others.

Jo-cur Beauty Aids for the Hair



And for a shampoo, just try Jo-Cur Shampoo Concentrate. You'll find it cleanses thoroughly, rinses easily, and leaves the hair easier to finger-wave. Then, to complete the coiffeur, use Jo-Cur Brilliantine.

Jo-Cur Beauty Aids for the hair are of the finest quality obtainable–regardless of price. Yes, you'll find them at most 5-and-10-cent stores.

Curran Laboratories, Inc.
485 East 133rd Street
New York, N. Y.

The New School for Stars

(*Continued from page* 114)

girls around five feet five, are usually used for graceful dancing, waltz numbers, kicks, and soft shoe dancing. High kicking looks too easy when a small girl does it. Pearl Eaton uses no pony girls, and Madame Rasch prefers them about five feet five or six. They feel the smaller type is becoming passé.

Child ballets are popular. Gus Edwards recently produced a child version of the Passing Show, Fox used a child scene in "Sunny Side Up" and in another forthcoming revue.

The money side of talking shows versus Broadway shows leaves the talkie girl ahead in her bank balance, as her usual contract calls for forty weeks a year. Twenty-five weeks on Broadway is a good run.

Chances for advancement in talkies are good, though the grade is harder to make. The competition between stage girls and screen girls is keen in the talkies, as many girls appreciate the chance to live a regular home life, with their evenings for fun, to go to shows, and see their friends. Living in one place with a real home, with a yard and a pet dog is possible, with roses in the garden, or perhaps a tiny romantic place hung like a bird's nest on the side of a mountain, is a real thrill to a New York girl. If the stage girl screens well, and passes the voice test, all right.

REWARDS for success are great in talkies, for a girl with talent may be selected for a specialty number. She may even get some lines. Lita Chevret, one of the most gorgeous show girls in Hollywood, who graced the Underseas Ballet in the Fox Movietone Follies, is now under contract at RKO and has been given a talking part in "Radio Revels." With these ambitious girls, there are lessons, lessons, lessons—dancing lessons, voice lessons, dramatic lessons. The old rhyme:

"The elephant worked all night,
The elephant worked all day;
And every cent
The elephant earnt
Went to buy the elephant hay."

That was the case with Lita, and is with others. The gals must make hay while the sun shines.

The Fox studio has instituted an interesting system; the girls are given free lessons in everything, and make weekly screen tests showing their progress in singing, acting and dancing. This system has already brought aid to Raymonda Brown and Helen Mann, two contract dancers, who are now advanced in specialty numbers.

All Fox players are given dancing lessons and voice lessons. You just gotta be able to pick 'em up and lay 'em down and agitate the knees gracefully to stay on the Fox roster. One is moved to picture Will Rogers and John McCormack in a snappy toe dance number.

Tryouts are held at some studio every week. When Pearl Eaton was assembling her company, she spent ten months and tried out 2500 people. The net result includes specialty dancers, adagio teams, and solo dancers, thus RKO never needs special troupes. They hire special numbers like a colored troupe, or extra men for some needed scenes as in "Hit the Deck," but they have practically everything they need right under the roof of their $12,000 rehearsal hall.

An interesting thing about talkie dancing is that it is not possible to copy stage routines always. Many of them are not effective on the screen. A solo dancer, who uses a series of steps in a circle is a poor screen subject, for his face is away from the camera too long. Stationary tap dancing is also not satisfactory. The routine has to be pulled out sidewise, so to speak, to satisfy the eye. Hence new routines must be created with screen needs in mind.

THE most effective dance scenes for pictures are the chorus formations. As Eddie Tierney expresses it, in these numbers, "the steps don't mean so much, they just get 'em into their place in the formation." The screen can gain effects with chorus formations not possible on the stage. This is because of the vast number of technical tricks, including camera angles. A group of girls moving in graceful unison leaning back simultaneously and photographed from above, is always good in films. The Albertina Rasch dancers specialize in such things; an example is in "The Rogue Song." This simple trick with all its variations would be impossible on the stage. Other camera tricks make possible terpsichorean effects that are going to make stage managers turn slightly gray about the temples.

What makes it great for the public is that any small town can now see something that Broadway cannot offer.



Mary Brian and her perfume cabinet, in which she keeps varied scents in a modernistic case. Gayly colored bottles and atomizers create a sight to delight any woman.

When Joseph Schenck, about two years ago, said to a worried group of producers, when movie houses were half empty, "You have got to make your entertainment better; you have got to furnish some good reason why a man will get up out of his easy chair, put on his shoes, leave a good radio program or book, to go to your theater" little did he realize that the talkies were just around the corner ready to do just that.

This business of dancing in the talkies is not confined to the chorus girls. Chin music won't raise the producers' ante any more quickly than shin music. Wise leading men and stars are taking lessons, secretly, furtively—but lessons, and how. No one will ever be able to count the number of new dance schools sprung up in Hollywood within the last year, but they are all making money. A day's visiting around at schools that advertised in local Sunday newspapers discovered Persian rugs and antique furniture, vases of narcissi, suave appointment clerks, side entrances that remind one comically of family entrances, with stars whisking in and out and hoping not to be recognized. Why, God knows! The schools are all the same with walls lined with pictures of screen celebrities, with autographs carefully couched to avoid mention directly of having taken dancing lessons; voice lessons and dramatic lessons they speak of, but none seem to want it known that they were not born possessed of original Spanish routines, a mastery of castinets, tambourines, trick tap, waltz clogs, and what have you not?

RAMON NOVARRO has been calling up his past skill as a dancer, for in his next film, "The Singer of Seville," he and Renee Adoree will dance. Novarro started in films as a member of a troupe of Marion Morgan dancers; Renee, in traveling shows as a child with her family, danced. Charlie Morton as a child did a dance routine with his parents, the Muggs Mortons, musicians in vaudeville.

Joan Crawford, then Lucille Le Seuer danced in Ernie Young's Revues in Chicago, in 1922; then in New York in "Innocent Eyes," Passing Show and the Winter Garden.

Hedda Hopper worked as a chorus girl under her own name of Elda Furry, in shows with Louise Dresser, and Lew Cody, in the days when Lew was leading man for the old Mount Vernon Stock Company.

Leila Hyams, the daughter of Leila McIntyre and Johnny Hyams, danced in vaudeville with her parents as a child.

Mary Doran sprouted from the choruses along Broadway, in such shows as "Rio Rita" and the "Ziegfeld Follies."

Marie Dressler came from dancing and comedy stuff in the circus, in music halls and in vaudeville.

Dorothy Jordan was in the chorus of "Twinkle, Twinkle" and "Fu Funny Face."

Dorothy Sebastian first got her break in show business in the chorus of George White's "Scandals."

Raquel Torres danced in a cantina in Mexico before pictures found her.

Gwen Lee was a dancer in Omaha in 1919.

Nina Mae, colored heroine of "Hallelujah," began as a hot strutter in "Blackbirds of 1929."

Polly Moran danced and sang in a chorus of De Wolf Hopper's.

Eddie Nugent was a hoofer at Grauman's.

Sally Starr was with the "Scandals" for six years.

The Duncan sisters helped themselves to success with comedy dance routines, along with their singing. They played in vaudeville and then in "Tip Top" with Fred Stone.

Blanche Sweet at a tender age, toured with the Gertrude Hoffmann Dancers, and with Chauncey Olcott's company as a dancer.

RUDOLPH VALENTINO first worked with Joan Sawyer in a dance act in vaudeville, and worked in a prologue for Sid Grauman at the old Million Dollar with Clarine Seymour, as his dancing partner.

Virginia Valli was an interpretative dancer in theatrical work in Chicago before coming to films, via Essanay.

Claire Windsor danced at charity benefits and at other social affairs before her picture work began.

Billie Dove hails from the "Follies" and the "Midnight Revue."

Jeanette MacDonald started towards her spectacular picture career as a member of the chorus, dancing and singing in Ned Wayburn's Revue at the Capitol Theater. This was followed by much musical comedy work, singing and dancing. She supported Mitzi Hajos in "The Magic Ring."

Lillian Roth, slated for big things at Paramount, started in revue work for the Shuberts, and did hot strut numbers in the "Vanities" and the "Follies." She danced comedy stuff with Lupino Lane in "The Love Parade."

Lupino Lane, who has made his own comedies for Educational for so long, and who is in demand as a comedian for big productions, started out as a dancer, a member of the famous English stage family of Lupino.

Nancy Carroll stepped lively in "The Passing Show" and other revues and musical comedies in New York.

Helen Kane appeared in revues, night clubs and vaudeville, and in "A Night in Spain" in New York, before Paul Ash spotted the baby voice she uses now instead of the dance stuff.

Olive Borden first attracted film attention by her dancing at the Hollywood Writers' Club. Then a dance she did in "Yellow Fingers" at Fox's made them sure she had something, and gave her a better contract. She never had a lesson.

CORINNE GRIFFITH was visiting a friend in Los Angeles, and while on a pleasure party at one of the pier ballrooms along the ocean front she won a dancing contest and a contract with Vitagraph Company.

Buster Keaton did eccentric dance routines with his parents in vaudeville for years, billed as "The Three Keatons."

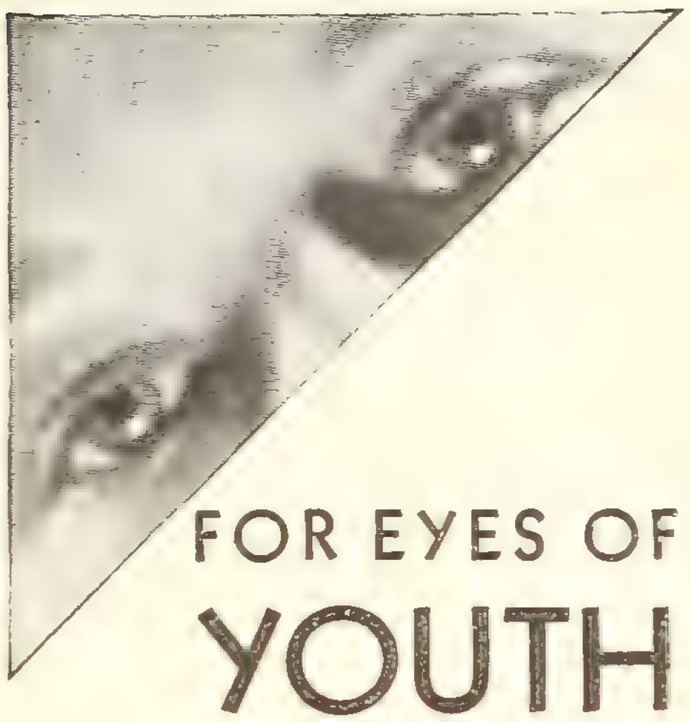
Barbara LaMarr was a most successful stage dancer in New York, and in vaudeville and cabaret work on the Coast before pictures signed her up.

Marguerite De La Motte was a dancer in San Diego.

Katherine MacDonald, later famous as the most beautiful woman in America, was a chorus girl in a musical show for a few weeks, before she became Bill Hart's leading lady.

Sharon Lynn, one of Fox's new bets, was one of Belcher's dancers

(*Continued on page* 118)



FOR EYES OF YOUTH

Dull, tired, bloodshot eyes can be made to look and feel much younger by a few applications of *Murine*. It harmlessly clears them up, brings back their sparkle, and causes them to feel fresh and invigorated. 60c. Try it!

MURINE FOR YOUR EYES





Parties à la Hollywood. Every month THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE describes a recent Hollywood party. You will find many interesting and practical suggestions in this monthly feature. . . . "How Hollywood entertains."



Director Chuck Riesner introduces Benny Rubin and Buster Collier, representing 1930, to the famous old-timers, (left to right): De Wolff Hopper, Josephine Sabel, Louis Mann, Marie Dressler, William Collier, Fay Templeton, Lew Fields, Joe Weber, and Barney Fagan. This is a scene in M.-G.-M. revue, "The March of Time".

The New School for Stars

(*Continued from page* 117)

before her film work began, and was in Dillingham's "Sunny."

Dorothy Burgess, whose auntie is Fay Bainter, started out at three as a clever little dancer.

Mae Clark was a dancer at Atlantic City, then in "Gay Paree."

Marion Nixon was a chorus girl in tank town shows for some months.

Dixie Lee sang and danced at the College Inn in Chicago, and later in "Good News," in the Varsity Drag number, in New York.

Lola Lane toured as a member of Gus Edwards revues, and later in the chorus of the "Greenwich Village Follies."

Maurice Chevalier danced as Mistinguette's partner before his sunny smiling songs won him fame.

Lupe Velez danced and sang in Mexican cabarets and on the stage; she came to Santa Barbara in a Mexican company's show "Rataplan" and then worked as a dancer in the "Hollywood Music Box Revue."

Lena Basquette, a Belcher dancer, came from the "Follies."

Dolores Del Rio was a favorite dancer of Spanish dances in society circles of Mexico City when Edwin Carewe saw her and offered her a film contract.

Fanny Brice as a kid did eccentric dance routines along with her songs, finally landing in the Musix Box Revue" after big time in vaudeville.

Lilyan Tashman came to films from the "Follies."

Harry Richman played vaudeville, night clubs and cabarets, using a dance routine along with the voice.

Gilbert Roland as Luis Alonso, was a successful cabaret and night club dancer in Los Angeles.

ARMIDA was plucked from a Mexican cafe on North Main Street, off the Plaza in Los Angeles by Fanchon Royer where she was dancing the lively dances of Spain. Gus Edwards took over her contract.

Lila Lee as Cuddles Edwards was a child star and dancer in Gus Edwards revues.

Madge Bellamy started her career as a dancer at the age of thirteen in Elitch's Gardens, a cafe in Denver.

Ronald Colman did revue dancing on the stage when he was breaking into the business of being an actor after the war in England.

Marion Davies was a dancer in "Chu Chin Chow" in 1916 and went to the "Follies" also as a dancer.

Lois Moran danced at Paris and London cafes as a young girl, and in the Follies Bergere.

Jack Oakie danced in "Artists and Models" and in "Peggy Ann."

Mae Murray started as a cafe dancer in Murray's Cafe, New York, then in the "Follies of 1908" as the Nell Brinkley girl.

Mary Eaton and Marilyn Miller are outstanding examples of what heights a dancer may reach in films.

Dolores Costello worked in the chorus of "George White's Scandals," and it was while playing in this show in Chicago that one of the Warner Brothers, Jack, put her under contract, with her sister Helene, also in the show.

Eleanor Boardman played in the chorus of "Rock-a-Bye Baby" for the Selwyns for three months on Broadway before she was given a contract for film work.

Marion Byron played in choruses before coming to films as Buster Keaton's leading lady.

Two Sensational Features in The New Movie Next Month

HOMER CROY writes about Stan Laurel and Olive Hardy, the screen comedians, at their serious job of being funny. This is a hilarious story.

MARGUERITE CLARK as she is today. Here is an absorbing interview with the popular screen and stage star of other days. Be sure to read this.

IN THE NEW MOVIE NEXT MONTH

Home Town Stories of the Stars

(*Continued from page 47*)

always spent at the home of Grandmother Nagel, where in the big living room of the home there was the huge Christmas tree. Here Conrad, with his brother, Ewing, and his cousins, Richard Simpson and Mabelle Nagel, would dance around the tree, while his father played some of the old German Christmas carols on the piano. His grandmother was very fond of these old folksongs and delighted in the happy group gathered about her hospitable fire-side in the big house overlooking the Mississippi and pointing to the site of the old Fort Edwards, built to guard this part of Illinois from the Indians.

ALTHOUGH he had shown a talent for learning poetry and prose passages and an unusual ability for reciting these, it was really his taste for music which put him into college theatricals and started him on his career as an actor. He had attended High School in Des Moines, and then entered Highland Park College, where his father was dean of the music department. His fine voice, inherited from his mother, a concert singer, and his taste for music inherited from his father, pianist and composer, made him a welcome addition to the college theatricals.

His part in the first one was so outstanding that some professionals who attended the performance were struck with his ability and urged his parents to give him every opportunity to develop that talent. So insistent were these professionals of the stage that Conrad showed talent for this sort of work, that his parents entered him in the school of oratory at Highland Park College, thus definitely starting him on his career on the legitimate stage. His boyhood talent for reciting laid the foundation, undoubtedly, for this career and his memory work stood him in good stead in memorizing his parts. It was his constant and untiring efforts to improve that brought him final success.

He played in Des Moines in stock at the old Princess Theatre for a time, and then went East into more pretentious things. When he came to Keokuk, years later in "Youth," he was widely acclaimed by his old friends here, and his pictures are always greeted by a friendly audience, many of whom remember him as the bright-eyed, friendly little boy who toddled away from the old home here many years ago.

CONRAD NAGEL'S mother died in 1921. Although she lived to see much of her son's success, she was not spared to see him in the full measure of his film popularity. That has been the fortune of his father, however, who is now living in Hollywood. Dean Nagel was a familiar figure in Keokuk for years, for, like his son, he visited here frequently. His best years were spent in Des Moines, where he was one of the well-known musical critics and composers of the state.

Memories of Conrad, the youth, are shared by many people through the entire community of Keokuk. Perhaps no young star of the stage has had more quiet interest shown in his career than this young man. There has been little of the "hurrah" and "hubbub" type of maudlin hero-worship given him from these old friends in Keokuk and Warsaw, who recall the sunny-tempered little lad of other days. But they have watched him succeed with a quiet pride indicative of real interest in him and gratification over the fact that the boy they knew has his name emblazoned in the rolls of those who have climbed the dizzy mountain of achievement and reached its summit without losing their dignity or poise.

Who Is THE AMAZING MOTHER of Hollywood?

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Adventures in Interviewing

(*Continued from page 29*)

however misdirected. At times I feel that no successful man is an accident, even in films. Griffith has sentimental chaos in his soul. His intelligence was strong enough to guide him into middle-class success. It was not keen enough to keep him from making that epic of the Klu Klux Klan, "The Birth of a Nation."

He is a showman first, a half artist afterward. A complete artist, giving the truth in that film, might not have been the indirect cause of greater hatred for Negroes in the South. But Griffith's mind and heart are saturated with the Civil War period. He is before all else the child of a Kentucky General, called, if I remember correctly, "Hell-Roaring Jake." The son of a man with such a moniker could scarcely be expected to be an Anatole France.

CONTRARY to popular opinion, Cecil B. De Mille is more appreciative of kindness shown by an interviewer than any other director of the first class.

If his films represent middle-class ideas of luxury, it may safely be said that he knows his public. No man in the entertainment world is more sure of himself.

That he can shift suddenly and still hold an audience is shown by his direction of the box-office success, "Dynamite." Containing all the ingredients necessary for cheap melodrama, it also has something more—the deft, sure touch of able direction. De Mille is the Belasco of the films.

WHEN I called upon him the stage was set carefully. I stepped into a large room, furnished in bizarre manner. The head and skin of a striped tiger stretched across the immediate entrance. Everywhere was the paraphernalia of bad taste. Apparently oblivious of my presence, De Mille stood behind a large, highly polished desk, which needed only silver handles to make it complete for burial. For some moments he stood, quite silent, to all appearances sunken in the deepest of thought. It did not seem likely that I had been ushered into the room without his knowledge. Without looking up he reached for a paper on the desk and scanned it carefully. In abstracted manner, he reached for an ornate fountain pen. He signed the paper as though it were the Emancipation Proclamation which would make all movie extras economically free.

I waited patiently. With a mind to the business at hand, I observed the room closely. Whether or not this was Mr. De Mille's object, I do not know. There was nothing else to do, at least. Finally he looked up. Startled beyond measure, he came from behind the desk and walked toward me with hand outstretched, enunciating slowly, "I beg your pardon."

MR. DE MILLE backed up all statements concerning his films with box-office reports. Unlike many lesser charlatans, he had nothing to say about art.

A former actor, he is theatrical even in silence.

He stood at the end of his desk, his arms folded. Unobserved, a Japanese flunky glided into the room. Silent as chaos, he started to glide out again. His foot caught in the deceased tiger's mouth. He sprawled in utter abandon.

This commotion did not even break the sentence which Mr. De Mille was arranging with definite precision. Neither did he look up.

When the Oriental had limped painfully from the Great Presence, he leaned forward slightly. With an effort he picked up a book. It was the second I had written.

"I haven't gotten to it yet." He rolled the words with regret. "It's the third on my list."

"That's very kind of you, Mr. De Mille. I'm so flattered."

He went on to weightier subjects.

THE interview when published evidently pleased him. He had thousands of copies printed and distributed over the nation.

I had written of him, "If he has ridden to fame on a spavined horse, he is aware of it." He repeated the words to me a year later, smiling, with no comment.

It has long been the habit of callow and humorless young writers to attack De Mille. The man has no pretensions. He knows exactly what he wants.

If De Mille were assured that the great mass of people was ready for highly sophisticated film plays, he would be among the first directors to produce such entertainment.

His one great failure, perhaps, was "The King of Kings."

Though he began each day with prayer while filming this so-called Biblical epic, the prayer was not answered at the box-office.

Becoming less reverent he directed "Dynamite."

Many writers in Hollywood have complained of the lack of gratitude displayed by film players to whom they have been kind.

Knowing with the great French maker of maxims that gratitude is but the expectation of favors yet to be received, I have worried very little over such matters.

Long known as "the most hated man in Hollywood" I can truthfully affirm that I have also been a source of strength to many players bitter and worn with the struggle.

Until a year ago I had written about every person of importance in the film city. The interviews had appeared in a dozen national magazines.

Five of the number sent letters of appreciation. They were Virginia Valli, Clara Bow, Louise Dresser, Cecil B. De Mille, and Irving Thalberg.

All suspicious-looking packages were sent to the War Department.



Three leading members of the RKO beauty chorus: left to right, Estelle Etherro, Mary Jane Halsey, and Lita Chevret. They all appeared in "Rio Rita" and they may be future stars, as intimated by Rosalind Shaffer on Page 43 in "The New School for Stars."

Letters of a Property Man

(*Continued from page 95*)

When I got back Gay and Mme. Ottowa was already in the cage. Joe was just inside the outside emergency door waiting for the book. He had to go through the inside one before he would be in the cage. He was a bit white round the gills but still had enough nerve left to ask for a ring. Props handed him one and he put it in his vest pocket. Then he shook hands with me and said, "Don't tell Betty or let her near the set." Baby, that kid was game. I wouldn't have gone in there if they'd have given me the whole trainload of animals.

Gay was standing with his shoulder about even with Peter's mouth and on the camera right, while Ottowa, who was pretty short, was standing just under Bondedi's nose. But both was far enough away to be fairly clear of any paws. Joe had to go between them, back up to Leo's pedestal and face the camera with Leo licking his chops right over the back of Joe's head.

"Back up a little more, Joe," whispers Monty. Joe backs up a step. "Some more, he won't bite you," says Monty. Inch by inch Joe backs up until Monty howls stop. Then Monty says, "We won't need to rehearse this, you all know what is done at a wedding, CAMERA."

"Raise your right hand, Joe," says Monty, "and read from the book." Joe starts all right then quits and fumbles for the ring. Gay had on his spangles so he had no place to carry it. He hands the ring to Gay, who puts it on Ottowa's finger. "Read from the book again," calls Monty. Perhaps Leo thought he should do the reading cause he eased a bit forward and right over Joe's bean. Darned if he didn't look like he was reading too.

Joe afterward told me that the cameraman tipped him off, how he don't know unless it was that he turned white as a sheet. Then Joe spotted Monty, giving the trainers the washout sign, out of the corner of his eye. Monty, who is as dark as an Indian, turned as pale as a ghost. An absolute hush came over the kiddies, who I had been watching so they wouldn't make some fool cry or noise.

The first I knew of it was when Joe's voice came out real loud and he was reading that Bible like he was the exhorter at a camp meeting and trying to save some souls by talking the loudest.

I looked around real quick and there was all the trainers white too, with their prods all set and one or two with their guns ready to shoot. The first thing that I thought of was, "Darn those blanks." I knew there was trouble but what, I couldn't guess.

Then I got an eyeful of Leo. That big hunk of a lion was greedily licking the grease paint off the back of Joe's neck. And even you thinkless, knows that if that rasp of a tongue brings blood any lion will go cannibal. Joe was shaking maybe, but he still sure could talk. He was starting on the second chapter and reading louder by the minute.

Then Gay, who had been facing the camera like a trouper, took a side glance at Joe. He tried to speak calmly; "Stand still, Joe. Don't make a move. You'll be all right."

Joe just sort of smiled ghastly and read all the louder. Ottowa noticed Gay; then saw Leo. Gay signaled her to leave the cage. She quietly glided—and that word is right—over to the exit. As soon as Gay heard the door click he called to Leo, "Bravo Boy. Come, Leo." Leo looked at him just the fraction of a second, took another taste of the grease paint, licked his chops again, turned slowly toward Bondedi as much as to say, "Well, I've had my fun for the day," and jumped down. The gate for the runway opened and Leo was gone. It took but a few seconds to get the other cats down from their seat and out of the cage. Joe was still reading and his voice was nearly at the cracking point.

The crowd of kiddies let a whoop out of them that brought in all of the cops within a mile but the danger was over by then. I never did find out how those kids got out of the place. But they were real troupers at that, not a peep from a single one while the big act was on.

We all called to Joe but he couldn't stop reading. His nerves were all shot. The poor devil was actually paralyzed from the hips down. We had to carry him out to the dressing room and shove a rag down his mouth to make him stop yammering. I got a whole bottle of Hootch in a hurry and called the doctor. Joe drank the bottle in one gulp and didn't even feel it. Old Sawbones came soon after and we finally got a shot of sleeptight into Joe's arm and laid him down on a cot. He laid there like he was gone to the place where the book wouldn't do him any good.

We had just got things all nicely straightened around when Betty's gang drove into the yard. We all tried to keep out of her sight, but finally she roped Bill, the janitor, into her dressing room. Bill stuttered so she didn't get very far there. But the poor darned dope had to take her into where Joe was laid out. One look at Joe and a whiff of his breath and she was out of that dressing room like a shot.

Joe tried to square it, I tried to square it, Monty tried, the cameraman, and yeah, even the old man tried to reason with that dumb dame. "No, I said that if Joe took one more drink I was through with him for good—and I am."

She quit as soon as the picture was through. Joe is now production manager of a large studio where animals are not used. Betty, oh yeah, she married—to the champ drunk of Hollywood.

Will see you when Prohibition goes into effect.

As ever,

JACK.

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Introducing Claudette

(*Continued from page* 109)

finances and business interests that drove him with his family away from their beloved France to start life anew in America. There in New York City, where Claudette finished her education, going first to grammar school in Fifty-seventh Street and later completing High School at Washington Irving. By this time the family straits had been ironed out a bit and she was able to attend art school.

One afternoon at a tea she met Anne Morrison, the author of "The Wild Westcotts." Miss Morrison was arranging to put the piece on, and being struck by the dark-eyed girl's personality, asked her if she would not like to have a part in her play.

"I was thrilled to pieces," Miss Colbert said, "and hurried home to tell my family the good news. But it didn't appeal to them at all. My father stormed, and was sure that actresses couldn't possibly be nice. He didn't want a stage-struck daughter.

"But I went ahead anyway. It seemed to me I must try this thing. I had only three lines to speak, but did I study them? Did I try them various ways for effect? And did I thrill on the opening night when it came my turn to go out and say them? I'll say I did. The show, however, closed soon, and it looked as though my acting career were at an end. My people were still opposed to the idea; I had never had a day's training in any dramatic school; I had never played stock, was just a nonentity, inexperienced and didn't know a soul in the theatrical world.

YET, I was sure of one thing, and that was that I wanted to be an actress more than anything else in the world, that I could act, and could, if given proper opportunities, act well. I knew this in the back of my mind as clearly as I knew my own name. I didn't even have to convince myself, it was a fact that had always been there. Though I hadn't felt this way about things before, I had always, rather, been nervous, afraid my efforts weren't very good, even when my teachers had said they were . . . I thought they were just trying to be nice to me. But here on the stage, without encouragement or notice, I felt I belonged, and that I would get on.

"I heard that Brock Pemberton was looking for a girl who looked like an Italian. After eyeing myself carefully in the mirror I decided that I looked just like one and scurried over to his office. As luck would have it he seemed to think so too, and gave me the part as lead in 'The Marionette Man,' which opened out of town and, alas! never got any further than Washington.

"Coming back to New York, I heard that they were casting for an out of town company for 'We've Got to Have Money.' By this time I was beginning to learn better the ropes about lining up jobs, and so trotted over to the casting office where I found that Vivian Tobin's part was open. To my great surprise it was given to me for the Chicago début. We opened alright, but closed almost right away. For all our brave title the money we'd got to have we didn't get. If you've ever been in Chicago in February, broke, you know what a dismal experience it can be. No marble halls, as I had once imagined actresses always trod, rather a dingy, cheap little hotel, constant rain outside, and the loneliness of being a stranger.

BUT bad things come to an end as well as good things, and I finally landed back in New York, jobless, but too happy to be with my family and to see familiar faces again to much care. Soon, however, I was going the rounds of the casting offices and almost immediately got the leading part for a road company of "Leah Kleschna."

It really had a wonderful company, with William Faversham, Arnold Daly, Helen Gahagan, and every night while we played I used to stand in the wings and watch these actors, study them, compare their performances. This, I believe, is the most helpful thing for a beginner, especially if he knows his limitations as I knew mine. I had never played in stock, I hadn't come from a long line of theatrical people, what I learned I had to teach myself, and this experience on the road, with seasoned players and with different audiences often in different towns, I think helped me more than anything else has.

"After a nine weeks run which included Boston and Chicago the play closed and I found myself back again in New York for the Summer, during which I did nothing. This was in 1925. In the Fall I happened in the Al Woods offices and found they were looking for an English girl to play the lead in Frederick Lonsdale's 'The Fake.' Having a grandmother who was born in the Isle of Jersey, where I had often gone to visit, I felt quite free to offer myself as an English candidate, and after talking with Mr. Lonsdale who was very familiar with the Island of Jersey, I got the part.

"After rehearsing for weeks, on the day of dress rehearsal as I was having my final fittings, I got word to come at once to the Woods office, where I was told abruptly that Mr. Lonsdale preferred someone else in the part and I was withdrawn. It always has seemed to me a needless and cruel thing for him to have done, practically on the opening night, and I never really knew why he did it. I was given the alternative of becoming understudy and going to Washington with the show, and, swallowing my pride, I went."

THE show failed, but whether Mr. Woods admired Claudette Colbert's pluck in "taking it on the chin" this way, or whether it was just in the routine, in any case, he gave her the lead in Avery Hopwood's play "The Cat Came Back," which he was producing at this time and which played in Chicago and Pittsburgh. It closed on a Saturday night and on the following Monday she stepped into "High Stakes," which played until Summer, also out of town. During this Summer her father died. This broke up the little family, and made Claudette more than ever, the staff of her mother, as it were. For she was the only daughter and was now beginning to help considerably with the family budget.

"You see I felt especially badly," she said, "because my father had been so hurt at first by my going ahead

(*Continued on page* 124)



Between scenes of "The Bad One," in which Dolores Del Rio plays a daring role far afield from her recent mild screen heroines. In the picture are Miss Del Rio, Director George Fitzmaurice, who made "The Bad One," and Edmund Lowe, who appears opposite the Mexican actress.

Why Stage Stars Fail

(*Continued from page 39*)

a new situation and keen enough to size it up.

I had just made a statement concerning the ineptitude of stage actresses before the camera and the marvelous work done by the screen stars in acquiring voice culture. Catherine Dale Owen challenged that statement without fear or favor.

"It is quite true," she said, "that most of the successes in the talkies until now have been made by the old screen stars. I do not wish to take any credit away from them—nor could I.

"But there is one angle to that stage star *versus* screen star business you mention that I would like to point out. It has apparently been overlooked in the wave of enthusiasm for home town talent which the success of the screen stars has incited.

"THE motion picture actress who had to become a 'talkie' or to acquire what is equivalent to the work of the speaking stage, had the way made very easy for her, if she would work. Excellent singing teachers were available and could be hired for long periods of time, for coaching on the set, for work with the voice every single day.

"Some of the girls, you know, take a singing lesson every day and not only work on the part they are singing in a picture, but have their teacher present on the set when they are before the microphone."

I did not interrupt her, but I remembered Colleen, Gloria, Mary, and others. Catherine Dale Owen was right, in this instance.

"Also," she continued, "it was possible for these movie girls to hire trained Broadway actresses, famous for their diction, to teach them how to speak lines. A number of the movie stars who have made successful talkies worked for weeks on the speaking part of their performance with such well known stage women as Laura Hope Crews and Helen Ware. They were coached well and thoroughly.

"Please understand I am not taking from them the credit due for their hard work and the intelligence they must possess to enable them to assimilate teaching. I am merely saying that the screen star, with nothing to learn except to manage her voice, had her way made easy."

SHE stopped and looked at me, a challenging look which dared me to say otherwise. I had no desire to do so. Those eyes are a powerful argument, even if she had not been right in what she was saying. Seeing no sign of fight in me she continued.

"On the other hand nothing even approximating such help has been available for the stage star who is suddenly heaved into motion pictures. We had our voices—but that was all. And all the things we had to learn; camera angles, the delicate art of 'timing' scenes—which does not exist in stage work—and the close-up, which is so difficult and which no stage actress has been forced to face. Yes, it is true that the stage actress could handle her voice, could speak lines, but she had to learn things, most important things, that to the experienced screen actress were so well known as to be almost second nature.

"And there was no one—and is no one—to teach the stage star these movie tricks and needs. Time cannot be taken by a director during an expensive production to give lessons in these fine arts to backward stage stars. He can explain a scene to an actress and give her a certain amount of help. But he can't coach her, teach her, instruct her as these other girls have been instructed in voice work.

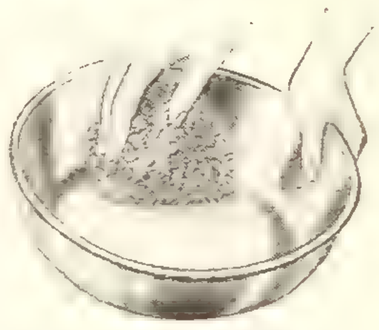
"I would be willing to pay for lessons in the art of acting before a motion picture camera, but there are no coaches, no teachers, available.

"THAT is why I say that the stage actresses, too, have difficulties in adapting themselves to the talkies, just as the older screen actresses have. And those difficulties have not the same solution. The movie actress can be taught and coached; the stage actress can learn only through experience, there being no one to teach her. And the thing she must learn is the more difficult of the two. You can practise your voice at any time and anywhere—almost; but it is impossible to practice camera acting anywhere except on the set."

She is a born leading lady, this Catherine Dale Owen. Has never been anything else. She had the lead in her first High School play, the lead in her first dramatic school play, the lead in her first stage play, and the lead in her first motion picture.

Her mother, born in Louisville Kentucky, is quite as beautiful as Catherine Dale. And she is Southern, friendly, hospitable. Miss Dale, too, was born in Louisville.

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Introducing Claudette

(*Continued from page* 122)

with this stage notion. Then gradually he began to get used to it. My mother, long before, had fallen in line, when she saw that my whole life was wrapped up in the idea of becoming a good actress. Once she surrendered she was all for it, insisting only that I make a good job of it, now I had thrown my luck in that field. But with my father it was different. He never really surrendered, though he would cut clippings out from the papers about me to carry about in his vest pocket, and when I wasn't there, would show them, I guess a little proudly, to his friends."

THAT same Summer Mr. Woods sent for her to do the French girl in "The Kiss in the Taxi." This was the first time she had played a French part, which of course, she was superbly fitted to do. She had refused before to do French parts, those of French maids and others, because she did not want to be associated in the theater with solely French characters. It should be noted here that Miss Colbert speaks American, it is truer to say American than English, better than most Americans because she speaks without any provincial accent. It is then particularly interesting to hear Maurice Chevalier, with whom she co-starred in "The Big Pond," the new film made in both English and French, remark that few persons, French or otherwise, speak the beautiful and perfect French that she does. Having been born in France, she spoke French until she reached her teens, when she started school in America and quickly picked up the language of this country, slang and all. Having a sensitive ear she managed to do what most American children fail to do, make the language her's without its flaws of dialect.

Needless to say that given a part which demanded a French accent Miss Colbert was in clover. And the part, she says, was made for her. Her opening night in New York, the first one she had had there as star, by the way, reaped for her glowing notices from all the critics. Arthur Byron played opposite her and the piece ran for a year before going on the road.

"It fixed me in New York," she said. "It was showy and it was suited to me. I could hardly have helped making good in it."

It was at this time that she signed with the A. H. Woods office what she described as "that fatal contract." It was a five-year agreement, not a few of which proved stormy to them both. Miss Colbert believed that she was too often put into unsuitable plays. But it is all over now she says with a certain relief; the Paramount company having bought up the contract in its last year.

FOLLOWING a trip to Paris after "The Kiss in the Taxi" had closed, she returned that Fall to Broadway in "The Ghost Train," and later in "The Pearl of Great Price."

Now, however, came "The Barker," for which the Woods office lent her to Edgar Selwyn for the part of Lou. As soon as she had read the script she wanted to play Lou, she said, "because the girl was so real, so honest, and because I had never played a bad woman before and always had wanted to, especially at this time when I was so fed up playing Virtue and looking like a little fool." The play lasted for over a year on Broadway and Miss Colbert's notices were enough to puff anyone's head . . . yet, they didn't, for she is a sensible and intelligent young woman.

DURING that year she and Norman Foster, who had played the circus barker's son in "The Barker," ran off one night and were married in a little Massachusetts town that no one but themselves know the name of, and they won't give it away. They kept their secret for almost a year until a New York columnist broke the news of their elopement while they were both playing in London in "The Barker." Miss Colbert was afraid it would break her mother's heart if she found out Claudette had married. Even now Miss Colbert (with her mother) and Mr. Foster maintain their separate New York apartments in true modern matrimonial fashion.

"Tin Pan Alley" followed the London engagement of "The Barker," then Miss Colbert made her first talking picture for Paramount, "The Hole in the Wall," while she was also playing in Eugene O'Neill's "Dynamo" on Broadway. She said she liked immensely working with the Theater Guild and thought "Dynamo" a marvelous play. O'Neill is her favorite playwright and she thinks "Anna Christie" the greatest play she has ever seen. "The Crowd" is her favorite film, by the way.

"SEE NAPLES AND DIE" marks her most recent appearance on Broadway and was followed by the film "The Lady Lies," in which she appeared with Walter Huston and which won great praise for its beautiful performances by both Miss Colbert and Mr. Huston. Having since completed "The big Pond," both in English and French, she is now scheduled for "Young Man From Manhattan," Katherine Brush's novel, to be made into a talking picture by Paramount. Following this, plans for her are that she will make "Manslaughter," by Alice Duer Miller, in Hollywood. She has never been further west than Chicago and is looking forward eagerly to her visit to California.

In buying up her Woods contract and signing her for five years with the intention of starring her, Jesse Lasky, first vice-president of the Paramount company, has said: "We are convinced that Claudette Colbert is destined to be one of the outstanding figures on the audible screen of the near future. She combines rare native dramatic ability with unusual beauty and a thorough knowledge of the technique of acting. Our plans for her include a number of important featured rôles in the immediate future with stardom as her ultimate goal."

And so, though a little girl playing in the Luxembourg Gardens hitched her wagon to a star of vague inarticulate longings, it was the mature, courageous young woman who shaped them into actualities for herself by perseverance and hard work, but also by a steadfast belief that dreams may come true.



Dorothy Jordan, the young Metro-Goldwyn actress, receiving instruction in flying from Captain Stewart of the Curtis Flying School in California. Captain Stewart is indicating the uses of the stick and foot controls for Miss Jordan's benefit.

We Have With Us Tonight

(*Continued from page 89*)

different. And there he is, sitting quietly behind the second most famous moustache in the world—the most famous belonging to Charlie Chaplin. He is none other than RONALD COLMAN.

Ronald Colman had his first cup of tea in Surrey, England, February 9th, 1891, thirty-nine years ago, and he still considers the day lost when he doesn't have his four o'clock.

Ronald lived quietly at home drinking tea and eating marmalade until he was twenty years old, when he went down to dear old Lunnon and got himself a job in business.

When the war came along he enlisted as a private and gave 'em hell until at Ypres a high-explosive shell dropped in to talk things over. He was invalided home, and was now Leftenant Colman, if you please, and a gentleman.

But he slipped and became an actor.

One night a Tommy saw him act in London and said, "I've seen you act, and now I don't mind going back to the front."

While he was still sending men to the front, he married Thelma Ray, but the Dove of Happiness didn't come and coo on their doorstep, and after a time they separated, and now Ronald is Hollywood's most sought after bachelor. But so far no girl has yet made him mumble in the moonlight.

Once people got excited and thought Vilma Banky was going to pour his tea for him, but it never came to a boil.

Ronald has a lovely home at 2092 Mound Street, Hollywood, and there's not a powder-box in it. He lives with a friend, Charles Lane, the actor, and a Filipino house-boy named Tono, and not a woman in the house. Isn't it a crying shame? But don't become too confident, girls—he gets 20,000 fan letters a week.

And still some people think women folks don't like moustaches.

WILLIAM POWELL: We'll stop for a moment to look at another moustache we have with us tonight. A very nice and debonair moustache, too. The man behind it is WILLIAM POWELL. William, stand up and let us see it.

William Powell was born one smoky morning in Pittsburgh, Pa., the same being July 29th, and the year 1892, which makes him thirty-eight years old, come July. His father and mother still live there, but William himself was very fastidious and wanted to go west young man, and his parents did take him west, to Kansas City, in the good old state of Missouri where so many—er—fine people come from. William went to Central High where they said he'd never amount to much, and now all who said it like to tell what great friends and intimate pals they were with William.

His first job was in the office of the Home Telephone Company, where he helped the girls get the wrong numbers. He finally resigned, as there didn't seem to be any future in giving wrong connections, no difference how efficient and systematic one was, and went to New York and attended a dramatic school. The first time he stepped on the stage he said automatically, "Excuse it, please," and didn't know until the show was over that he had made a mistake. It just shows what slaves of habit people become without noticing.

He married Eileen Wilson, but the venture was never a great success, and now they're divorced. There's one son.

But that is now all over and a matter of history, and William is footloose and fancy free, and has two Jap servants who say they haven't enough to do. You know, girls, that isn't right.

And Japs make about the best servants in the world. Really, something ought to be done about it.

One more point: his salary is bigger than the salary of the President of the United States. It just shows the possibilities in the telephone business.

BEBE DANIELS: We have been jumping around over the map, and now we'll give another yump. This time it is to Dallas, Texas. Meet the best card fortune teller in Hollywood—none other than BEBE DANIELS herself. When there is a party the guests are always sure to flock around Bebe and ask her to tear back the veil of the future, and some of the things that Bebe sees and tells send the people home in gasps of astonishment. Also don't get mixed up in a bridge game with Bebe, because Bebe simply hypnotizes cards.

Dallas, Texas, and the date was January 14, 1901.

Her mother was a Spanish senorita and her father was an American. Mother Daniels insisted on naming her and that is how she got the name Bebe, right from Spain itself.

Many of the girls I introduce to you have been stenogs, waitresses, chorus girls, telephone operators and so forth in their early days, but here is an exception. Bebe has never been anything else but an actress, and hopes to die with a jar of cold cream in one hand and a towel in the other.

The first time she ever looked a Klieg in the face was at the age of eight, and it was for the old Selig company which has been gathered to its heavenly reward. She was in and out of pictures all during her early days, and in and out of school, but the die was cast, for once a Klieg shines on you you are never the same again. Her first screen part of any consequence was as the charming girl to Harold Lloyd's comedy in his pioneer one-reelers.

The Spanish in Bebe still comes out, in addition to those flashing black eyes and olive skin, for it shows in the broadswords, cutlasses, rapiers and galleons which decorate the walls of her home. And when she gives a party and puts on the castanets and dances a fandango the green fire of jealousy leaps from the eyes of the ladies and the men get down on their knees and recite poetry.

Bebe lives with her mother and grandmother, and the number is 802 North Roxbury Drive, Hollywood, but be careful, boys, be careful—Ben Lyon is probably there and he has been at Bebe's house so much that swinging a cutlas comes as naturally to him as chop-sticks to a Chinaman.

Just ask if that is where Mrs. Jones or Mrs. Smith lives, say "Oh, pardon me; I guess I must of got the wrong number," and walk briskly toward the street.

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Their First Jobs

(*Continued from page* 51)

Alice White

"MY first job was as stenographer in a real estate office," explained lively little Alice White.

"You see, I was in Hollywood High School, where I was studying the commercial course. The call came to the school for a typist, and I was sent to take the position.

"The name of that real estate office I shall ever keep dark. But I'll tell you this: My boss had a jealous wife. She also wore the trousers of the family. I lost my job. It had lasted exactly three weeks.

"I held several secretarial jobs after that, and finally landed a job as a script girl in Charlie Chaplin's studio."

Fred Niblo

"WHEN I was fourteen I found it necessary to go to work. So I went and got a job as an office boy down in the wholesale district of New York. I earned $3 a week, and had to pay $1.25 of it for a furnished room. On the rest I managed to eat, though eating was rather slim sometimes. The room was away up under the roof, and terribly cold in winter, as there was no heat provided. I nearly asphyxiated myself when I rigged up a contrivance to try to heat my room with gas." It was Fred Niblo recounting his experiences.

"I walked the four miles to and from my work daily. I didn't stay there very long, but got another job as cashier, or rather assistant cashier in a restaurant. There I earned four dollars a week and my lunch. I had to be there to open up the place at seven o'clock in the morning, and I seldom left before eight o'clock at night."

Corinne Griffith

"WHEN I was fifteen I sold my first painting," says Corinne Griffith. "It was a bowl of roses and for it I received $50. From my earliest days I had been torn between a desire to become an artist and a hankering to be a classic dancer.

"As a child in school, I used to make sketches in colored pencils on the margins of my books. My father was connected with the old Vanderbilt line railroad in Texas, and we used to travel about a good deal, and sometimes a private teacher went with me. From her I studied art. Twice I received honorable mention at art exhibits, once in Texas and another time in New Orleans.

"But the great blow to my art ambitions came when my family went back on me with regard to them. When I was sixteen I became interested in painting portraits. I painted a life-sized nude figure of a young girl and gave it to my mother as a birthday present. It was to be a surprise. But as it turned out, the surprise was largely on my part. For the family was shocked, and insisted on chiffon draperies for the figure. Then they hung the painting in a back room, without framing it, but spiking the canvas with four nails. The corners of the canvas finally curled, and that was the end of my art career, I being a sensitive soul. I gave away my paints and brushes to my artistic friends.

"Soon after, my family met with reverses, and then my father died. It was terribly hard for us all. We came to California, my mother and I, to try to sell our California real estate.

"One night I went to a public dance pavilion in Santa Monica with some friends to dance. Quite unknown to me a contest was being held, with a prize to be given the best dancer and the prettiest girl. Suddenly a man stepped up, stopped us, and told me there was a silver cup for me. He went over and got it, handed it to me, and I was supposed to bow to the crowd which I did.

"One of the judges of the contest turned out to be Roland Sturgeon, then a director at Vitagraph. He invited me to come to his studio the following morning for a test."

Jack Oakie

"MY very first job was as telephone clerk on the New York Stock Exchange. I felt it was very important when I took it. I was about fifteen, just out of school. I got ten dollars a week.

"I used to get a big thrill out of the big operations that were going on.

"We often had important visitors, too. Once the Prince of Wales came and sat in the gallery to watch us. He seemed very alert and deeply interested.

"But I guess I was a natural born dancer, because even then I found myself making up new steps when I wasn't busy. And I liked to show off to members of the stock exchange, who laughed at my antics.

"One day one of the members asked me if I would like to take part in an amateur show that he was putting on. I said, 'Yes, sure!' fresh as mountain air! I danced and kidded and monologued and wise-cracked, and got by fine. After that I was invited to take part in a lot of little shows. Finally I met the agent, May Leslie, who put me into the show business."

Fifi Dorsay

"I WAS a stenographer. And I was a good one, too, if I do say it myself—an expert at the age of fifteen. I've always been a little bit proud of that fact."

Of course, Fifi Dorsay spoke with an accent, as we sat at lunch together in the Munchers' Club at the Fox Studio.

"I lived with my family in Montreal, Canada, and as I spoke both English and French fluently, and could write them both equally well—even in shorthand!—I soon got a job."

Harry Carey

"MY first money was forty-five cents an hour—pretty good for a seventeen-year-old kid—and I worked as a section hand just after I left school and before I entered college. It was on the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad."

Harry Carey, who is coming back in "Trader Horn," was sitting on a grass mat on the set at the studio.

"As my next job, during a summer vacation, I drove a horse-car in New York City. Then I worked as a longshoreman on East River."

Glenn Tryon

"I WAS inspired to go to work at the tender age of nine, because I wanted to buy a Jew's harp!" Glenn Tryon told me, as he grinned over his youthful experiences.

"My people weren't very keen about my working, but one day a traveling magician came to our town, Pendleton, Oregon; I followed him about until he noticed me, and then begged him for some sort of job.

"'Well, I had a boy once, and he ran

(*Continued on page* 128)



The first camera glimpse of Milton Sills and his wife, Doris Kenyon, in two years. Mr. Sills has been very ill in the East but he is returning to pictures, completely recovered, in a William Fox production. Miss Kenyon next will be seen in Radio Pictures' "Strictly Business."

Guide to the Best Films

(*Continued from page 9*)

declared dead. An odd character comedy in which Beryl Mercer runs away with a hit as the Limey's mother. United Artists.

The Unholy Night. A bully mystery melodrama in which the surviving officers of a British regiment are being strangled one by one under highly mysterious circumstances. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

Dynamite. Some swift drama and sophisticated spectacle from Cecil B. De Mille. With Charles Bickford and Kay Johnson. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

The Dance of Life. The play, "Burlesque," under a new title. And a good show. With Nancy Carroll and Hal Skelly. Paramount.

Paris Bound. Amusing domestic drama of a young couple on the edge of divorce. With Ann Harding at her emotional best. Pathé.

The Three Musketeers of Hollywood

(*Continued from page 73*)

Now it wouldn't have been at all surprising if they had started a rivalry and each attempted to beat the other to the punch, to get the best of it in the race for better things.

Later, when stardom, which is the ultimate aim of every screen player, seemed within the grasp of at least one of them—which one couldn't be determined—it would have been quite natural if each one of them had gone out on his own, determined to win the prize if he could. Studios are just as full of politics as the Senate and these things do happen. I have seen girls—but that is another story.

There were plenty of times when one of these lads might have benefited by throwing the others down; when he might have gained favor for himself or a chance for himself at the expense of someone whom the world would regard as a rival.

None of these things happened.

Instead, Arlen, Rogers and Cooper, having become buddies of the first water on a month's location in Texas during the filming of "Wings," decided to form a combine and to stick together. They were friends. They would behave like friends. Either they could all go up together, giving each other all the help they could, or they wouldn't go at all.

JUST the old "All for one and one for all."

They figured out what each had to give and started from there.

Buddy gives to the others the benefit of his business ability and his financial sense, which are considerable. He coaches them and fronts for them when anybody has to talk money. When there are dealings with the producers about salaries, Buddy goes in and does the talking for the three. Producers are business men and it is part of their job to get the players for as little money as they can, while it's the player's business to get as much as he can out of the producer.

Gary Cooper is the big, silent immovable balance wheel. Once anything is decided and he thinks it's right, he will stick until you put Lake Michigan in a tea-cup. There is force to Gary's look, to his silence. Where Buddy and Dick, emotional kids, both of them, can be swayed and persuaded, this Cooper bird cannot. Just to see him standing there, grim and determined in the background, is enough to scare anybody—and has. The trio hasn't always stayed out of trouble. In fact, they went looking for it down in Texas, and Gary's additional reach and extra weight told quite a bit.

Dick Arlen has the real picture mind of the musketeers. He knows about stories, about casts, about directors. In the "shop talk" which is a necessary part of the actor's career, he takes the leading rôle. He may not be a better actor on the screen than either Rogers or Cooper, but he knows more about it. And he, since his marriage to Jobyna Ralston, has provided the home center, the social side, of much of their lives.

When they get together they form a pretty powerful assortment of brains, strength, business and artistic sense. And since they usually act together, that has to be taken into consideration.

JUST to show you how it works.

I walked onto the lot one day and there they were, the three of them, out in the middle of a large, open space together, talking. The very fact that they had chosen that spot for an important conference proved that one of them had a touch of Aramis' power for intrigue. No one could hear them there.

(*Continued on page 129*)



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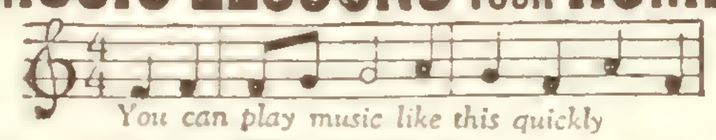
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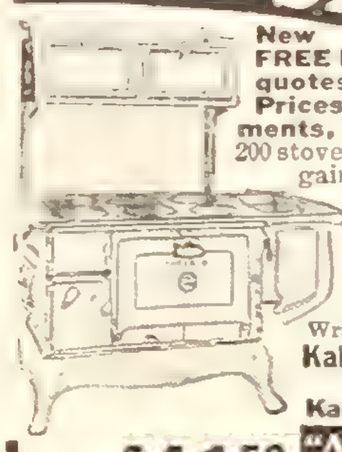
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Their First Jobs

(*Continued from page* 126)

away. Promise you won't do that,' he said. I promised. He took me, and I was quite mad with joy.

"My particular part of the performance was to let the magician take my head off! The job paid fifty cents a day for three shows, and with my first day's earnings I bought not only the much desired Jew's harp, but a bag of bananas, some candy, and from a boy I knew a pocket-knife with two half blades and one whole one.

"The magician remained in our town a week, and I became so proficient at having my head removed that I was offered the job for the whole summer, traveling through the small towns of Oregon, Idaho, Washington and Montana."

Mary Nolan

"YOU'RE a great big girl, fourteen years old, and you ought to be earning your own living!'

"That's what my grandfather, with whom I was living in New England, said to me. Grandmother was kind, but I couldn't forgive that stinging rebuke, and I ran away to make a living for myself. I had two pairs of shoes, one a Sunday pair, and the other old, and I never put on the good ones except when I expected to see somebody of importance.

"Of course, I went to New York, where I was just a frightened child. I looked for work everywhere, but seemed unable to land anything."

It was Mary Nolan speaking. "On a street-car one day—I was about down to my last nickel, but the place I was going to that day was too far to walk—I noticed a picturesque looking man looking at me very attentively. It made me nervous to have him stare at me so, but finally he came over and spoke to me. He said he was an artist, and would I like to pose for him? I was pretty scared. He gave me his card, and next day I went to see him. He really was an artist, and he really gave me work.

"I posed for Arthur William Brown, Harrison Fisher, Childe Hassam, James Montgomery Flagg, Charles Dana Gibson and other prominent artists. They helped and encouraged me to go on. I shall never forget the five dollars I earned for my first half day's work! Nothing I have ever earned since has seemed so big."

Hoot Gibson

"I BROKE my arm earning my first money!" exclaimed Hoot Gibson.

"You see, it was this way. My father told me if I would break a wild mustang pony, he would give me a dollar. I was only ten then, but I went at it with zeal. I was to break the colt to bridle and saddle. I broke the colt all right, but in turn it threw me into a pile of rocks and broke my arm.

"Knowing the way of mustangs, I got up and climbed on and rode him until the pony was glad to stop, but it was pretty hard on me. I was laid up with my arm for a long time, but when it finally got out of the sling, father gave me the promised dollar—also the mustang!"

William Powell

"WHEN I was going to school, I felt it was necessary to earn money for my clothes," said Bill Powell. "So, when I was sixteen, I took a job as salesman in the gents' furnishing department of the Emery Bird Thayer Dry Goods Store in Kansas City. I earned fifty dollars a month, working after school and on Saturdays.

"I didn't like the job very well, but was, I guess, rather successful, as the manager offered to make me a buyer within a year, if I'd stay."

Richard Arlen

"SOMEBODY gave me a bicycle, and I thought I ought to use it somehow to make money," Richard Arlen told me. "So I got a paper route. That was when I was eight years old. I lived at Manitou Island, and every morning I rose at five thirty and supplied 165 houses with papers. My salary was eight dollars a month.

"The next winter I got a snow route. That means that I had a certain number of houses which I kept cleared from snow, and from these I got five dollars per winter each.

"About five or six years ago, I decided to come to California for pictures. At one time I lived on fourteen cents a day, while I searched for work. Finally I got into a film laboratory."

Reg Denny

"I GOT my first stage job and earned my first money when I was six years old," Reginald Denny related.

"My father and mother were in the Gilbert and Sullivan operas in England, and whenever there was a little child needed, or could be thrust in, that little child was myself.

"A funny thing happened to me when I was eight years old. I was always standing about listening to the plays, and I was soon familiar with every rôle. One of the cast was ill, and an understudy was reading his lines. I forget the play, but I remember that I dashed onto the stage, without realizing what I was doing, and told that actor his lines! The audience went wild."

John Barrymore

"MY first job lasted just fifteen minutes! During that time I was cartoonist on *The New York Telegraph*. My first sketch was also my last. But I never have thought, just between you and me, that it was such a very bad sketch."

John Barrymore was relating his working experiences.

"You see, I always wanted to be an artist rather than an actor. I went to Europe to study, in company with my brother Lionel. But the money ran short, and we had to come home.

"So I thought I'd try the stage. I was just twenty-one when I played the part of Max in 'Magda,' in Chicago. I think I was terrible. So discouraged was I with my acting ability that I quit the stage and went to New York to try to find work as a cartoonist. That's when I landed my short-lived *Telegraph* job.

"But I tried another journal with more success. I did weird sketches to illustrate editorials.

"On the night of a sensational murder I was inadvertently absent from my desk. The editor sent searchers for me, and finally found me in a Broadway café. I drew a picture to accompany

(*Continued on page* 130)



While John McCormack was making his big singing film for William Fox he occupied this lovely thatched cottage, erected especially for him at the Fox-Movietone Beverly Hills studios. It was designed in the true Irish spirit of the film.

The Three Musketeers of Hollywood

(*Continued from page* 127)

The ordinary reaction when secrets are to be discussed is to hide away in some room or corner.

They were, it seems, planning their campaign.

According to their joint figuring, it was about time for a little raise in salary. True, they had long term contracts, but when those were made they hadn't begun to come up in popularity and drawing power. They felt that it was about time to readjust matters on a more equitable basis.

They would make the demand as a unit. They were getting the same salary, they would ask for the same increase for all of them. No one would sign a new contract unless the others were given the same one. Rogers would go in and speak for them all, and he wouldn't give any final answer until he talked with silent man Cooper and steady old Arlen. He'd just see what he could get.

The producer in power at Paramount may have smiled to himself, when he saw what was going on. The chances are that he intended to be fair about the thing, because most producers are, especially when the money is coming in at the box office. But certainly he didn't want to buck all three of the best masculine bets on the lot.

They got their new contracts—on their own mutual terms.

Then it so happened that Buddy Rogers forged ahead in box office value. Paramount wanted to star him. He talked it over with the other two.

"Go ahead, big boy," they said. "We'll be right with you."

They were—and nobody had more to do with their arrival there than Buddy, who was plugging for them every minute.

WHEN Gary Cooper starred in "The Virginian" he needed a good man to play the part of Steve. The director and the producers all agreed that Dick Arlen was the ideal person for it. But he had just been starred himself. He couldn't be expected to play second fiddle to another male star, Gary Cooper. It just wasn't done—never is done, in pictures.

But when Dick Arlen knew what was going on, he forgot all professional pride, all the rights accorded him by his contract, and stepped in to support the third Musketeer. He didn't have to do it. But it was Gary's first starring picture. The Three Musketeers wanted it to be a good one. It was—and largely because of the great performance Dick Arlen gave in the vital rôle of Steve.

It looks almost as though the hand of destiny insisted upon drawing the lives of these three boys together. It decreed that none of them should be content nor find success until they came together.

Arlen, an everyday, two-fisted American boy, had come to Hollywood fresh from the oil fields of Texas, where he had migrated after being discharged from the Royal Flying Corps at the conclusion of the war.

Lonely, without finances, the going was tough. A broken leg, received when a studio truck knocked him off a motorcycle, put him in pictures. Experience, gained through years of tramping from studio to studio as an extra finally got him a small contract with Paramount.

But even that was a heartbreak, because he failed miserably in his first big rôle, a lead with Bebe Daniels. He was taken out of the picture after eight days' shooting—a flop. Only the fact that he has a hatred of being licked kept him from returning to the oil fields.

AN unheralded, good-looking young kid, named Buddy Rogers, was sent out from the Paramount school in New York to the Hollywood studio to try his luck. He was walking about the lot a week or so after he arrived, when he spotted another young fellow getting his shoes shined by Sir Oscar, the dark-hued polisher of Paramount, who is one of our local landmarks. Buddy decided instantly that he would like to know this gent. Liked his face. First time he hadn't felt lonesome since he landed. He climbed into the seat next to him and started talking.

So the first and second Musketeers met.

Luck came their way at once. Not long after this, Buddy and Dick were sent to Texas together to play the leads in "Wings." Because this picture was destined not only to "make" two of them, but to introduce to them the third Musketeer and start him also on his way to success, it was a milestone they will never forget.

Arlen and Rogers were stretched out on a pair of chairs in the hotel lobby in Texas one Sunday when in strolled a long, lean, wiry-looking gent with a suitcase in his hand. He saw the two boys.

"They looked so damned human to me," he says, "that I just broke out with a 'hello.'"

They looked him over, decided he was regular, and asked his name.

"Gary Cooper," he said. "They sent me down here to do the part of Cadet White in a picture called 'Wings.' A fellow who crashes and dies."

"Okeh, Coop," said Arlen.

"Care to walk around and see the sets they're building for the picture?" said Rogers.

"Sure."

"Let's go."

THE Three Musketeers of Hollywood walked out of that musty Texas hotel into the sunlight. Arlen, Rogers and Cooper—together. Nobody had ever heard of any of them, they didn't suspect themselves that they were to march together to stardom in one of the most peculiar coincidences in the motion picture industry. They didn't know that was the beginning of a new version of "All for one and one for all." But so it was.

If you saw "Wings," if you saw the death scene between Arlen and Rogers, you can transfer it right out of the picture and know that the feeling those buddies of the screen had for each other is a real one, that it applies in life.

Arlen, Rogers, Cooper—The Three Musketeers of Hollywood—one for all and all for one.

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Their First Jobs

(*Continued from page* 128)

an editorial on the murder. The caption read, 'As the picture will show.' The picture didn't show anything except that the artist had not been at his best. The editor called for me. 'Young man,' he said, 'your family is closely connected with the theater, isn't it?' I agreed. 'Did you ever think that you might become an actor?' he went on. 'I've been thinking that every minute since you first sent for me,' I answered."

Gary Cooper

"MY mother knew a woman who wanted two birds for her hat. So I went out and shot them and stuffed them. I always thought I could do it, and I really did it, first time I tried. I got a dollar for the work. I knew a taxidermist, and his shop always fascinated me. I used to go and watch him and see what he did.

"When I was ten years old I got enough money to send for a course in taxidermy. I worked at it after school and on Saturdays. I shot my own birds and eagles. I lived in Helena, Montana, and used to go out into the country on Saturdays, Sundays and holidays. I sold the birds to different people in Helena. Sometimes somebody's pet would die, and its owner would want it stuffed.

"I was taken about that time to England, but was hurt in an automobile accident, and came back to Montana to regain my health. For two years I lived the life of a cowboy, but later decided to go to college at Grinnell, Iowa. Then I went back to Helena, and thought I would like to be a cartoonist. I got a job on a Helena paper, but grew restless, and came to Hollywood with my sketch-book under my arm. I didn't get any cartooning to do, but I did get a chance in pictures."

Betty Compson

"MY fiddle brought me my first money. I was about fifteen when the manager of a picture house in Salt Lake City chose me from the school orchestra to play in his orchestra. I was much thrilled, of course, and got fifteen dollars a week." That is Betty Compson's story.

Frank Albertson

"WHEN I was seven years old, I got a job, in Puyallup, Washington, carrying reels of 'The Birth of a Nation' from one theater to another. There was only one print in town, and they were showing it at three houses, so they had to rotate.

"I staggered from theater to theater, the reels were so heavy. I didn't really get any money, but they let me into the theaters to see the show. There was a serial running at the same time called 'The Black Box,' and the souvenirs given out were little black boxes. I got one, and father gave me a penny to put in it. I have it and the penny yet."

Frank Albertson and I were chatting on the set between scenes.

"After that I began to sell papers on the street. I couldn't read the big words in the headlines, so I had to ask the other boys what to holler. I used all the money I earned in going to shows."

Buddy Rogers

"I WAS a good sweeper at the age of six," declares Buddy Rogers. "You see, at that tender age, I used to go down every morning to my father's paper, the *Olathe Mirror*, in Olathe, Kansas, and sweep out the office before I went to school. That wasn't all I did, either. I fixed up the desks of the two reporters, sharpened their pencils, and did various jobs for father.

"Father gave me a dollar a day—a munificent sum for a small boy. I saved some of it, too. After school I delivered father's papers around the neighborhood, and that was included in the dollar-a-day job.

"I went to the University of Kansas afterward, and it was during that time I became interested in the glee clubs and music."



Archie Stout, cameraman of Buddy Rogers' new air film, "Young Eagles," takes a last check-up of his camera before the ship leaves the ground to film a big flying battle sequence above the clouds. William A. Wellman, maker of "Wings," is the director of "Young Eagles."

Polly Moran

"MY hair caught fire and threatened to end my career before it was begun," reported Polly Moran.

"And, believe it or not, my first job was carrying a spear in the classic drama!

"We lived in Chicago, and my mother was always crazy for me to become an actress. One morning when I was ten years old, my mother read an ad in the paper in which Robert Mantell was advertising for a lot of little children to come on the stage in a couple of scenes, and carry spears in 'Macbeth.' Mother hurried me off down to the theater, and I got a job. I was to get fifty cents a night for the week.

"During one of the scenes, torches were being carried by some of the supers, and my hair caught fire! They had to ring down the curtain while they put my hair out, and I was hustled home."

Marie Dressler

"FROM church entertainment to burlesque was my hectic experience," said Marie Dressler. "My mother, there in Philadelphia, was always getting up church entertainments and charity bazaars, and I was always doing little songs and dances and recitations in them.

"Finally when I was fourteen I decided to go on the stage professionally. After some trouble, I got into the chorus of a burlesque house in Philadelphia, earning $8 a week. That was the first money I ever earned.

"Later, oddly enough, after that old theater had long been torn down and replaced by a smart new theater, I played the same house in musical comedy and received $800 a week. Ten years later I played again, at the same theater, at $3600 per week."

How Hollywood Entertains

(*Continued from page 79*)

rare treat when he did some of his priceless grand opera imitations. When Roger sings grand opera you are torn between admiration of his voice and talent and laughter at his touches of burlesque.

Mrs. Mae Sunday was in a flowering gown of figured chiffon, the colors blue and purple and a soft orange, and Mrs. Abraham Lehr was in pale blue satin. John Colton, the dramatist of "Rain" and "The Shanghai Gesture" fame, Fanya Marinoff—who is Mrs. Carl Van Vechten—and Jobyna Howland, of New York stage fame, came together. Mr. and Mrs. Basil Rathbone were there. Mrs. Rathbone, who used to be Ouida Bergere, the writer, also wore black, very severe at the neck line, with a long fluffy skirt, and an exquisite necklace of diamonds. Ernst Lubitsch the director who has scored the biggest talkie success to date with "The Love Parade," and his wife were among the guests. Mrs. Lubitsch was all in white, a tight bodice and a long, trailing skirt, the outer drape of net over a tight underskirt of satin.

The supper was varied and Mrs. Lowe has one of those cooks for whom the Englishmen of Edward VII's reign would have gone to battle. Beefsteak and kidney pie, roast turkey, and chafing dishes of lobster (after some recipe that is strictly Mrs. Lowe's own) formed the main part of the repast. And, for dessert, there were cocoanut cake and large fresh strawberries, smothered in whipped cream which had been flavored and chilled.

There are never any games at Lilyan's parties—not even a table of bridge. Conversation always is the order of the evening. Everyone seemed delighted, because it was two o'clock before the party broke up.

The Hollywood Boulevardier

(*Continued from page 54*)

Jazz." In the act of inflating my pneumatic cushion, my breath was caught by a flash of magic beauty; before I could recover it, Director Anderson had whisked off the set and produced another from his prestidigitator's box. My cushion poofed down and is now offered at greatly reduced price to anyone covering old soporifics.

Director Murray Anderson of New York's Greenwich Village Follies is the ringmaster Hollywood needed. He holds a whip in one hand and a wand in the other. With one he flicks the chorus and with the other he makes sets appear and vanish. Scenes are timed with a stop watch. Dancers whirl on and off. You no sooner fall for a gal than another picks you up. Even the sets move to the baton of conductor Whiteman.

Prof. Anderson has, at one and the same time, taken the air out of my cushion and the wood out of Hollywood.

CRITICS have much to learn. I regret I criticized Catherine Dale Owen for doing nothing but blink her eyes while Lawrence Tibbett held her tight and sang her Rogue Songs.

"How could she help but blink with those blinding lights and everything," protested Adela Rogers St. Johns.

"Yes, and you have no idea how these romantic lovers spit when they sing," said Mary Nolan.

The screen will develop its own opera. It will not be the antique overstuffed kind that creaks at the Metropolitan, but will apply as plausibly to the eye as to the ear. Nor will singers perform in the manner of apoplectic windmills, retching about in anguish until you wish they'd put their fingers down their throats and have it over with.

WOMEN seem to agree that Lawrence Tibbett affects their temperatures with his singing in "The Rogue Song." They say he breathes the hot Sahara that simply wilts them. However, some contend he'll never be the pasha Valentino was, because, though he has the face of a crabapple. Always helpful, I suggest a way round this. Since his next production is "The Rose of Algeria," why not have him play a veiled Tuareg?

BUT Tibbett will not need to have his face re-done, as several heroes have. He comes at a time when male loveliness counts for little in the market.

Jack Oakie was never elected Mr. Athens in a beauty parade, yet one flash of his fizz and hands start clapping, the femmes getting hot palms as they never have for a perfect profile.

Will Rogers as a silent sheik never earned the shekels, but now he could well afford to loan them to John Gilbert.

Recall the sad old story ending: ". . . She's gone with a handsomer man"?

Well, now it reads: ". . . She's gone with a better talker."

BEAUTY doesn't mean a thing to old man Mike.

Take 'em, says I, and give me Beryl Mercer. As between a blonde blah-blah and tubby, and jouncy little old Beryl my money goes to bouncy Beryly.

And have you seen Marie Dressler play the old crow in "Anna Christie"? Even with Billie Dovie in town the same night, I'm courtin' Marie. . . . She's our sex-attraction now. "Allus could get men, allus can," hiccups Marie in "Anna Christie." And she's dead right.

Here's a little story about Marie Dressler. When I was in Venice, Italy, several years ago, Marie likewise was gondola-ing. One evening a blind ex-soldier, wearing the Italian uniform, approached the tables of a little café. He sang a melancholy song about a saint. When he had finished a big, big-hearted woman jumped up and, grabbing his cap, passed it around the piazza. And then she sang. The emo-

(*Continued on page 132*)



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The Hollywood Boulevardier

(*Continued from page* 131)



Herb Howe intimates that Bull Montana wears specially constructed collars and here is Herb's idea of their source.

tional Italians cheered and applauded, and the next day the newspapers carried the name of Marie Dressler in headlines. That's what I call starring.

The roaring success of the roistering Winnie Lightner only proves how famished we are for the good old slapstick. Seeing a picture of Louise Fazenda in the Sennet togs she used to wear when the geese chased her, I had the same sentimental convulsion as when looking at our family album.

Sound from the screen is all very well but we in the audience like to produce a little ourselves, as we do when Laurel and Hardy appear or Mack Sennet's celery starts jabbering in on a family feud. My extremely musical ear now yearns for the soft, sibilant squish of custard against kisser.

I'm worrying about the popular Brown Derby restaurant. I'm afraid it may go Hollywood. Boys in sweaters have been refused admittance, I hear, and that's a mistake because a sweater has always been as good as a snob jacket out here and, besides, supplies California atmosphere. The other noon I was asked to wait in line all the vacant places being reserved. I used to wait in line for chow in the army, but I don't carry a mess kit any more. If I'd had a movie cutie with me all would have been sesame. Even at that I'm not the one to forge ahead of other hungry peasants. Wilson Mizner, the proprietor, is a democratic cuss if there ever was one and the brown derby the very symbol of democracy with Al Smith wearing it, so here's praying that Hoover prosperity won't change Brown Derby to High Hat.

BILLY BUTTS, 11 years old, knocked George Bancroft cold. Billy forgot to pull his punch in a scene and struck the Mighty's proboscis, which proved as vulnerable as Achilles' heel. And so another god crashes.

"They don't call me Billy any more, they call me Bill," says Mr. Butts (Note I say "Mr."). He doesn't say what Georgie calls him.

Mr. Tunney, telephone! Billy Butts calling.

PICTURES are just recovering from the paralysis of sound. The first bellow the screen let out seemed to scare them numb, and for a time the movies were stillies. With the success of "The Broadway Melody" all the producers rushed cameras into orchestra pits to photograph stage productions, fake scenery, stilted choruses and all. Most of the musical comedies have been no better than the old prologue numbers. In fact, instead of eliminating prologues, the producers eliminated the movies and gave us snapshots of the prologues. But the screen can't get by doing a mail order business for the stage, and those producers who think they are beguiling the folks in the pastures by sending them animated postcards of Broadway shows—"love and kisses, wish you were here"—had better listen to their audiences instead of their screens. While viewing a catalogued version of Ziegfeld's "Glorifying the American Girl" in the little town of Ventura I heard a femme-fan remark, "Well, if that's what Ziegfeld gives New York he had better stay there; he wouldn't get by in the sticks."

I'm glad to hear the ring of horses' hoofs in the distance. Westerns are coming back. Personally I prefer galloping horses to galloping chorus boys; they get you somewhere. Just the same, when a brave vaquero leaps aboard his pinto to rescue a maid in the nick of being undone I don't care to have him suddenly turn and sing a fragment aria to a rose while I sit facing the horse's tail. I was kicked early in life and that horse-shoe never brought good luck.

Since Lindbergh flew into the heart of womanhood there seems a tendency for ladies to prefer blonds too. Not since Valentino has the Nordic had a chance against the murky Latin. This year, however, sees the elevation of such golden idols as the stalwart blue-eyed Maurice Chevalier, the grey-orbed Montanan Gary Cooper, the croony Yank Vallee, the robustious Californian Lawrence Tibbett, the Texan Boles and the freckle-studded Jack Oakie, who are giving chase with airplane, lariat, saxophone and baritone to the sleek, sideburned and stilettoed juans. Technicolor gives the blond a further break: in the black-and-white he was just a faded brune. Yeah, it looks like ladies were preferring blonds this season.

Quick, Watson, the peroxide.

"JES' a minute there, boss," I hear the languorous voice of Mistah Stepin Fetchit. "What's this yere blond talkin'?"

Considering "Hallelujah" and "Hearts and Dixie" I must say interest has been moving south. I wouldn't be surprised if the next big star discovery were made in the heart of Africa by Mr. and Mrs. Martin Johnson. Them equator boys am hot!

After hearing Mrs. Martin Johnson imitate wild animals in the news reel I'm going to be on the listen for voice-doubling in their next animal picture. There's a rumor that the Metro-Goldwyn lion had to be doubled because he lisped and the roar is Louis B. Mayer's replying to an actor who asked for a raise.

There's irony in Buddy Rogers' conversion to a tea party caddy after he scored in the champagne bubbles scene of "Wings." That scene is stored among the best vintages of my memory. Immune of vulgarity, it was the intoxication of joy more than wine, and Buddy warmed the heart. But to trade upon this charm teetotally is to offer Buddy as a martyr to purity. The undriven stuff is all right, but it leaves you cold after a while and unless a slug of strong story is administered the result is bye-bye. Perhaps it is felt that Buddy can weather any storm of bad stories through sheer personal charm, as Wally Reid did, but why take the risk? My advice is to give him a case of champagne, a couple of Fifis and let him go wrong with a good story.



"WHAT—*don't carry* LIPSTICK?"

"*Please* lend me your lipstick, Rosalie darling. I must have lost mine."

"I'm sorry, my dear, but I forgot *mine*—don't *carry* one very *often*, in fact."

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